

December 1937

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER 25¢

THE American

MAGAZINE

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AND FORTUNE

•
TAKING THE BLINDERS
OFF LOVE

•
CRIME'S INVISIBLE
EMPEROR

•
RUSSIAN-AMERICANS



PHILIP WYLIE

BROOKE HANLON

R. G. KIRK

MAX BRAND

DAVID GARTH

A HIGHBALL AT NIGHTFALL

AH, to relax over a whiskey-and-soda! A drink with sparkle and zest and tang—to be sipped slowly . . . so that the enjoyment of it may be prolonged!

But be mighty careful, in making your highball, to use a whiskey worthy of this congenial drink—a whiskey that *holds* its flavor, as you sip it, to the very end.

In short—make your highball with Four Roses! For Four Roses gives *life* and *aroma* and *flavor* to a whiskey-and-soda!

Naturally—for while Four Roses is *all* whiskey—it's not just *one* fine straight whiskey, but a glorious combination of *several* selected American straight whiskeys. Several whiskeys, so merged, so blended together, that they unite their noblest qualities in *one* illustrious whiskey—a whiskey greater than any one of them alone could ever be!

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A blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof

**We believe Four Roses is America's finest whiskey,
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EXPOSURE?**GARGLE LISTERINE**

When a person coughs or sneezes on you, the air carries bacteria and deposits them in your nose and throat. Prompt action with Listerine, which kills germs, may avert an oncoming cold.

**DRAFTS?****GARGLE LISTERINE**

Like wet feet, drafts are dangerous because they chill the body unequally, weakening its resistance to germs. Avoid all drafts, and when you have been in one, gargle Listerine.

**CHILLED?****GARGLE LISTERINE**

Late-season football games are usually followed by severe colds, health reports show. After attending one, it's a good idea to gargle Listerine when you reach home.



**Don't wait for a Cold to get a head start—
go after it right away with LISTERINE**

**Tests During 7 Years' Research Show
Cold Prevention Results That Amaze
Even Medical Men**

No remedy or treatment that we know of can show the brilliant clinical record in fighting colds that Listerine advances. Listerine offers you the possibility of getting off with light colds this year, or *no colds at all*. It is the new therapy that succeeds.

Tests made during 7 years of research showed this:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than non-users. More important still—colds of Listerine users reached the dreaded danger zone of the chest less frequently than colds of non-users.

Why such results, that impress even medical men? Why is Listerine preferred to drastic purgatives that may weaken the system, vaccines that sometimes upset the patient, and those inhalants which may irritate the nasal passages?

Here is why: Listerine treats colds for what they really are—acute local infections. And the quickest way to combat local infections, as any doctor will tell you, is to kill the germs involved in them. That is exactly what the Listerine gargle does.

The secret of Listerine's success, we believe, must be that it reaches the virus (germ) which many authorities say causes colds. At the same time it kills by millions the threatening "secondary invaders"—germs that usually inhabit even normal mouths, waiting until resistance is low to strike. Among them are the dangerous influenza and streptococcus germs. These "secondary invaders" are the germs that complicate a cold and produce inflammation. They must be held under control.

Five minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic, tests showed a germ reduction averaging 94.6%. Fifteen minutes

**BEFORE GARGLING
AND AFTER**



The graphs show test results as to the relative number of disease germs before gargling Listerine Antiseptic, and 15 minutes after. The average reduction was 96.7%.

after, 96.7%. Even one hour after, nearly 80% on the average. This amazing germ reduction gives Nature a helping hand, and materially reduces the risk of cold. That is a matter of laboratory record.

Use Listerine night and morning, and at the first symptom of a cold, increase the gargle to once every two hours. This pleasant precaution may spare you a long and expensive period of suffering.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., ST. LOUIS, MO.

FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT



A WINDOW on the World

IN MANY a home in your town, the most welcome gift on Christmas morning will be a squarish envelope containing a colorful Christmas card and a little announcement.

To that important business friend of yours, who likes to come home at night to his cigar and easy chair, it means a window on the passing show of business, politics, sports, and personalities—all the things that interest him the most.

To that friendly mother you know, whose children are at school or college, it means a sympathetic, understanding link between their world and hers.

To that young fellow just starting out in life, the young couple who got married last fall, the uncle you can't see as often as you'd wish—to those and thousands of others like them, it means a welcome, lively monthly visitor who is better informed and far more entertaining than any individual can be.

For the squarish envelope announces that some truly thoughtful friend has ordered for them a Christmas gift that comes new and vital and interesting every month—a year's subscription to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

You will find full details of special Christmas gift subscription prices on the handy order form bound into this issue. Or . . .

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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Hearts Skip a Beat

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades close-ups...Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm... She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

PERHAPS you've seen her—this girl whose wistful beauty captures the eager glance. You stare—a little breathless—waiting for that smile which will light up, *intensify*, her loveliness.

And then it comes—but with what bitter disappointment! For her smile is dull, dingy. It erases her beauty as if a candle had been blown out...another tragedy of dental ignorance or neglect.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

The warning may some day come to you—that faint tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush. It may seem harmless, triv-

ial, unimportant—but *never ignore it!*

At the first sign of "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist*. It may not mean trouble ahead, but let him decide. Modern menus—from which hard, fibrous foods have largely disappeared—are robbing your gums of necessary work. They've grown flabby, sensitive. "Pink tooth brush" is simply their plea for help. And usually your dentist's suggestion will be "more exercise, more vigorous chewing" and, very often, the added suggestion, "the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to benefit your gums as well as clean your

teeth. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation within the gums increases—helps bring a new healthy firmness to the gum walls.

Why not take steps now to help protect yourself against tender, ailing gums? Make Ipana and massage a part of your daily routine. With your gums healthy and sound, your teeth sparklingly clean—there can be *no disappointment*, nothing to mar the beauty of your smile.

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Along the Way



By THE GENTLEMAN NEAR THE DOOR

ONE of our editors recently visited Charles F. Kettering, director of research for the General Motors Corporation, and brought me back this one:

"He sat down at his organ to play a sonata and, right in the middle of it, jumped up and took off his coat. Then he took a screw driver out of his hip pocket and began to dismantle the organ. He worked over it for an hour before he found the squeak which I had not even heard. Later, he turned on the radio and, just about the time I got interested in the program, he switched it off and proceeded to take the radio apart. He had just been hit with a new idea about static."

If I had a chemist to dinner, I wouldn't like to have him pour his soup into a test tube and begin to work on it with acids, but I do have a deep respect for a man who keeps his mind on the task he has chosen to perform. If you want to see how a genius works and thinks, read Mr. Kettering's article, *Ten Paths to Fame and Fortune*, in this issue.

• •

I GET a tremendous kick out of what the editors call a "discovery," that is, a new writer or artist who has just broken into the big league with an extraordinary piece of work. And so, from *Young Man's Fancy*, a short story in this issue, I get a double-barreled kick, because it is the product of two discoveries—the author, Miss Libbie Block, and the illustrator, Tom Lovell.

Miss Block, who is still in her twenties, has been a newspaper reporter, a field secretary for a hospital, an advertising copy writer, a scenario editor, and a nation-wide traveler—usually in search of a more interesting job. She writes out of her personal experience with life, which for her has been exciting and varied. Tom Lovell, who, like Miss Block, is just stepping into a national reputation, has been a deck hand, a caddie master, and a road construction foreman. He has been painting since he was a child, and only recently has mastered a technique which makes his opening illustration of Miss Block's story one of the most brilliant and glamorous of the season. Mr. Lovell is twenty-eight years old.

WILLIAM CORBIN'S article, *Why I Don't Go to Church*, August issue, has sent at least one wayward sheep back to the fold. After reading several thousand replies to the article from the churchgoers of America, one editor peered over at me the other day, and said, "You know, I've decided to go back to church. These are the most inspiring letters I have ever read."

• •

THE *Interesting People* editor is also an expert in Interesting Places. He just rushed in, excited as a terrier.

"I say," he said, "did you ever hear of the Secondhand Wholesale Clothing Exchange Company in the Bowery? Nothing like it in the country. Collects thousands of soup-stained and threadbare frock coats and Tuxedos, and sells them to the savages of Africa, Borneo, and the South American jungles. Imagine a tribe of cannibals doing a war dance in clothes worn last season at the dinner tables of the 400. Tons of copra and ivory tusks are traded every year for stuff we throw in the ash can. And greasy overalls! The exchange buys them up from factory mechanics, dumps them on the Polynesian market, and the natives wear them with silk topers. Wonder what they find in the pockets?"

"Perhaps I am old-fashioned," I said, "but do you think it is quite proper to carry trousers over your arm out here in public?"

"Oh," he said unblushingly, "they didn't have any wrapping paper at the exchange. I outbid an African chieftain, as it were, and got these pants for only \$2.50—almost new."

• •

HERE'S a chance to read it before you see it. David Garth's exciting romance, *Let Freedom Swing*, in this issue, has just been filmed, and is now in the cutting rooms of RKO. It'll be released in a month or two, with Ann Sothorn and Burgess Meredith playing the leading roles. I'm going, hoping that the picture is as good as the story. I know I'll like Meredith, after having read Thomas Sugrue's interview with him in the August issue.

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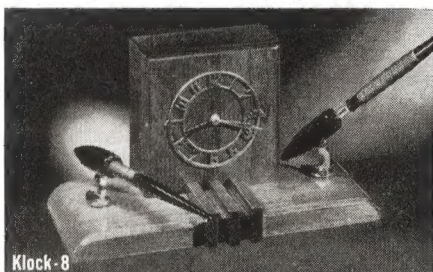
And see the stunning new Parker Vacumatic Desk Sets,— and

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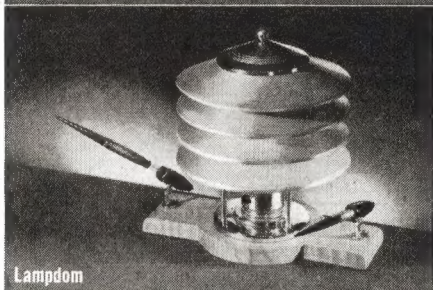
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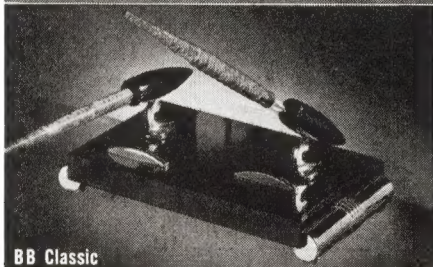
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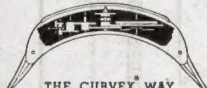
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HARVARD
17 jewels, \$59.50

CURVEX COUNTLESS
17 jewels, \$42.50

CURVEX PEERESS
17 jewels, \$35

CURVEX PEER
17 jewels, \$50

CURVEX MARSHALL
17 jewels \$59.50
CURVEX MAJOR
17 jewels (with strap) . . \$55
CURVEX MARQUIS
17 jewels, solid gold . \$100

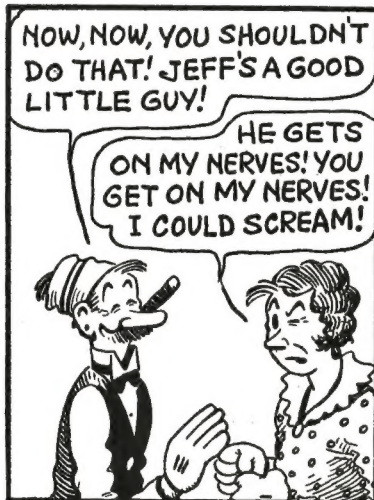
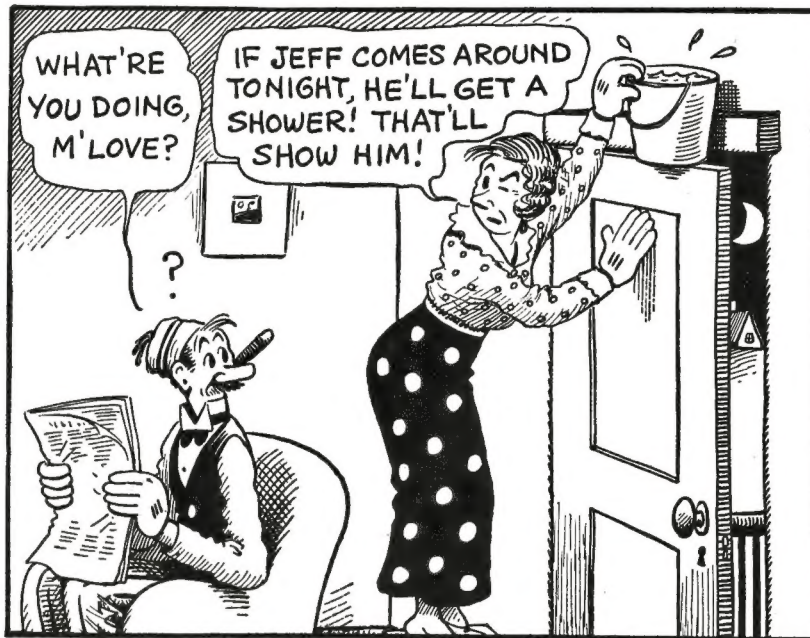


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—by Bud Fisher



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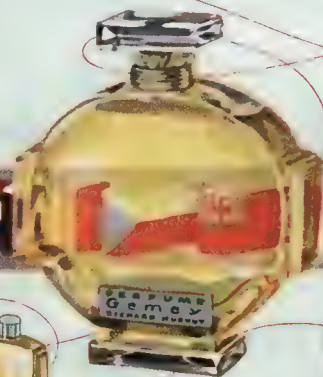
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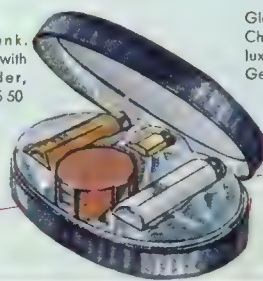
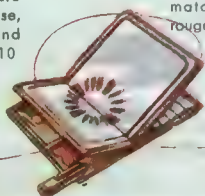
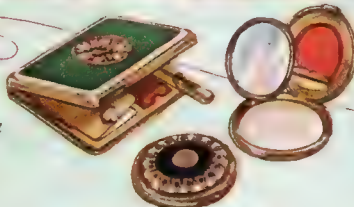
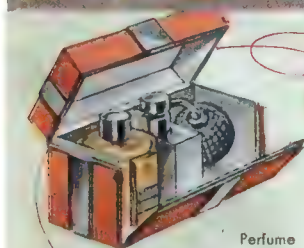
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Fun FOR LIFE



Scott loved gay parties and pretty little party girls, so his wife pretended to be one

BY BROOKE HANLON



"NOVEMBER!" Dorrie screamed through blue smoke. It seemed she was always screaming and there was always blue smoke. "In November!" She cupped her hands for added emphasis and sent this volleying across the table.

"February!" Scott roared back after he'd finally got what she was driving at.

"Ask anybody." Their eyes had met in the melee that was the party, and one of those conjugal arguments that have no beginning and no end, that can be picked up anywhere and dropped anywhere, had flared briefly. It seemed to Dorrie that this sort of thing was as near as they ever got to actual conversation.

Scott had his arm draped negligently

about the shoulders of a girl who was slim and bright and blond. You could see, merely looking at him, that Scott Cole was one of those men who love a party. It wasn't necessary to be married to him for more than two years to know that. Dorrie hadn't caught the name of this particular girl, but it didn't matter. She called them all "the Ross girl" in her mind, because the first of them after their marriage had been the Ross girl. A slow shiver still traveled up Dorrie's spine when she remembered her reaction to that first one; that had been before she'd known that it never meant anything.

"What are you two fighting about?" Harrison Gunnar was booming. "A new car? Because if you are, the fall is the time. I'm with Dorrie there."

"The spring, the spring." Jim Royce broke through the rather ludicrous fog that was on him. "Scott's right. The way it is, you get—"

"They've just bought a new car"—Lina Gunnar's face looked comically solemn over her drink—"so it's probably a divorce or an infant they're planning. Now, tell us which, because—" There was something cute about Lina's face and the way she was trying to make herself heard above everyone else. There was something cute about the latest Ross girl, too, and there was no reason for Dorrie's feeling suddenly a little sick, after all these months of learning that

it didn't mean a thing. It was—well, what? Say it was Scott's party armor.

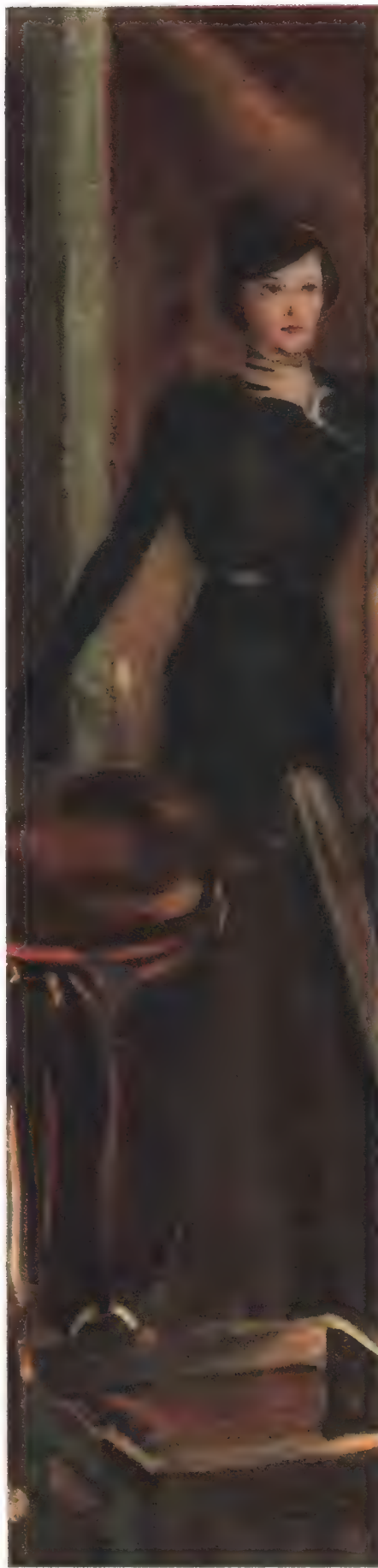
Rich Robinson was on his feet then, making a nonsensical speech. He was blocking her off on one side and Jim Royce was blocking her on the other, so that Dorrie could lean or shrink back for a little while and needn't look at anyone. "Oh, be quiet," she begged of nobody in particular. "Please be quiet. Do, please, be quiet." She wasn't really whispering at all, but a sort of muted plea was going through her head. "It's a vacation we're going to have, Scott and I. A vacation from all of you. We're going to get away from every one of you. Not a cruise like last year, because cruises are crawling with you." Dorrie's thoughts were drawn helplessly to Scott and the new girl. She was Phoebe someone this time.

Rich was down now and Jim's black arm wasn't cutting her off any longer, so that they were all visible again, with their nimbuses of blue smoke. She could see how young and pink and healthy they all were, and it probably wasn't serious that they did this every night. It wouldn't hurt them much and it was certainly no reason for her to be feeling a little sick. Quite sick, in fact, suddenly, and caught in that pulling-away feeling. Pulling away from all Scott's friends and from Scott; it became for a sharp instant a tearing away. What was going to happen to their marriage if—? Nothing, nothing could happen to it. She caught herself up fiercely. Nothing dared.

SHE moved restively in her own party armor. She'd been living a masquerade for two years and she was tired—tired. If Scott hadn't met her at a time when she was accidentally on the merry-go-round, if she hadn't felt that to keep Scott's love she had to stay on the merry-go-round, if she hadn't loved Scott so desperately— That didn't lead anywhere. Start again. If she could go back home to country Maryland, and take off the armor, and be herself for just one week, one month—

Of course, it was having Johnny Brewster in New York that had suddenly made things so much worse. Riding through spring mornings. Walking with the dogs. Long evenings of old friends and good talk. Those were the things Johnny Brewster had brought back.

The first year of the masquerade hadn't been so bad, because then the haze surrounding her had been



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION
IN OIL BY RICO TOMASO

so much thicker than mere smoke, and the pounding of her heart every time she looked at Scott had drowned out everything else. There'd been club noise and bar noise and home noise. Two years of it, and her heart pounded just as hard as ever, looking at Scott. There must be, Dorrie thought, searching for it wearily, something cute about that, too.

Scott was back from dancing with the present Ross girl and was looking at her. Dorrie had to wrench a laugh up from her very toes. No one knew better than she how Scott abhorred a girl who faded on a party.

DANCING with Jim Royce, she found confused and unrelated things coming into her mind. They were the things that seemed most cooling and restful at 2 A. M. in a crowded and noisy place. Her eyes were closed and she was in a duck-blind back home. Everything was still, still, and then there came a far whirring of wings, a closer rip and tear of them. She was in a trout stream then and she was moving slowly, listening to the sound her legs made moving through the water, listening to leaves overhead. She seemed to move out of shadow and into sunlight, but that was only Jim Royce's shoulder moving to make way for another.

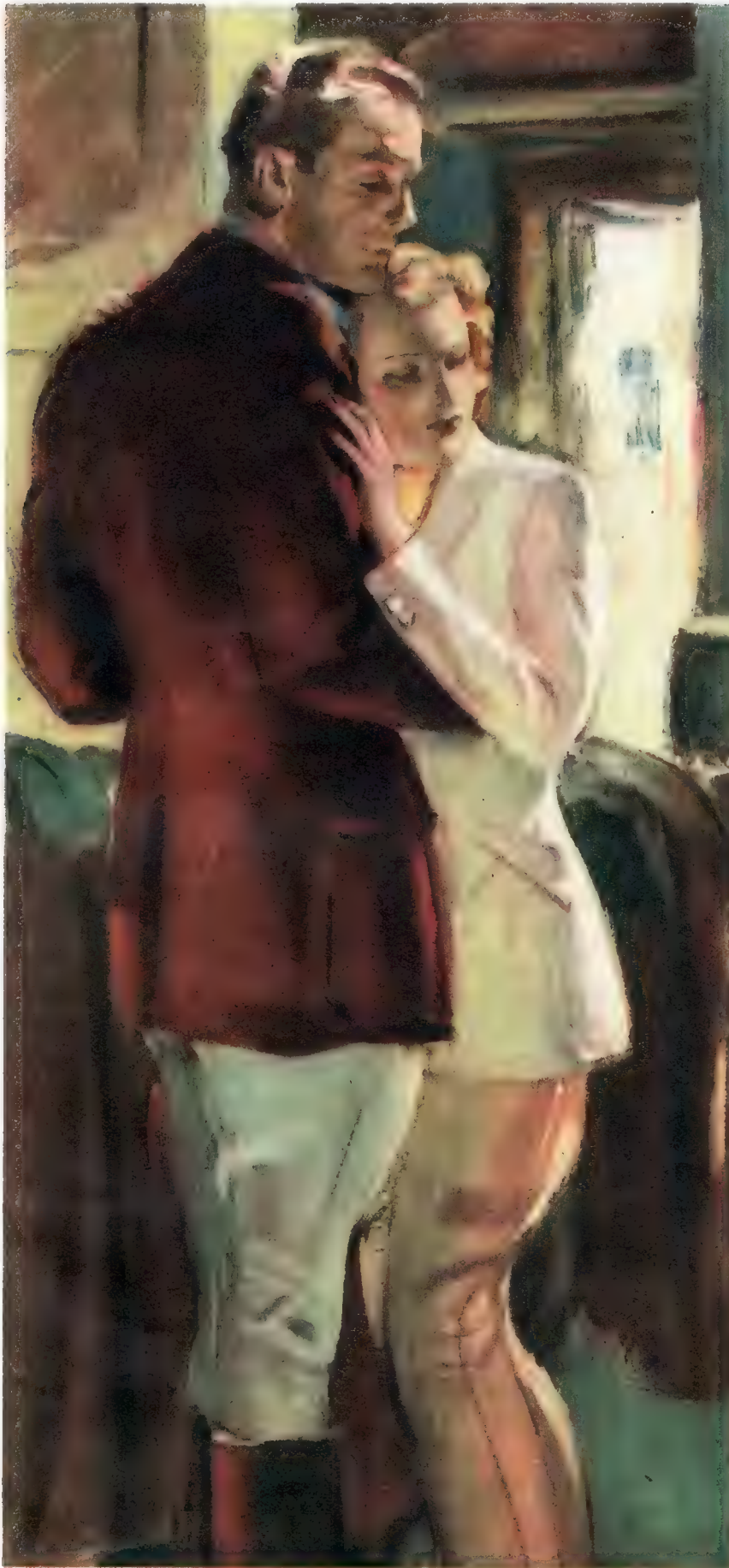
"You might at least open your eyes." Dorrie opened them, to see Johnny Brewster again. He fitted in with her mood so well that she didn't summon up any act at all, but merely danced with him, not talking.

"What were you thinking about?" he wanted to know at last, and, with her eyes closed again, Dorrie said simply, "Bed." That was good Chesapeake Bay language, even if here in New York it seemed to be the forgotten word. She and Johnny had had a good talk at Lina's cocktail party, anyway. They were up to date on everything and could rest on that for a while.

"You let loose a thousand devils in me yesterday." She said it slowly. Dancing with Johnny was so familiar and comforting. They might have been sixteen. No doubt he had forgotten now he'd ever been in love with her. "The plain old homesick variety," she went on.

"The cure for homesickness is simple. It's just to go home."

"Home isn't there any more." But he knew that. He knew her mother had sold the place and now had her smart apartment, her smart friends, in Baltimore. Home was



She was in Scott's arms and he was talking to her in a low tone. They weren't aware of Dorrie's entrance

gone, but you didn't say things like that, and Dorrie took a fresh grip on herself. "I've got just the Marylander's end-of-October vapors," she explained.

"The Brewsters are still there," Johnny reminded her, "and November is almost upon us. Come down. Peg's home now. We did tear her off a horse long enough to send her to school."

He must come over and meet all the folks, the composite Ross girl and everyone, Dorrie told him when the dance ended. She hid a nice yawn safe in the shelter of his shoulder. A man from home would understand that a girl might, conceivably, yawn at two in the morning.

"Is the composite Ross girl something special?" Johnny Brewster wanted to know as they made their way toward Dorrie's table.

"No." Dorrie thought it out slowly. "It takes two years to learn that, though." . . .

SCOTT opened his arms wide in the East-River-view bedroom and she went into them. This was part of the ritual. They'd stand, locked in each other's arms for perhaps ten minutes, rocking with yawns which were permissible now, and talk over the evening. Dorrie stood tonight in his arms and felt weariness press through her feet and legs and spine, up to her head.

"You have a good time?"

"Glorious!" She hid her face. Why lie, she thought hazily. Why go on lying for a lifetime just because Scott had met her that time she was visiting Lina for a month, and loving all this. She could still love it for one month out of a year, but this was a lifetime. "Let's sit down, Scott, shall we?" she said, at thought of its being a lifetime. "There was something cute about her, wasn't there? The Ross—I mean the Phoebe person." Clinging to him suddenly, chilled again, and knowing that by morning he'd have forgotten the Phoebe girl's existence.

"Good dancer. That Brewster chap. Old friend of yours, eh?"

"Old neighbor. He turned up at Lina's the other day."

"Sort of decent of him inviting us out to the wilds. Former heart-throb, I take it?"

"That was just a Boy Scout impulse. He thought I was homesick. I'd love to go, Scott. It's to be a duck-shooting party."

"Hey! A cruise is our stuff."

"We couldn't do both." It wasn't a question.

"Afraid not." A really epochal yawn shook Scott and he released her. "Darling!" His voice held shock a moment later. "What are you doing with that clock?"

"I'm setting it for eight." Mingled stubbornness and (Continued on page 124)



MY BUSINESS is research.

That word "research" frightens most people. They think it means a fancy laboratory, batteries of microscopes, fuming retorts, mathematical formulas a block long, and a committee of high-brows in white coats talking scientific jargon.

Research doesn't mean that at all. It may use a laboratory and it may not. It is purely a principle, and everybody can apply it in his own life. It is simply a way of trying to find new knowledge and ways of improving things which you are not satisfied with.

What are some of the things you would like to have? Why can't you have them? Write down ten things that you don't like about your business, about yourself, or about the way you are doing things. (If you can't think of ten things, there is something wrong with your wishing machinery.)

Now try to work out some way of correcting those ten things. If No. 1 is too difficult to solve, try solving the others, just as you put a word in a crossword puzzle. Each of these problems of yours that you solve will make the others easier. You will be surprised when you

swiftly the frontiers of our knowledge are being extended.

Change seems slow, but it is so fast that any big manufacturing company, however prosperous, which keeps on doing things just as it is doing them now will be in trouble very shortly. The present motorcars seem close to perfection, as they have been every year since 1905. But any company which does not greatly improve its cars in the next five years will find itself in the hands of a receiver. No business of any kind can keep on indefinitely doing what it is doing now. It must change or go under. And that applies in a general way to individuals also.

That is why my favorite definition of research is this: "Trying to find out what you are going to do when you can't keep on doing what you are doing now." . . .

AN INDUSTRIAL research laboratory, with its weird instruments—some of them 100 times as powerful as a pile driver; some 100 times as delicate as a butterfly's wing—may seem to you a foreign and remote place.

It is not remote. The things they do here will sometime become a part of



PATHS



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY WHITE STUDIO

find how well they fit into each other.

If you do that, you are a research worker (subject: yourself) even if you can't tell a microscope from a telescope, and think H Cl means the High Cost of Living.

A research laboratory works on just the same principle. It is trying to improve methods, improve products, branch out in new directions. And one thing you learn in such a laboratory—a thing the general public does not realize—is how fast these changes are coming, how

your everyday life. What is now a rare new chemical here may some day keep you from dying. Because of a new way of burning a fuel, you may live in an entirely different kind of house five years from now. Because of a new alloy of metals, you may have fresher fruits and vegetables on your dinner table. A new use of heat may some day restore your child to health.

"Just exactly how?" you may ask. If I knew the answer to that we would be doing all those things right now. But at

least I can point out some of the possibilities and how an improvement in the laboratory may spread out to touch your own life.

Suppose you are shipping vegetables from Arizona up to Boston. At present they do it this way: They load the fruit car, take it to the ice dock, and ice it. After 48 hours they ice it again and send the car on its way. Sometimes you may have to cut the car out and ice it the third time. If the weather gets too cold going north, you may have to cut out the

A GREAT MIND SUGGESTS

BIG CHANGES AHEAD



The director of General Motors research
surveys an unfinished world and points
to rich new fields of adventure

To Fame and Fortune

car again, take out the ice, and put in heaters. All that takes time and expense.

Right now we could put a little gasoline engine in that fruit car, with an air-conditioning arrangement which would keep the car at just the right temperature, from the 110-degree heat of the South to zero cold in the North.

We can't do that, because the gasoline would be too dangerous in case of a wreck. But now, suppose someone should develop a new form of engine that doesn't have the shortcomings of

the gasoline engine and could be used to drive some kind of refrigerating apparatus. We could start that little engine going in Arizona, and the fruit car could shoot right through to Boston. The cost would be a fraction of the slow, laborious icing process. Result: cheaper

as well as fresher fruits and vegetables.

But that's only a casual, primary result. Once we get such a strong, economical engine we shall have a small power plant that can do other important things. For example, it might be even more valuable (Continued on page 119)

BY CHARLES F. KETTERING

WITH BEVERLY SMITH

Kneehi's girl always talked about "Older Fellows," as though age was a

Young Man's FANCY

BY LIBBIE
BLOCK



IF THINKING "Damn it to hell" makes a man, then Kneehi was mature at eighteen.

But what he actually said, when his mother's voice trailed him halfway down the block, was "Yes, ma'am," softly and respectfully.

"Archer!" That was what she insisted on calling him, because that was what

she had named him. And he hated it.

His swimming trunks itched under his trousers in anticipation of the cool bite of water at Candle's Lake. That's where the bunch was. That's where Jannie was. He had to talk to her, even though it would probably end in a fight again. It was important, terribly important, though. And he had to go home to see

what his old lady wanted. Yelling after him the way the mothers of three-year-old wandering babies yelled "Susy Ann" or "Betty Sue." The only way to stop her was . . . go home, darn it!

She was, as she stood on the front porch, traced with black, viney shadows. They lay in summer filigree on her flushed face and white apron.

diploma or something... Could he help it if he was only eighteen?



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY TOM LOVELL

"Archer, I thought you were going to mow the back lawn."

"Yeah. Sure; but not now."

"The back lawn looks like whiskers. It's a wonder you wouldn't get it done with instead of putting it off."

"Thought I'd wait till the sun goes down. It's too hot. Besides, I got a date at the lake."

She was going to give in; she always did.

"Come home early, then, so you'll have time before you dress for the wedding." She had a special kind of light sigh. "I hope you'll learn the meaning of responsibility before you go to college this fall. Daddy doesn't mind sending you, but it's not going to be easy for him.

All that money!" She went inside then.

The screen door rapped shut and he was free to take up his life as Kneehi.

A piece of sky fell down and got wet, and that was Candle's Lake today. Some of the gang were in the water, wrinkling it up, and one of them, Jannie, was on the raft. He weighted his shirt down to the beach with some coarse sand, jerked



"I knew you'd murder us," muttered Herb. "Now, what are you going to do about getting us back?"

off his trousers; and there he was, Apollo Belvedere, with a sun tan baked and oiled until perfect.

Before he leaped into the lake he waved a long semicircle at the raft. He meant it for Jannie; he wanted her to watch how he could swim, slicing the water as though it were paper and he a pair of scissors.

He hitched up to the raft and snapped the last drip of water at Jannie, who giggled, but not so hard, he thought, as she had earlier this summer. Something on her mind, and that something was five years older than Kneehi and he was coming from Omaha to be best man at Melva's wedding.

"Hi, Jannie!" He sat down and edged up beside her. Their four legs trailed idly back and forth through the water.

"Oh, I'm sad, in a way," she said, not looking at him.

"What's the matter?"

"Melva's getting married and moving away. I'll miss her." She inched her thigh away from his. "Her husband-to- . . . I mean, Jack's coming in this afternoon. He's bringing his best man and another fellow to be usher."

"Is Jack anything like this Herb you went so bats about when you were over to Omaha last month?"

"I did not either go bats about him."

"Who do you think you're kidding? Well, what's Jack like?"

"Oh, they're all Older Fellows."

THAT phrase made him mad. Hell, he couldn't help it if he was eighteen! He'd be twenty-three sometime. Everybody was, sooner or later. Jannie said "Older Fellows" as though it were a diploma or something. He'd be glad when this wedding was over; it got on his

nerves. And, though it all seemed goofy, he resented not being in Melva's wedding party. He'd known her a lot longer than these hot-shots from Omaha.

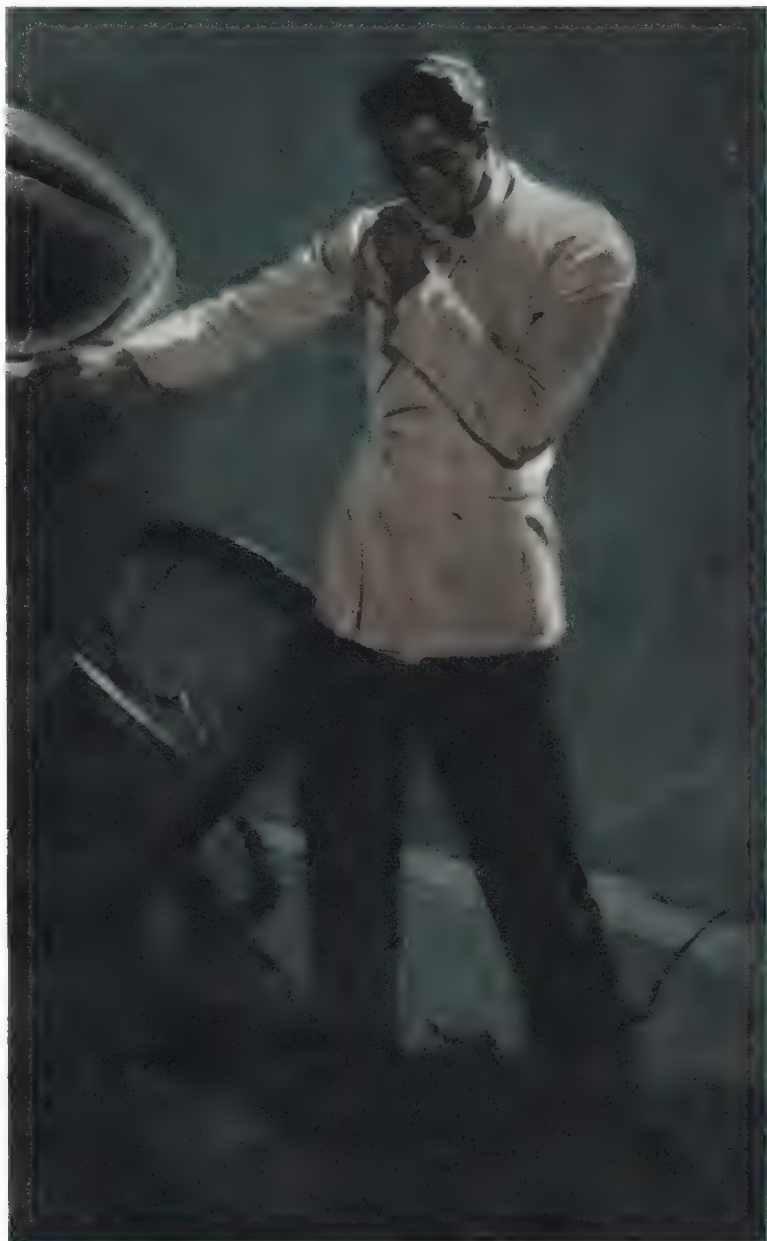
"Melva's older than the gang," he said. To explain to Jannie how she'd happened to get mixed up with Older Fellows.

"Just six months older than me. And I'm six months older than you."

"Only four months, and you're so little you look lots younger."

"Oh, Kneehi, size hasn't got anything to do with how old you are. Just because you're six feet doesn't mean you're grown up. Girls get there sooner; boys have to adolence till they're twenty-one."

"Who said so?" And then, at her sidelong smile, "Gosh, I can't get along with you!" He'd known they were going to fight again. She hadn't been right



since she came back from Omaha. He didn't want things between them to change from the way they'd been at school; swimming together and playing tennis and doing a little heavy necking when he could burn his father's car.

She zipped lightly off the raft, turned, treading water to look up at him. "I'm going in. There's a rehearsal and I have to get my hair done. The gang's supposed to get there early to look at the presents. Right after dinner."

THEN, in a few minutes, she was a little blur on the beach, picking up her toweling robe. He watched but she didn't wave good-bye. That made him feel bad, and he had to swim two-three hundred yards before he felt better. "Boy," he thought, "I can sure swim!"

Bud stroked up alongside him. "Want to talk to you, Kneehi," he said in busi-

nesslike fashion. Kneehi and Bud were a gang within the gang.

They went to get a hot dog and a smoke.

"We got to pull a fast one at the wedding. They always do," said Bud.

"Yeah? I've never been to a wedding, come to think of it. And I could live another hundred years without missing it."

"Well, when my sister got married they tied tin cans to the car. I thought we could do better than that. Kidnap the groom after the wedding. Keep him some place for a couple hours and turn him loose. They'll have something to tell their grandchildren."

Kneehi cranked around on the stool. The phrase "Older Fellows" still stung him like a sand flea. "I'm on. But only on condition we kidnap this Herb that's coming with him. I don't like that guy's looks before I see him."

The hot tongue of the sun licked them dry as they planned. After the ceremony, during the dancing, they would lure Jack out of the garden where the wedding was to be held and into an automobile. About five miles up the canyon, he would be locked in the tool house of the summer cabin of Bud's folks. And, with him, that Older Fellow, Herb.

"They'll burn up," said Kneehi with a great deal of pleasure. . . .

THE mountain air, in the deep afternoon, was beginning to chill, like wine early in its ice bath. Kneehi saw when he got home that the lawn hadn't shrunk any. It still waved, ragged green, for him to mow. He wished he'd done it before; he wouldn't have it staring him in the face.

In the kitchen, as he pounded through the back door, his mother was making brown gravy, the kind he loved to lap up on mashed potatoes.

"How about the lawn, son?"

Did she ever forget anything? No. He told himself she could have been a detective.

"Could it wait till tomorrow? I got to dress before dinner. We're supposed to look at the presents right after." He wasn't at all interested in wedding presents but they came in handy now.

She had a busy little cluck she saved for him, or for Dad, sometimes, when he came home late.

"If you don't do it tomorrow it'll be long enough to braid, and I'll probably have to do it myself. Go ahead; get your shower before Daddy comes home. And," she called after him as he clumped up the back stairs, "don't take all the hot water. We're going to that wedding, too, you know."

He kept his father waiting outside the bathroom door for fifteen minutes, calling encouragingly all the time, "In a jiff, Dad; in a jiff!"

Dinner began with tomato juice, brilliant in glasses against the clean white cloth. Kneehi heard the birds making a fuss about going to sleep, and through the open French windows the sun waved long purple flags in farewell. He felt swell; strong and tight after his swim, and pleased with the prospect of the abduction of Jannie's Herb.

"I've arranged for your banking when you get to the university, Archer," said his father. "I'll deposit a check to your account. Go easy on it, will you?"

"Sure," he said, intending to buy himself a Tux the first thing. It was always best to say "Sure" about everything. His Dad forever cried the blues, but they'd never starved yet. He pinched his mother's cheek and wished she'd got herself a new dress for the wedding instead of wearing an old one.

"Archer knows how hard you've always had to (Continued on page 114)



ONE ORDER *of Toast*

BY R. G. KIRK

THE North place wakens with a pleasant hullabaloo. Mr. North strolls about with the terriers yapping; and little Molly North's pony blares a greeting when it hears his step. Mrs. North takes her daily dozen with the radio counting. And Minnie, out in the kitchen, keeps kicking the gong around—or maybe the bacon pan.

But through it all the Bull Moose keeps right on driving rivets. Have you ever heard a bulldog snore? Well, the Moose keeps at it until he smells toast.

Some nose. It's set back almost between his eyes; but he can smell toast with it just as though it were out on the end of his face, where other dogs have theirs. Start making toast anywhere on the place, and watch the Moose come barging round.

Last Saturday, before they whirled Molly off to the studios, Mr. North came to me with the pest mail.

This Molly North is the same small five-year-old Molly you saw in *Baby Fingers*, the picture that made the whole world want to hug her. Every film she's done since has made the world want to hug her more. And that's not hard to explain, for she's just as lovable and unspoiled in life as she is on the screen. I ought to know. I'm her bodyguard.

Little Molly North gets more mail in a day than most of us have received since the day she was born. Her father reads every letter, and any which, in his judgment, holds the least threat of annoyance

or danger, he brings to me. You get hunches on jobs like mine. More than once I have picked out real menace from the mail of the hundreds of crackpots who bedevil Molly's people.

"Old 'No-More-Than-Right' is with us once more, I see, Tom," said Mr. North.

I hadn't liked "No-More-Than-Right's" first letter. Nor the second. I liked this one less than any.

"Last warning," it said. "Before tomorrow—and keep that bodyguard scarce. Remember MacCannons. Ten thousand; when, where, and as I said.

"NO MORE THAN RIGHT."

MacCannons are wealthy people who live here in Seaview Park. Their playhouse had been blown to splinters. The children had not been in it. But after that the MacCannons paid plenty.

Next evening while the family was at dinner I was on guard outside the open windows. Molly North is never out of my sight when I'm on duty. She was giving a chicken leg a first-class going over when I saw the Moose come into the

room. He had been snoring all afternoon. But dinnertime had arrived, and he had looked up Minnie. There was, it seems, a ham bone. But right before the open refrigerator Moose had lost interest. Ham bones will keep. But toast! You have to be there when the toast pops up, or somebody else will get it.

I SAW the Moose sit down by Molly and put his chin on her thigh

"Wurrff!" he remarked.

"Now, Mr. Moose," said Molly. "You know you never get snacks at the dinner table."

When you are keyed up like I was you catch the slightest twist away from normal. They never fed that dog at the table. Toast? Well, only at Molly's breakfast. He was hard to deny. He smelled the stuff so far and demanded it with such a murderous bulldog growl.

"That funny little nose is fooling you," said Molly. "We never have toast for dinner."

But the Bull Moose knew when he was right.

"Wurrff!" he repeated.

And my heart skipped a beat, as suddenly I had it!

"Outside!" I yelled.

Mr. North asked no questions. He was outside the house, with Molly in his arms, his family herded ahead of him, by the time I got into the dining-room.

I stood straining my ears.

No sound.





FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN OIL BY E. HENRY

"Your funny little nose is fooling you," said Molly. "We never have toast for dinner"

Then one came. Sudden. Explosive: "Wurrff!"

Moose was standing on the hearth now, looking up into the fireplace for toast!

I plunged under the wide, black arch, reached up, hooked my hand back over the draft shoulder—found it! I dashed to the window, kicked out a screen, and heaved the thing into the swimming pool!

LATE that evening the police chief called.

"Tom?" he said. "Well, Tom, your hunch was right. That Radio Inspection Company man was phony. He knew their monthly service call at North's was due. So he stole one of their trucks and made it. . . . Sure. His fingerprints matched those beside yours on the fireplace arch. . . . Of course, he didn't have gloves on. Imagine a radio inspector wearing gloves! . . . We just got through with him. He did the Mac-Cannon job. Said yours was to be like that. To scare the Norths, but not hurt anyone. But he had enough stuff in that box to blow the fireplace all over the dining-room. The clock was set for seven. The water stopped it at three minutes of."

Mrs. North said, "Three minutes!" And she took my hand and put it to her cheek.

Mr. North gripped my arm and said, "Three minutes. Lots of time. What was all the hurry, Tom?"

Molly said, "Tom is smart. Show me how you detect, Tom—will you, Tom?"

So I told her to get the toaster. I spanked the crumbs out of it.

"That's so there'll be no smell of toast," I said.

Then I plugged in the cord and pushed the dinkus down.

Bread or no bread, did I get results!

We could hear the Bull Moose snoring upstairs on the rug in front of Molly's door. There came a sudden scramble overhead, and then an avalanche of bulldog thundering down the stairs. There was a skidding of thick pads on the floor, and he was seated on his screw propeller by the table.

"That punched-back nose has gotten too much credit," I explained. "But there's not a thing the matter with his ears. He has been hearing toast, not smelling it. He heard that bomb ticking, Molly, up inside the chimney."

Tick-a, tick-a, tick-a, tick-a, said the toaster softly. Clank! And the lifter sprung.

"Wurrff!" said the Bull Moose.

"April fool, Moose!" I said. "There ain't no toast!"

"Molly," said Mr. North, "you run out to the kitchen and bring in a couple loaves of bread!"



ACROSS his desk the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE tossed to me a letter he had just received from a young man in Atlanta, Ga., which, he said, was typical of the letters he is receiving almost every day from young people.

"I am nineteen years old," the young man wrote, "youngest son of an average family, and a sophomore at a small but highly accredited university of the South. There is a question that has been bothering me for some time. I think it is a question that worries others of my age and I am wondering if readers of your magazine can help us. The question is this: Why is it that love-making and marriage, two of the most important things in our lives, are given so little consideration in our education?"

"We want to learn about love—what is wrong and what is right; how we are to live the sexual side of our lives. Yet

And yet all the educators I know deny us the privilege of learning anything about this most important topic. Will you please give some solution to the problem?"

THE editor put it up to me: "How would you reply to this young man?"

It was a tough question and a challenging one. I told him I'd like to think it over.

I was still thinking it over at home that night when the telephone rang. I recognized the voice of an old friend. Evidently he was worried. "I must see you right away!" he said. "You've got to write about it—expose it!"

"Expose what?" I asked.

"It's worse than Communism! My daughter—at college—the things she's learning!"

"What's she learning?"

"It will make your hair stand on end!

were a box of live rattlesnakes. It was entitled, *Why My Marriage Will Be a Success, By Barbara* ———. Across the top the instructor had written, *Excellent*.

I protested, "Why is it indecent to teach girls how to make their marriage a success?"



none of the popular universities I know of go into these problems any farther than an advanced course in biology.

"Instead of being educated in courtship and marriage we must find out for ourselves, from experience too often beginning in ignorance and ending in divorce. It is the one thing the young people of today are most interested in.

About marriage—and babies and—and—and—" He choked. "She's not even engaged! And yet they're teaching her— *It's positively indecent!*"

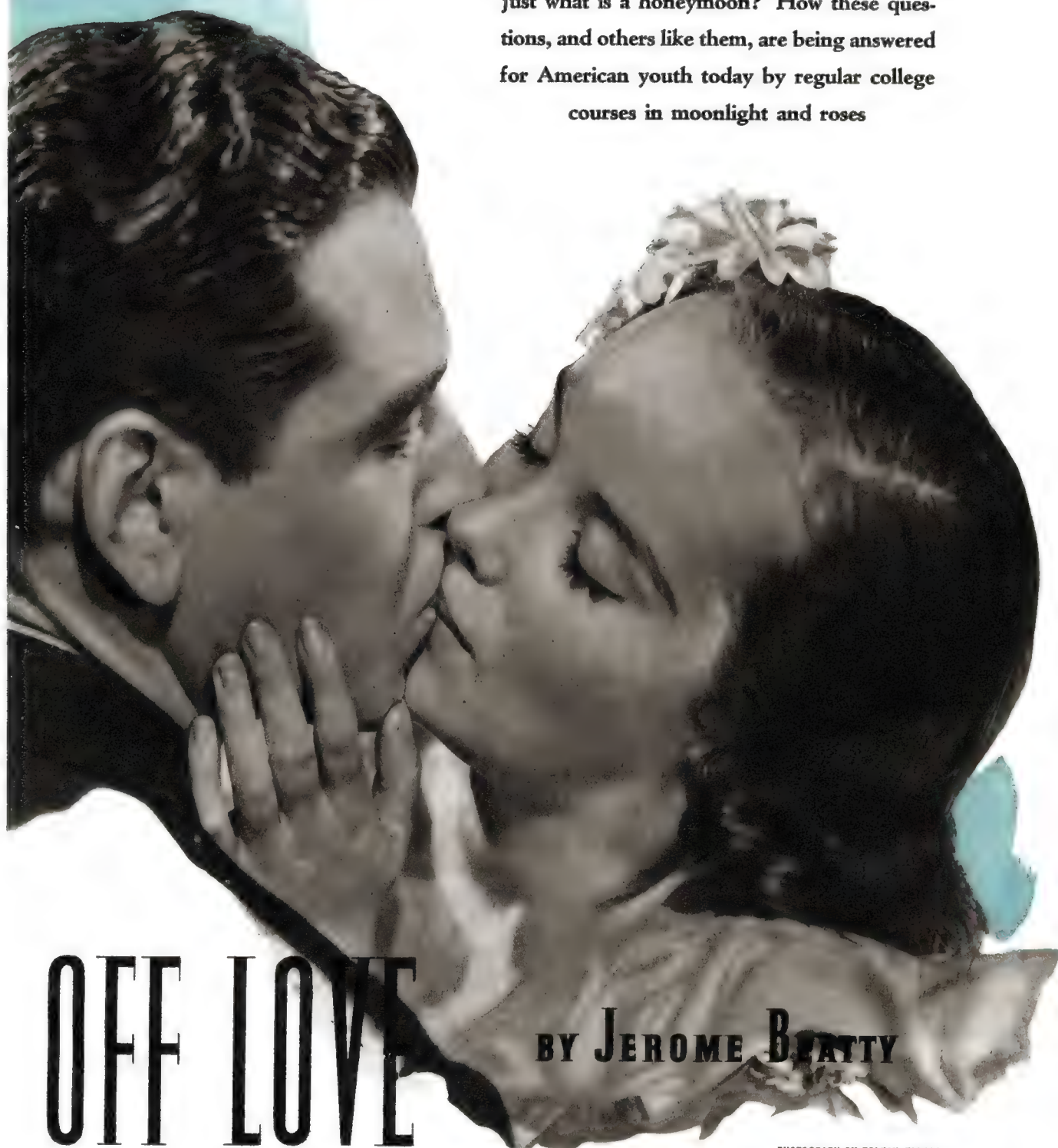
"Come on over," I said. . . .

In my workroom, after he had closed the door, he drew out of his pocket an examination paper written by his daughter and he handed it to me as though it

Through set teeth he said, "Read it!" He swallowed. "She is actually proud of it!"

I read it. It did make my hair stand on end, for I had a general idea that the nice girls of today still believed, sort of, in the stork or the doctor's little black bag and the quaint symbolism about the bees and the flowers and the pollen. At

How does one make love? Sh-h-h. . . . And just what is a honeymoon? How these questions, and others like them, are being answered for American youth today by regular college courses in moonlight and roses



OFF LOVE

BY JEROME BEATTY

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZOLTAN FARCAS
FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

intervals I murmured, "Gosh!" and "Gee Whiz!" and "Holy mackerel!" as I read the manuscript written by this lovely, competent girl of twenty—"not even engaged"—and found there her point of view on everything to do with marriage, from petting before the engagement to care of the father during childbirth. She called every spade by

name, and didn't mince her words.

Her father said indignantly, "Why, there are things there that even I didn't know!"

"Me, too," I confessed.

"The colleges should be stopped—there ought to be a law."

"You're right," I agreed. "This is going too far."

Then slowly the old bean got to working and common sense took charge, and I read the examination paper over again, and finally I said, "Maybe both of us are crazy. Every word here is honest and clean and decent, and a girl with this point of view *will* make her marriage a success. I wonder if they shouldn't have courses like (Continued on page 181)

He was a good fighter, but not a killer . . . Broadway tried to change that

They

STAND SO TALL

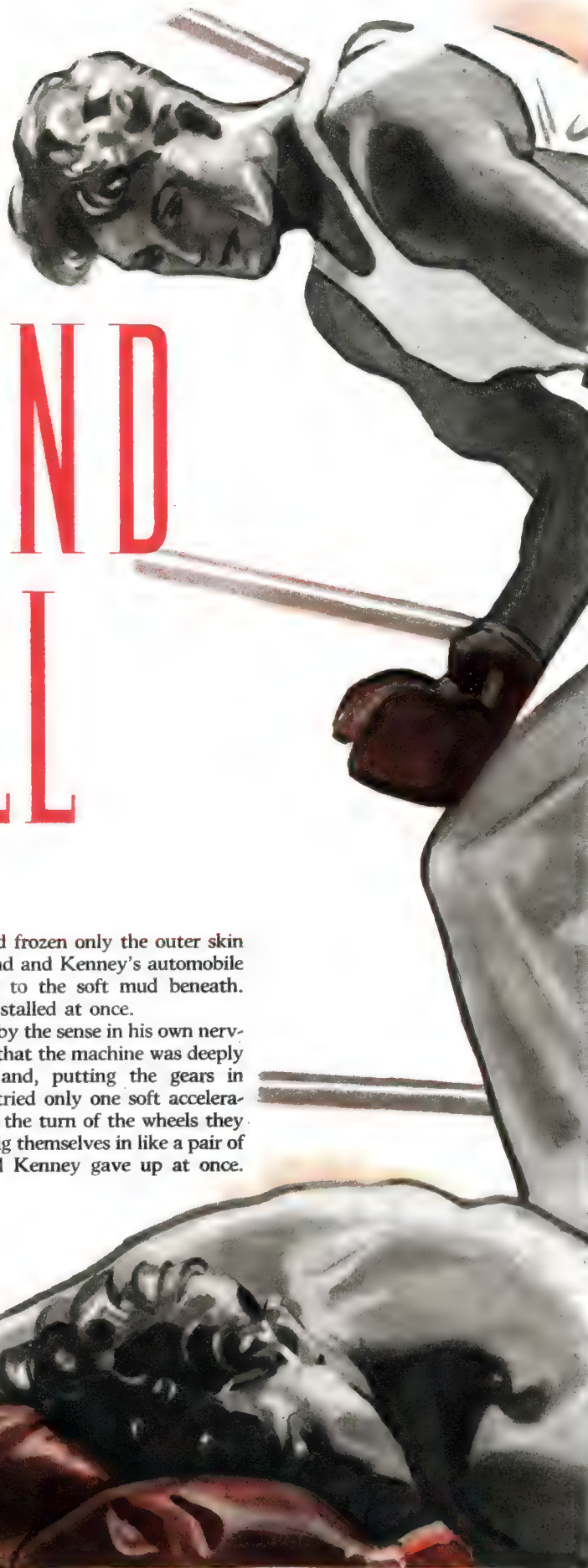
THE whole crest of the road was greased with ice and Bill Kenney took the curve just a little too fast. It was not that he liked fast driving but because the open spaces of the country oppressed Windy Bill, and when he neared Manhattan he could not help increasing his pace, like a horse going toward the home barn. The car slithered over the edge of the concrete, in a generous sideswipe. The frost of the autumn

morning had frozen only the outer skin of the ground and Kenney's automobile bit through to the soft mud beneath. The engine stalled at once.

He knew by the sense in his own nervous system that the machine was deeply embedded, and, putting the gears in second, he tried only one soft acceleration. With the turn of the wheels they started to dig themselves in like a pair of badgers and Kenney gave up at once.

*Rowan's triphammer right
smacked the chin, and the man
dropped flat to the canvas*

HARRY
MORSE
MORSE



He relaxed behind the wheel in a luxury of savage anger. In half an hour the crowd would begin to gather at the bar for that moment of happy good-fellowship which would ripen, after lunch, into the crap game that furnished half his living. He was drawing a red line through thirty or forty dollars of profits when a one-ton truck pulled up beside him. The twenty-gallon milk cans kept on rattling for a moment after the halt.

"Want a hand?" said the young countryman who leaned out from the driver's cab. A girl with a brown, pretty face looked out also.

"I want a horse," Kenney could not help saying. "But can you give me a push?"

"You've got no rear bumper, sir," said the lad.

"Damn!" said Kenney, remembering the sideswipe in Danbury. The farmer climbed down from his truck and with Kenney looked at the embedded rear wheels.

"It's only the right wheel," said the youth. "I guess I could lift it."

BY GEORGE OWEN BAXTER

"Only your right wheel is stuck," said the youth. "I guess I could lift it"

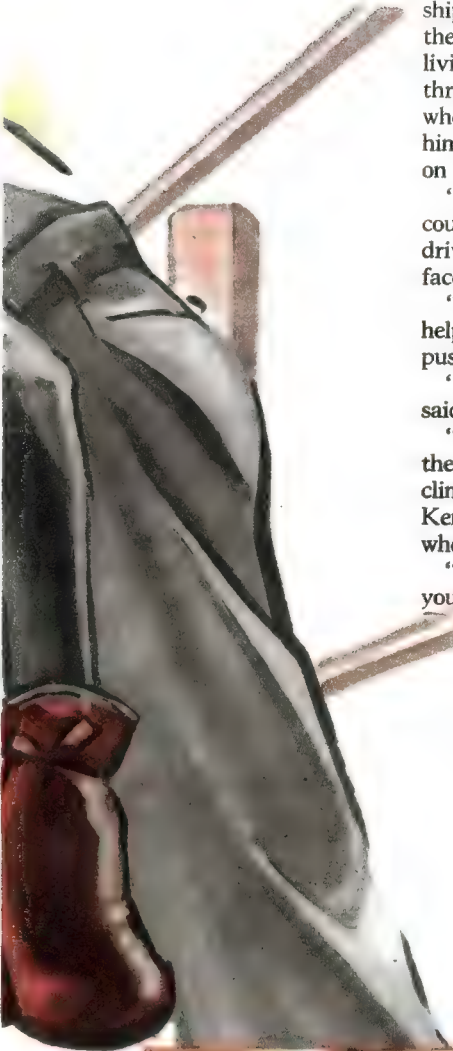
"You guess you could what?" asked Kenney.

The farmer was already picking up a length of broken fence-board, which he handed to Kenney. "You shove this under," he said, and, reaching far down, he laid hold of the wheels.

Kenney, standing by with a grin of amusement, saw the knees of the lad sag and his back flatten in as he lifted. The car had not stirred, and Kenney discovered that the feet of the youngster had bitten through the frozen top skin of the ground and were lodged deep in the mud. Still he kept lifting, as though there were an engine in him which could be geared still lower. Then the wheel lifted suddenly from its rut, and Kenney shoved the board beneath it. A minute later his car was back on the clean surface of the road.

HE TURNED to watch the lad pitch the fence-board back beyond the ditch, then kick the larger clots of mud from his shoes. He would strip something over 160 pounds and the strength was layered on him so smoothly that he looked fat with it. Now he sprang over a puddle of water, and Kenney sat upright with a sudden strain behind his eyes and a cold stroke of lightning through that central nerve which we call "the soul." He held out a one-dollar bill and said "Thanks," but all the while his glance was stripping away the overalls and trying to get at the ringside truth about this lad.

The boy politely but firmly refused the money. "We're always glad to help



out somebody in trouble, sir," he said.

"What's your name?" asked Kenney.

"Dick Rowan, sir."

"Ever do any boxing, Dick?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"All my life, sir. My father believes in it."

"Ever in the ring, amateur or anything?"

"No, sir. Just in our barn."

"Ever read the sporting pages?"

"Yes, sir."

"Maybe you know me, then. I'm Bill Kenney, that hand-raised Shifty Jim Parker and managed him into two championships."

"Yes, Mr. Kenney?" said Dick Rowan vaguely.

"Would you work six months for twenty a week and found?" asked Kenney.

"I don't know," said Rowan.

"I do," said the girl, speaking for the first time. "You grab that, Dick."

"Yes, Martha," said Rowan obediently.

"Married?" asked Kenney, with a grin.

"Not yet," answered the sharp, clear voice of the girl.

"Here's my card," said Kenney. "Come in any day . . . and stop calling people 'sir.'"

"Yes, sir," said Rowan, and tipped his hat. . . .

HE SHOWED up on Saturday afternoon, with a fresh haircut showing the pink nape of his neck and a hat on his head two years too small for him.

"How old are you?" asked Kenney.

"Twenty, sir," said Rowan.

"You're gunna get older," said Kenney, and took him straight over to the gymnasium.

In the locker-room he found an outfit for young Dick, together with gym shoes that fitted him; in the meantime, he looked up the great Gypsy Donovan, who ran the place. Gypsy had been so great that the battle light still shone in his eyes, but all except his tongue had been broken down by the years.

"I got a green middleweight and I want to see has he got anything," said Kenney. "What's in the shop to try him out?"

"How green and what sort of a try?" asked the Gypsy.

"Try him right out. Fry the marrow right out of his bones," said Kenney.

"You mean you think maybe you have something?" asked Donovan.

"Yeah. That's what I mean I think I've got. Try him high."

"There's a hundred-and-eighty-pounder over there on the exercisers that's just out of the amateurs and coming along fast. I guess he's too hot for your kid," suggested Donovan.

"Tell him to go in and knock my boy's head off, if he can," said Kenney. "If the kid's a mug, I wanta know. I've sunk too much money in dry wells. Let me talk to him."

Biff Casey kept his chin down even when he was talking. He kept his elbows out from his sides, although there was not quite that much muscle under his armpits.

"This kid you're going to try out," said Kenney, "he looks soft, but he ain't. He's strong as an ox. He can lift a thousand pounds like nobody's business. . . . You go right in after him. You knock him cold, and I've got ten bucks in my pocket for you."

"Ten bucks," said Casey, and laughed. "O. K."

Rowan came from the locker-room looking cold and frightened.

"Meet Biff Casey, Dick," said Kenney. "Hop right into the ring and shake hands and then let's see how you go."

He pushed the gloves onto Dick's hands and tied them, looking into eyes

which baffled him. For, in fact, there was no fear in them, but only a dull sheen of ox-blue and a vagueness like the shadowy emptiness of a barn. Then the two lads were sizing up together in the ring.

"Your boy ain't got much below the waist," said the Gypsy.

"He's not a stand-around fighter. He's a sprinter," said Kenney, grinning. "We'll just see which way he runs. Nice kind of back and shoulders, though."

"He's got the old-fashioned stance," said Gypsy, "and the straight left that went with it. . . . Was there anything behind that left, that time?"

THERE seemed to have been nothing behind it, except enough to rouse Biff Casey. He went in with rapid jabs and then whacked Dick Rowan with a short right that rocked him off balance. A shower of spanking blows drove Rowan across the ring.

"He don't cut easy, and that's one advantage," said Kenney. "But I guess he's a mug, unless I could get him lean-

Martha may have been a country girl but she knew all about breach of promise suits





ing into the forward stance, nice and natural. . . . *Bam!* . . . This boy Casey is a natural body-puncher, ain't he?"

"He's a honey. I taught him myself," said the Gypsy.

Biff Casey, perhaps to keep from injuring his hands, had changed his shooting to the mid-section and the blows went home like handclaps.

"Rubber," said the Gypsy. "Your kid is kind of rubbery. The punches don't seem to sink in. But if . . . Wha-at? . . ."

For Biff Casey had suddenly stumbled to his knees and remained there, embracing his stomach with both arms. "Low!" gasped Casey. "It was low!"

THE Gypsy waded through the ropes and kicked Biff powerfully in the most convenient place. "Get out of the ring, you bum!" he said.

He turned to Rowan, who was blinking a little and feeling his face with the tips of his gloves. "Where you find that left?" asked the Gypsy.

"I don't know," said Dick Rowan.

"You see that?" asked the Gypsy.

"All I seen was Casey saying his prayers," answered Kenney truthfully. "What was it?"

"Why, he tries for the belly with a left that glances off, and he just steps back a little and hits again with the same hand—with his arm bent stiff, like this—and he rips it right through the floating ribs of Casey and dislocates his kidney, is all he does. . . . Is that a wow or am I sucker? . . . Keep this kid in the bottle for six months, and when

we uncork him he's gunna make a lot of fast middleweights hold their noses with the stink he raises."

The cigar of Windy Bill Kenney was drawing nicely but he bit off a whole inch of it while his jaws closed slowly down on the great idea. "Six months is just what he gets," said Kenney. . . .

That, to the day, was exactly what Rowan got before he stepped into the professional ring. In a sense, Dick Rowan was the most tractable pupil old Gypsy Donovan ever took in hand. He labored patiently at road work, spent hours at the exercisers to build body muscles, hammered the sandbags to develop lifting punch-power, and tapped the punching bags for rhythm, and coordinated speed. The sliding steps which Donovan taught him for footwork, he mastered as though he were born for dancing.

"He's got the tune inside him. All we gotta do is give him the words," said Donovan. "And we gotta get some of the country out and put some of the city in."

ROWAN was a silent, gentle-mannered boy. He never complained about the food or the lack of diversion; he seemed not to notice the nakedness of his little box of a room which was brightened by nothing except a picture of Martha. Once a week she came in from the country to see her man work. A moving-picture show was not her idea of amusement. "They don't last long enough in your head," she told Windy Bill, looking at him with her clear, practical eyes.

"What don't last?" he answered.

"The pictures," she said. "They cost money and they don't last."

Instead, she preferred to sit in the gymnasium and gravely follow the motions of Rowan as he went through his routine. After that he took her to the railroad station, and she returned to the farm. These were Dick's only diversions.

At the end of six months of this labor, Donovan pronounced Rowan ready to be tried, and tried high.

Kenney went to McElroy, the promoter, and said, "Listen, Mac, I got a kid that's never been in the ring, amateur or professional; and I want him to get a good shot."

"Yeah?" said McElroy. "Take him out in the bushes."

"I could," said Kenney, "but I've sunk twelve hundred bucks in that kid, getting him on edge, and I want to give you a chance to show you're a real promoter that discovers the good ones. I wanta help you (Continued on page 176)

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS





ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCHUCKER

DUST *across*

What has happened so far:

"TELL me, Charlie," Harry Mortimer said to his ranch partner, "what would happen if I showed my face at Louise Miller's barbecue?"

Charlie Hancock stared. "Nothing," he said. "Nothing would happen . . . at first. Then presently you'd be drilled full of bullet holes."

Mortimer, however, was determined that Louise's challenge to attend her barbecue would not go unanswered. Her father, John Miller, sometimes called king of the range, and Harry had been enemies ever since Harry arrived at the range fresh from an agricultural course at college. With new ideas about soil conservation and with eight CCC men loaned by the government to back him up, Mortimer had spent two years in trying to get his theories put into practice by the ranchers of Chappany Valley. But no one would take his endeavors seriously, not even when he had complained to the government that dust storms were imminent and inevitable unless the ranchers did something to prevent them.

Now John Miller was planning to go away and leave his ranch in charge of his pretty daughter. Harry, having tried talking to her like a man, decided to go to her barbecue and see what a little flattery would do. As soon as she saw him there she pleaded with him to leave before her father's men tried to put him off. He refused to move and, intent on his new program, told her that he had loved her ever since he had come to the Chappany. Somehow he surprised even himself . . . the words seemed to ring true. And her answer was the most surprising thing of all. "My heart's going crazy," she said, "and I'm dizzy. You're not snapping your fingers and making me fall in love like this, are you?"

From the trees a dozen riders came out softly. One of them sang out, "Stand back from him, you!" Then something whistled in the air over Mortimer's head. The snaky shadow of the rope dropped across his vision and then he was grappled by the noose. . . . The story continues:

The Range

BY MAX BRAND

SAM PEARSON, the foreman of the huge Miller ranch, was on the saddle end of the rope with a hundred and ninety pounds of seasoned muscle and nearly forty years of range wisdom. He did not have direct orders from Miller, but the indirect suggestions were more than enough for Pearson. He felt, personally, that it was an affront to the entire Miller legend to have this hostile interloper on the ranch at the barbecue; and there was a virtuous thrill in his hand as he settled that noose around Mortimer's arms.

Sam's mount; which was his best cutting horse, spun like a top and took Mortimer in tow at a mild canter over the flat and then down the slope of the Chappany valley. The screaming protest of Lou Miller shrilled and died out far to the rear, quite drowned by the uproar of Pearson's cowpunchers. They all had plenty of liquor under their belts; they all felt they were striking a good stroke for the best cause in the world; and the result was that their high spirits unleashed like a pack of wolves. Like wolves they howled as they dashed back and forth around Pearson and his captive. And, as their delight grew, more than one quirt snapped in an expert hand to warm the seat of Mortimer's pants.

The Easterner ran well, Pearson had to admit; he kept up a good sprint, which prevented him from falling on his face and being dragged, until they came over the edge of the level and dropped onto the slant ground, with the five Chappany lakes glimmering silver-bright in the hollow beneath them.

AT THAT point Pearson's rope went slacked, and he saw Mortimer spin head over heels like a huge ball of tumbleweed. It was so deliciously funny to Sam Pearson that he reeled in the saddle with hearty laughter. He was still howling with joy and the shrill cowboy yells were sticking needles in his ears when a very odd thing happened, for the whirling, topsy-turvy body of Mortimer regained footing and balance for an instant, while running with legs made doubly long by



Louise Miller was crying wildly, "You murderer, Sam Pearson! You've killed him! You've killed him!"

the pitch of the slope, and, like a great black, deformed cat he flung himself onto Monte McLean, who rode close to his side.

There was plenty of silver-clear moonlight to show Monte defending himself from that savage and unexpected attack. Monte was a good, two-handed fighter and he whanged the Easterner over the head and shoulders, not with the lash, but with the loaded butt of his quirt. However, in an instant Mortimer had swarmed up the side of the horse and wrapped Monte in his arms.

This was highly embarrassing to Pearson. If he yanked Mortimer off that mustang, he would bring Monte down to the ground with him. If he did not yank Mortimer out of the saddle, the Easterner would probably throttle Monte and get away. There was another thing that caused Pearson to groan and that was the realization that he had kept the tenderfoot on such a loose rope that he had been able to work his arms and hands up through the biting grip of the noose. He was held now like an organ-grinder's monkey, around the small of the waist.

Other trouble came on the run toward Sam Pearson. A cry came ringing to him, and he saw a girl on a horse stretched in a dead gallop come tilting over the upper edge of the slope. That would be Lou Miller. She was a good girl and as Western as they come. But there is a sharp limit to the feminine sense of humor, and it was as likely as not that the girl thought this was a lynching party instead of a mere bit of Western justice and range discipline. The idea was, in brief, to start Mortimer running toward the horizon and encourage him to keep on until he was out of sight.

Sam Pearson simply did not know what to do, and therefore he did the most instinctive thing, which was to give a good tug on the rope. To his horror, he saw both Monte and Mortimer slew sidewise from the saddle and spill to the ground.

THEY kept on rolling for a dozen yards, and then they lay still, one stretched beside the other. Big Sam Pearson got his horse to the place and dived for the spot where Monte lay. He picked the fallen cowpuncher up. The loose of the body spilled across his arm as he shouted, "Monte! Hey, Monte! A little spill like that didn't do nothing to you, did it? Hey, Monte, can't you hear me?"

The other cowpunchers came piling up on their horses, bringing a fog-white rolling of dust that poured over Monte. And he, presently rousing with a groan, brought a cheer from them. They set him up on his feet and felt him from head to foot for broken bones. They patted his back to start him breathing.

"Put him into a saddle," said Sam Pearson. "Old Monte'll be himself when he feels the stirrups under his feet."

So they put Monte into a saddle and

steadied him there with many hands. In fact, he reached out at once with a vaguely fumbling hand for the reins and then mumbled, "He kind of got hold of me like a wildcat, and he wouldn't loosen up."

Here the wild voice of Louise Miller cried close by, "Sam Pearson! You murderer, Sam, you've killed him! You've killed him!"

The foreman, still with a hand on Monte, turned and saw the girl on her knees beside the prostrate body of Mortimer. But at that moment the Easterner groaned heavily, and sat up. And Pearson took that as a signal to go.

"Let's get out of here on the jump, boys," he said. "Maybe we scratched up more hell'n we reckoned on."

He hit the saddle as he spoke, and in the center of the cavalcade struck out at a gallop for the ranch house, with the wavering figure of Monte held erect by two friendly riders. For Pearson wanted to get in his report of strange happenings to an employer who had never yet been hard on him. . . .

MORTIMER, sitting up with his head bowed by shock and the nausea of deep pain and bruises, saw the world very dimly for a moment. Next he felt an increasing sharp pain from a rent in his scalp near the crown of the head, where the braided handle of Monte's quirt had glanced in striking; and finally he was aware of a warm, small trickle of blood that ran down the side of his face and dripped off his chin.

"Come back! Sam! Sam! Come back!" shouted a girl's voice. Then two hands took him by the cheeks and tilted back his head. "They've killed him!" whispered Lou Miller. "The cowards! The cowards! They've killed Harry Mortimer!"

He could not see her very clearly because the dazzle of the moon was above her head, and to his bleared eyes her face was a darkness of almost featureless shadow. But the moon flowed like water over one bare shoulder, where the chiffon had been torn away, during her headlong riding. These pictures he saw clearly enough, though he could not put them together and make connected sense of them.

As for what had happened immediately before, he could not make head nor tail of it, and it seemed to him that he was still telling the girl that he loved her now, even now, though his brain reeled and the nausea kept his stomach working.

That was why he said, "If I were dying, I'd want to say a last thing to you, Lou. . . . I love you."

"Harry, are you dying? Are you dying, darling?" cried the girl.

She took the weight of his head and shoulders across her lap and in her arms. There was still dust in the air, but there was a smell of sweet, soapy cleanness about her.

"I'm all right," he told her. Then the theme recurred to him, and he drove himself on to the words: "I love you. . . . D'you laugh at me when I tell you that? . . . I love you!"

"And I love you, Harry. . . . D'you hear? Can you understand?" she answered.

The words registered one by one in his mind but they had no connected meaning. They were like a useless hand in poker.

"Tell me where you're hurt," said the girl. "Tell me where the worst pain is, Harry."

He closed his eyes. He felt that he had lost in his great effort. He was not finished. He would still try to make her love him, because, beyond her, opened the gates of a new future which he could bring to the range; beyond her lay unending miles of the pleasant grasslands and the futures of ten thousand happy men. He felt that he was like a general who needed to carry by assault only one small redoubt and then the great fight would be won.

That assault would have to be made in the future. Now, with closed eyes, he could only mutter, "You smell like a clean bath . . . you smell like a clean wind."

She slipped from beneath his weight. He heard cloth suddenly torn into strips. The sound went through his brain and found sore places and tortured them. Then the blood was being wiped from his face and the long bandage was wound about his head, firmly. But it gave no pain. Wherever she touched him the pain disappeared. Then she had his head and shoulders in her lap again, and one hand supported his head.

"Wherever you touch me—it's queer—the pain goes," said Mortimer.

"Because I love you!" said the girl.

HE REGARDED the words with a blank stare and found no meaning in them. "Are you laughing at me?" he said.

"I'm only loving you," said the girl. "Don't speak. Lie still. Only tell where the pain is."

"God put a gift in your hands. They take the pain away," said Mortimer. "What color are your eyes?"


"Kind of a gray, blue-green. . . . I don't know what color they are," she said. "Don't talk, Harry. Lie still."

One instant of clarity came to him. He got to his feet with a sudden, immense effort and stood swaying. "My men are back there in trouble!" he groaned. "Leave me here. Go back and stop the fight if you can. I'll come along on foot and help out."

"There'll be no more trouble. That Sam Pearson, like a coward, has made trouble enough for one night. He won't lift his hand again. But can you get into the saddle? I'll help . . . get into the saddle . . . lift your left foot."

He had his grip on the horn of the saddle and stood (*Continued on page 82*)

YOUTH takes the Challenge

 THE announcement, in last month's issue, of The American Youth Forum's \$7,500 national competition for high-school and preparatory-school students, is evoking a tremendous response from educators and other leaders in American life.

The American Youth Forum was established by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE to encourage youth to think creatively about America. The competition is the first step in its program. The Forum will award \$1,000 and \$500 for the first- and second-best original expressions in each of four classes—the article, the poem, the short story, and graphic arts. Each entry must be composed around designated subjects pertaining to the future of American youth and its country.

Throughout the nation, high-school principals and teachers are voicing their enthusiasm for the purposes of the Forum and its program. Classrooms, and even entire high schools, are preparing to make the project a curricular exercise. Many teachers have been quick to tie up the competition, in whole or in part, with their classes in English, civics, economics, history, social science, and art. They believe that the large awards will provide a motive for improved classwork, and that the competition will serve to bring the student to a more realistic understanding of his citizenship. Almost a whole school year lies ahead for work. The competition does not close until 5 P. M., April 25, 1938.

Thousands of high-school students in the sphere of the competition—the United States, its territorial possessions, and the Panama Canal Zone—have already begun their search for background material upon which to base their creative ideas and entries. They are investigating their government and its institutions. They are questioning holders of public office, lawyers, bankers, ministers, businessmen, and businesswomen. They are watching the newspapers for significant headlines and editorials, and

\$7,500 in Cash Awards

THIS is the offer of The American Youth Forum, open to all regularly enrolled high-school and preparatory-school students in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone:

1. An award of \$1,000 for the best article, not to exceed 2,500 words, on the subject of *The America I Want*; and, for the second best, an award of \$500.

2. An award of \$1,000 for the best poem, not to exceed 60 lines, on the subject of *My Hope for America*; and, for the second best, an award of \$500.

3. An award of \$1,000 for the best short story, not to exceed 3,000 words, on the general theme of *My Place in America*, the specific title to be chosen by the author; and, for the second best, \$500.

4. An award of \$1,000 for the best expression in graphic art on the subject *My Vision for America*, and, for the second best, \$500. The artist may choose any one of these media of expression: painting, water color, pastel, sketch, photograph, etching, wood block, and linoleum block.

5. An additional award of \$1,500 to the student whose entry in any one of these four classes is adjudged the most original, most constructive, and most inspiring in the entire competition, regardless of the medium of expression. Since this student will already have been awarded \$1,000 in one of the specified classes, the total amount of his award will be \$2,500.

6. A week's holiday in New York to the four winners of the \$1,000 awards, at the expense of The American Youth Forum and The American Magazine, at a time to be designated later.

The teacher or principal sponsoring a winner of any award, first or second, will receive an honorarium of \$100. Sponsors of first-award winners will be invited to chaperon them on the New York trip, all expenses paid.

browsing through public libraries for illuminating books. They are peering, many of them for the first time, into the real problems of America today, and seeking to solve those problems for the America of tomorrow. They are accepting the challenge!

It is from the ranks of these young men and young women, who are awakening to the great opportunity offered by the Forum, that the interpreters and leaders of the nation-to-be will spring.

The winners of awards in all four classes will be determined by a board of three judges, composed of Mrs. B. F. Langworthy, former President of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers; Mr. Colby M. Chester, Chairman of the Board of the General Foods Corporation; and Mr. Sumner Blossom, Editor-in-Chief of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

EDUCATORS and other leaders interested in the problems of youth in this age of transition are warmly commending the Forum upon its undertaking. Typical of the many comments received by the Director of the Forum are these:

GEORGE V. DENNY, JR., *director of the League for Political Education*: The American Youth Forum has an important contribution to make to our national life. The discussion alone which your competition will generate is sufficient justification for the entire program.

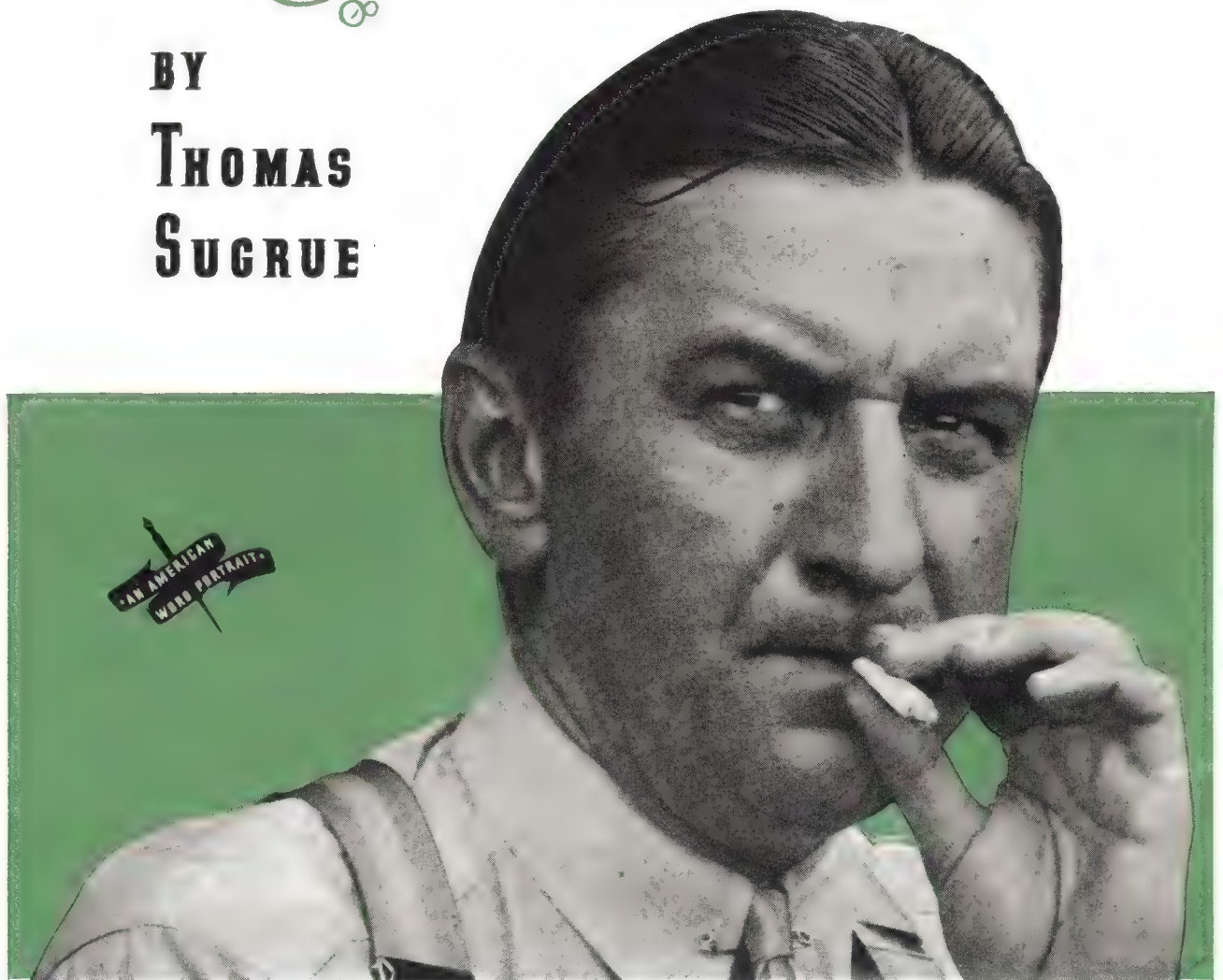
OWEN D. YOUNG, *noted businessman*: The purpose of The American Youth Forum to stimulate our students of high-school age to think about the America of tomorrow is, in my judgment, a most useful and helpful undertaking. What America will be, they will inevitably determine, and I have no fear of their decision, provided they start thinking about it soon enough. I commend your undertaking.

JOHN J. TIGERT, *president of the University of Florida, former United States Commissioner* (Continued on page 152)

Soapsuds and

The nation's playboy is George Preston Marshall, laundryman extraordinary. From tubs of linen and lingerie he blows gorgeous bubbles—speedways, football teams, and Pan-American spectacles

BY
THOMAS
SUGRUE



PICTURES, INC.

WHEN the final contingent of fans arrived at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C., for the annual All-Star baseball game last July, they observed a curious and colorful sight. Something had happened in yellow—bright yellow. The streets and the entrances to the stadium were solidly yellow. Near-by buildings and parts of the stadium walls were covered with yellow.

Through the air there gently drifted a rain of yellow.

Everyone, of course, stopped to investigate, then laughed and went on. The policemen, brushing yellow from their caps and shoulders, grinned.

"Some showman, that guy Marshall," one of the policemen said, holding a piece of yellow in his hand while others swirled about him.

The yellow thing was a sheet of paper, printed on both sides, and all it said of importance was that during the football season of 1937 the professional team known as the Boston Redskins would play in Washington under the name Washington Redskins.

To fans from other cities that seemed a somewhat inadequate reason for the blizzard of yellow. To Washington fans,

SHOWMANSHIP

however, it was a manifestation—a sign from the heavens that the years of famine were over, and that at long last George Preston Long Live Linen Marshall, showman extraordinary, sports promoter, society ornament, fashion plate, playboy, and president, owner, and guiding genius of the city's biggest laundry, was finally returning to them, bringing along his football team as a gift offering. To them it was the promise of a great show, a show not even adequately ballyhooed by the cataclysm of yellow sheets.

And, as this is written, the Washington fans have not been disappointed. Marshall has spent \$25,000 fixing Griffith Stadium with additional seats, lights for night games, and other gadgets. He

has surrounded his Redskins with all the blare and color and pageantry of a college team. There is a Redskin band and a Redskin song. And, at the first practice scrimmage late last summer, 5,000 fans turned out to give the Marshall team a rousing send-off. More than 25,000 attended the first game, played at night, and saw Jesse H. Jones, chairman of the RFC, throw out the first ball—another Marshall innovation. The Redskins won, 13-3, while a "swing" band played on the side lines and Marshall shouted, cheered, and gyrated.

IN THE City of Washington, George Preston Marshall is the third-most interesting sight, preceded only by the Washington Monument and the Lincoln

Memorial. Any Washingtonian would rather watch Marshall go berserk at a baseball or football game, especially when his team is losing, than see the best stage or screen show. The collections in the Smithsonian Institution are as nothing compared to the architectural fantasies of the Marshall apartment and the collapsible bunk and bar in the rear of his automobile.

Outside of Washington, where he is an institution and a legend, Marshall is perhaps the country's best-known non-celebrity. At the race track, at prize fights, on the beaches of Florida and California, in New York night clubs, at the World Series, and at football games, he is as familiar as the furniture.

If you see (Continued on page 131)



HARRIS & EWING

In the role of sports promoter, Marshall took his Redskins home to Washington last fall and turned them into a howling football spectacle. Here he is on the side lines




ACME NEWS PHOTO

As King of the Speedway, he planned the Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island, though he never learned to drive a car himself

MIND *over*

The rule book didn't cover Percy's peculiar football talents—which was lucky for the team



 MULE DIMMICK will be tickled when I show him this fancy card that came in today's mail announcing the first-born son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Halstead. It came all the way from a small town in Mesopotamia where Percy is working on what he calls a dig. Percy, you see, is a professional archaeologist, which means that maybe he is trying to dig up the ruins of Noah's ark over in that Bible land.

Mule and I are in the pro league this season putting a herd of ex-All-America behemoths through their paces. But the hallowed memory of old Wilberforce College, where we first knew Percy, clings round us still. Sweet memories. The chirping laughter of the co-eds. Mule's nightmares when he would fall out of bed dreaming he was being chased by a prof with a double-barreled de-emphasizer. Old Jeffries, the psychology dean, who made life as miserable as a smart prof can for Mule and me.

Yes, sweet memories, all of them, even old Jeffries himself. He set a trap for us and it took a miracle like Percy to pull

us out of it. A great boy and a great halfback Percy was, and sometimes I can't figure out how a lad like him with the world by the tail goes messing around ancient Babylon trying to find out what made King Nebuchadnezzar click. But boys and girls are all different, aren't they? For instance, you never would have believed that Babe Higgins, the warmest ball of fire that ever burned up Wilberforce campus, would be singing nursery rhymes over in that mildewed part of the world her first year out of college.

COACHING a college football team, you meet a lot of interesting people, that's a fact. Also you are following a trade that one time or another brings up every complication that can befuddle humankind. My last year at Wilberforce will always stand out in memory as the time when I had to do the fastest thinking of my career, and still I came out holding the bag.

Mule and I had scheduled a tough season, you see, figuring to be plenty tough

ourselves, with a squad of juniors and seniors, all experienced boys accustomed to playing together. We saw a chance to plaster ourselves over every sports page in the country, and I'll confess that it still tickles me to see pictures of myself headed: "Puff Hanner, the Wilberforce Wizard."

About the time we got under way with the squad, the faculty got steamed up because the college was growing so famous for its football club that sneers at our academic standing were beginning to appear in the press. That line is so old to me that I don't even get riled, but a prof is different.

Don't get me wrong. I have nothing against a prof. I would not exactly want them in my hair, but I believe in live and let live. I get along with 'em. I even caution Mule to button his lip when profs are around watching practice, on account of the fact that Mule sometimes uses words that make a prof's face red. I am lenient with Mule because he was the greatest running guard of his time, and when we were in school together he

MATTER

BY DENIS MORRISON



They sat next to each other in Assyriology class . . . and Babe lost all interest in the lectures

certainly helped me to look good running with the ball. So naturally I took him along when I went into teaching football, but he is only a line coach, after all, and has his limitations.

Well, the faculty sent for me to talk over the scholastic standing of some of the boys on my squad, and the minute I walked into the meeting I had a feeling of bad news in the air. Prof. Jeffries, chairman of the committee on inter-collegiate athletics, got up and made some crack about his report. One of the longbeards seconded the motion and, before you could push a slant off tackle, they had agreed that beginning right now Wilberforce was de-emphasizing football and building up college spirit along intellectual lines. Old Jeffries told them that the success of our football teams was scandalous and demoralizing and that the only sure way to get a loser was to fire the coach. Therefore, come Thanksgiving Day, all was to be over between Wilberforce and myself. No new contract, win, lose, or draw.

I WAS rocking on my heels when I told Mule what had happened, but he was philosophical. "The profs," he said, "are jealous of our big salaries. The caper now is for us to win all our games by big margins. That way some other college will take notice of how we are master minds."

"You forget," I reminded him, "that the main part of our job is to mold character and inculcate the principles of sportsmanship and not merely win games."

"Yes," said Mule, a little bored, "I know that boloney too, and, as for character-molding, that's your job. Mine is to teach my line to charge low and never get sucked out of position. And, instead of sportsmanship, I'll take sassaparilla."

There is another member of the leaky-roof college circuit ten miles or so from the Wilberforce campus. That school is called Chillingworth, and all the college rivalries I ever heard of are dancing teas compared with the mayhem which those two commit on each other in their annual pigskin frolic.

No matter how lucky we might be with the rest of our opponents, the Chillingworth game was sure to be a thorn in our side. Mule and I were facing too

tough a campaign to brood over our personal troubles, and we went to work with the squad as hard as we knew how. We knocked over three colleges in a row, and were just catching our real stride when the faculty couldn't stand victory any longer. There was no way they could fire Mule and me in midseason, so they crossed over a couple of jabs that, to my way of thinking, landed below the belt.

FIRST they disqualified Rug Wilder for academic deficiency. Rug was my left halfback, around whom I had built my entire passing attack. They next announced exams for the first week in November, and anyone failing to pass would become automatically ineligible for intercollegiate sports. Spig Hanlon, my other halfback, was in no condition to withstand a grueling exam in November, not being in that kind of training.

So Hanlon flunked, just as expected, and I said to Mule, "Those profs are trying to make a fool of Wilberforce."

"I hope the rest of the boys take that jolt to heart," said Mule, "and pay as much attention to their signals as they do to their press notices."

"With Wilder and Hanlon both out of our line-up," I reminded him, "Chillingworth is a cinch to whip us. The alumni are looking forward to three more in a row like we promised them, and they will be plenty sore."

"Yes, Puff," said Mule, "and where does that leave you and me? On the outside looking in. Because another cinch is that we will not make any touchdowns without boys to run with the ball. If you are the big brain, like I have been led to believe, you'd better figure a way to beat this rap."

Mule was right. I was on a hot spot. I was jittery and what I did that afternoon proved it.

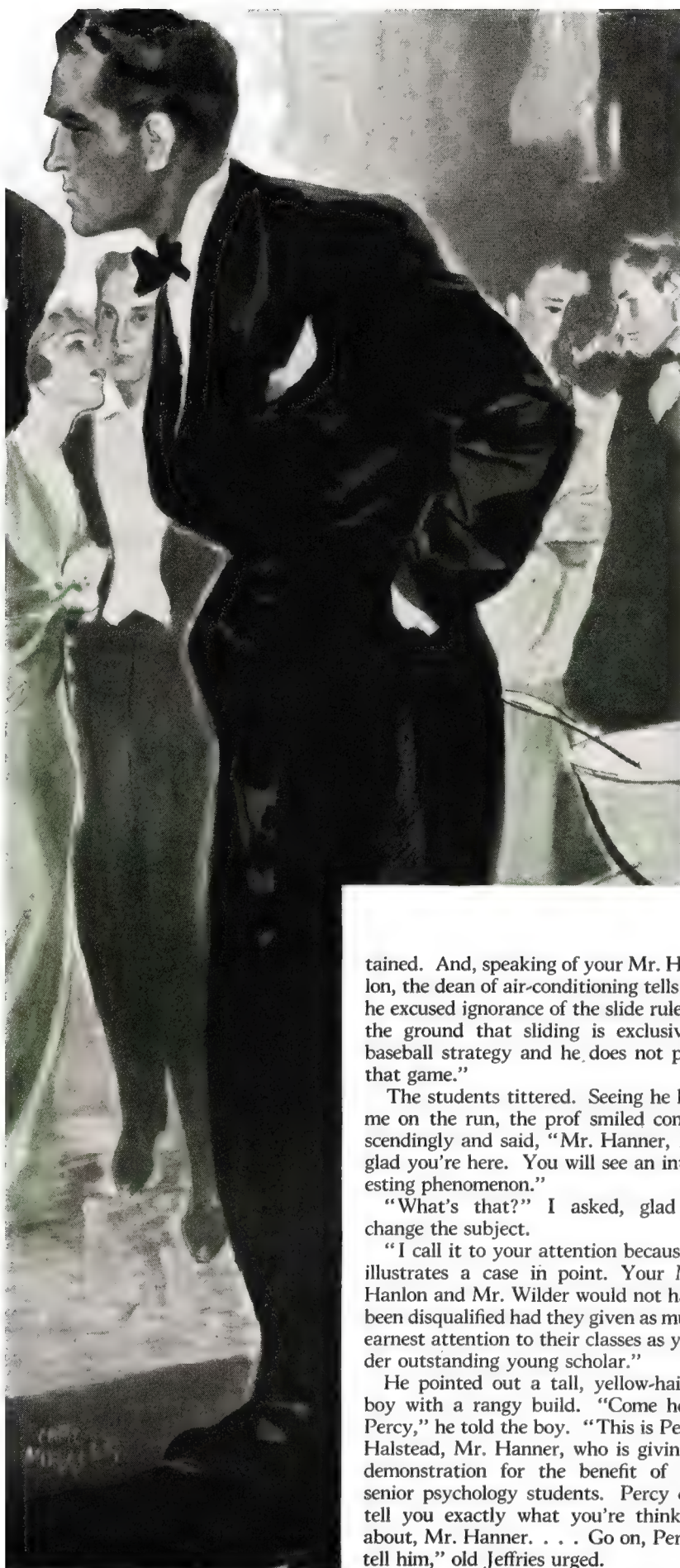
I decided to call on old Jeffries, the ringleader of the de-emphasizers, and appeal to his better nature, to the college spirit which I figured must be lying dormant somewhere in his soul. Jeffries was very polite. So polite that I ought to have suspected something. He invited me into his house, which I found cluttered up with a bevy of male and female students enjoying an intellectual séance of some kind.

"Professor Jeffries," I told him, "I have come to plead with you to give my boys another chance. Perhaps you do not realize it, sir, but their college careers are being blighted by the high-handed tactics of the faculty. They are eating their hearts out in sorrow and disgrace. Mr. Wilder," I said, "and Mr. Hanlon are both high-minded, clean-living young men."

Old Jeffries said, "Tut, tut, Mr. Hanner, that situation is out of my province. Our academic standards must be main-



Babe was the hit of the evening in her cheerleader's costume, but Percy wasn't there to see her



ILLUSTRATED BY
CARL MUELLER

tained. And, speaking of your Mr. Hanlon, the dean of air-conditioning tells me he excused ignorance of the slide rule on the ground that sliding is exclusively baseball strategy and he does not play that game."

The students tittered. Seeing he had me on the run, the prof smiled condescendingly and said, "Mr. Hanner, I'm glad you're here. You will see an interesting phenomenon."

"What's that?" I asked, glad to change the subject.

"I call it to your attention because it illustrates a case in point. Your Mr. Hanlon and Mr. Wilder would not have been disqualified had they given as much earnest attention to their classes as yonder outstanding young scholar."

He pointed out a tall, yellow-haired boy with a rangy build. "Come here, Percy," he told the boy. "This is Percy Halstead, Mr. Hanner, who is giving a demonstration for the benefit of my senior psychology students. Percy can tell you exactly what you're thinking about, Mr. Hanner. . . . Go on, Percy, tell him," old Jeffries urged.

I suppose I grinned sort of vacantly as I shook hands with the boy. He had the right build for a halfback. Once in a

while you will run across a boy like Percy who has the physical equipment to make a player, but for some reason is not interested in important things.

Percy grinned back at me and then looked serious, staring hard as if concentrating. "You are thinking—you are thinking—it's really quite easy to see into your mind, sir—quite easy—the transference comes in clearly—but I'd better not say, Professor Jeffries. It would really be embarrassing—with the ladies present."

I BLURTED out, "Say, what kind of a gag is this?"

"It is no gag," said the prof. "Mr. Halstead is that extreme rarity, a genuine mind reader."

"Psychology, huh?" I said. Psychology has thrown many a coach for a loss. "Son," I said to Percy, "you've got a great build for a backfield man."

"His gift is more important and he has sufficient intelligence to realize the fact," said Jeffries.

"If you think it doesn't take a gift to play halfback you have a lot to learn," I told him. "Halstead, why haven't you been out for the team?" I was really sparring for time, trying to squeeze myself out of a spot.

"Well," the boy said, "the fact is, I don't have the time. I'm working my way through college and my hours are all booked."

"A lot of my boys are working their way through," I said, "one way and another. Mostly another. Come over to my office in the gym tomorrow and we'll talk it over."

"Mr. Hanner," Jeffries butted in, "I must object. You are proselytizing under my very roof."

"Professor Jeffries," I retorted, "you shock me. Would you deny this boy his right to give his all for Alma Mater? For the glory of Old Wilberforce?"

"I see it was a mistake for me to talk this thing over with you," Jeffries remarked coldly.

"You are right, Professor Jeffries," I said, "but the mistake was all mine. . . . Come over, Halstead, and I'll put you into a suit."

What I really wanted was to get out of that trap with some of my face left. I did not give Percy a second thought at the moment, knowing it takes more than a build to play football and this boy had probably not even read the rules. I lost no time in reporting the skirmish to Mule, who listened with a dead pan.

"Halstead?" he said. "Was a Halstead once, nickname of Puck, that ran wild for Eastern University years ago."

That's the way Mule is, hard to get reactions out of.

Well, the next afternoon Percy surprised me by showing up.

"I decided I'd (Continued on page 128)



What has happened so far:

LORA PARIS was planning to meet Judd at eight o'clock. She knew he wouldn't come to her home, but in her heart she was glad. Their love had flourished in secret places, on dissension and deceit. They would ask no favors now. They two would stand alone against the world.

It had been love at first sight for these two when they had met at Forks Harbor the summer before. But Judd's parents, Bailey and Marie Harcott, influential citizens of Cleveland, did not sanction the courtship. They considered George Paris, owner of a swank New York tailoring establishment, nothing more than a tailor, and ignored the fact that his daughter Lora was unusually attractive. The Parises, too, had their pride, and consequently Judd and Lora were forced to meet secretly. When the time drew near for their return to college, they tried to elope, but were literally dragged from the altar by their parents, who compromised by giving their consent to a formal engagement. To earn this right, however, the lovers had to promise not to see each other until the Christmas holidays.

Bound by these unfair promises, the two went about their scholastic duties until Lora heard whisperings and snickers among her classmates at Lockwood College. They had found out about the interrupted elopement! To them, she was the "girl who didn't elope." She sent for Judd, but he refused to break his promise to his parents. She then returned his ring, through Cliff Sidney, his

best friend and classmate at Haverton. At dinner, that same evening, Judd and Cliff met Earl Gracie, also a Forks Harbor boy, who had, unfortunately, driven past the church just as Judd and Lora were led forth by their parents. Unfortunate, too, was Earl's nasty allusion to the unhappy affair, for Judd took a swing at him and sent him to the floor.

An hour later Judd's bag was packed and he was on his way to Lora. Parked near her campus, he begged her to elope with him again, but she tried to persuade him to return to Haverton, when along came the law and took matters into their own hands. He was wanted by the police . . . Earl Gracie was unconscious and not expected to live.

When the president of her college and Mrs. Harcott questioned Lora she tried to save Judd by saying that she had sent back his ring, knowing he would break his promise and come to her; that he couldn't be blamed for losing his head—it was all her fault. The newspapers, of course, played this angle to the full, and Lora was expelled from college and sent home to her grieved and unforgiving parents. On the night when Gracie was reported out of danger and Judd was released from jail, Lora announced that she was going out to meet Judd. Her father threatened to lock her in her room. She promised to stay of her own will. When her father asked her if she wanted him to give a message to Judd if he phoned, she said slowly, "Tell him I said to go home and forget me, because—it just isn't—any use."

The story continues:



ILLUSTRATED BY ALFRED PARKER

And both were YOUNG..



Oliver Hard was amazed—could this be "the woman with a past"!

FOR a little while Judd waited outside the main entrance to the Perry, watching every cab as it drew to the curb, with his heart in his mouth. But the chill of the November night soon forced him inside, where he stood for the next fifteen minutes with his eyes glued to the revolving doors. At twenty past eight he left his post for a hasty search of the two side entrances, then dashed back to the main lounge, fearful that Lora had arrived in his absence. At eight-twenty-five he sat down on a broad sofa from which he could see the door. He had eaten nothing for hours, and the strain of the past few days seemed to be showing up in his knees. He told himself he was silly to worry about Lora. He could hardly expect her to be punctual at this hour, with theater traffic congesting the streets.

He relaxed in spite of himself, lit a cigarette. It seemed odd to be sitting here alone in a hotel lounge, not having to worry about classes or trains, only a few dollars in his pocket and little more in the bank, not even knowing where he was going to sleep tonight. He hadn't thought of this before, had deliberately closed his mind, as he had closed that door two hours ago, to every thought but Lora. After he had seen Lora, he could concentrate on the future. She had been part of that future for a long time; now she was all of it. As he, very likely, was all of hers. Her parents were no doubt as furious, as far from understanding, as his. Now they would have only each other; alone together they would face the world.

The thought was as stirring as an old martial tune and Judd's shoulders squared to it. He would show them! But coolly, now, sensibly. He had learned his lesson. He would get a job, some minor post in a bank, perhaps, where he could work himself up, then he

BY REITA LAMBERT

and Lora would be married. They would have a quiet wedding to which, of course, he would invite his parents. They probably would refuse to come, but after a while, after they had cooled off, saw he was getting along all right, they'd come round. He would be glad when that time came. It gave a man a nasty feeling to be on the outs with his own father and mother.

Judd glanced at his watch again, saw



He was not, he said, interested in diamonds. Judd's hopes fell

that it was twenty to nine, and went hurrying across the lounge toward the telephone booths.

George Paris delivered Lora's message very clearly and evenly and Judd understood the words perfectly. But he appeared not to have understood at all,

said he was afraid there must be some mistake, that Lora had agreed to meet him at eight and hadn't come. He said the only reason he hadn't come to the house for Lora was because they both realized he wouldn't be very welcome right now. He said he could understand that—

"But I'm afraid you *don't* understand me," George said. He knew it was his right, as an outraged father and grossly wronged man, to hang up on that contrite, importunate voice. But he remembered the long-legged, honest-eyed, courteous boy of last summer and couldn't bring himself to do it. "I've given you Lora's message," he said, "exactly as she gave it to me. I think she's made a very sensible decision—for both of you—"

"But, just a minute, Mr. Paris. I don't blame you for feeling—"

"Now, get this, Judd!" George said, firm and loud. "Lora doesn't want to see you—tonight or ever!" And then he *did* hang up.

Judd hung up, too, and sat, still as death, in the small, close telephone booth. It was the sight of a pretty girl all orchids and satin and slim, bare shoulders, staring at him through the glass and jiggling her nickel in an impatient palm, that got him up and out of the booth. There were other pretty girls and men in evening clothes checking their things at the hat check counter opposite the booth, looking happy and festive. Someone in the Persian Room was singing—"Blue moon, you saw me standing alone, without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own—"

JUDD went across the lounge, walking very straight and slow, a little frown between his eyes. He stopped beside an empty chair, one of those enormous, ornate, thronelike affairs peculiar to hotel lounges, and rested his hand on its carved back. He was not, at the moment, conscious of any emotion, any sensation save a terrible conspicuousness, standing there alone beside that ridiculous chair with people milling all about him. He felt as though he were seven feet tall with a spotlight focused square on his face, and he couldn't do anything about it because he couldn't think what to do or where to go—couldn't have gone anyway, for his knees were like melted butter and his empty stomach writhing with nausea.

He closed his eyes, and opened them, set his teeth and hung hard to the big chair. The thing to do was to get somewhere where he could be alone, think what to do next. In the meantime, look interested, pretend you were waiting for somebody who was late, maybe—he ought to be able to do that. That was what he had been doing ever since eight o'clock.

He was suddenly aware of the swirl of long skirts near him, a fugitive hint of perfume, and found little golden-haired, blue-eyed Hannah Vines beside him.

She said, "Judd! I thought it was you, darling!"

His fingers tightened on the chair back. He said loudly, "Well, well, if it isn't little Hannah!"

"Darling, where did you come from?"

"What? Who, me? I just got out of jail—didn't you know?"

"I wasn't sure. The paper didn't say you were actually *out*, darling! Isn't it marvelous? I suppose Earle's all right. I nearly died when I heard—I've always loathed that man. And to think of them putting you in jail!"

"Behind the bars," he said, "like this!" and stooped and grinned at her through the carved chair back. "I bet I'm the only man you know with a prison record."

SHE laughed and put her hand on his arm. "You are *not*! Judd, listen I'm with some people—we're just going into the Persian Room for dinner. Come on with us and tell us all about it."

"Sorry, darling, but I—I've got a date I'm celebrating my freedom—"

"Well, celebrate with us. Come *on*! You look hungry—you look frightful—"

"That's one thing you can say for our jails," he said. "They set a grand table—nothing fancy, you understand, but good home cooking—"

"Idiot!" she said, and shook his arm playfully and stood a little closer to him. "Judd, I'm dying to talk to you and I may not see you again. I'm sailing for France Wednesday—and that's something else! Who do you think is sailing on the same ship?"

His fingers were numb on the chair, he couldn't hang on much longer. "I give up, darling. Who?"

"The Parises—Lora and her mother and brother."

He took hold of the chair with the other hand, too, now, and leaned to her. "They are? Sailing—for France?"

"I rather thought you wouldn't know—I just this minute heard about it myself. I ran into Georgie Fields and he told me. I wasn't specially surprised—I mean, I rather imagined that you and Lora—well, that *that* was all over now!"

"Smart girl!" he said.

"Georgie said—you know he's something pretty important at the steamship line—he said Mr. Paris called him up at his house tonight and asked him if he'd personally attend to the reservations and keep their name off the sailing list."

Judd said, "That's a good idea—keeping their name off the sailing list. I guess they've had about as much publicity as they can stand."

She said, slowly wagging her smooth yellow head at him, "You mustn't let it get you down, darling. I can see you *are* down—you look awful, darling—but you mustn't. No one blames you. Everybody who knows you just feels terribly sorry for you—"

"That's nice," he said, grinning at her. "That's a (*Continued on page 62*)

CRIMES' invisible Emperor

In the dethronement of Black Tony, "big-hearted" public enemy, the government struck a telling blow at the \$50,000,000 dope traffic which claims one in every 2,000 Americans



BY COURTNEY
RYLEY COOPER



THE penal servitude of Black Tony Parmagini was about to be terminated, long before the judge who sentenced him had intended. The man lay upon a cot in the United States Hospital for Defective Delinquents at Springfield, Mo., where he had been transferred from Leavenworth Penitentiary. He would not return to the prison, because he was dying.

Outside the window, the bird life of the Ozark region was chattering with the happiness of spring—last spring, to be exact. Black Tony did not notice the singing. He only centered his dark eyes upon the doctor and waited.

Many of the characteristics which had given this forty-seven-year-old gangster his ominous name had departed. His big form was wasted; his swarthinness had given place to pallor; his coal-black hair was getting gray. Only the fire of his deep-set, dark eyes remained, and it was smoldering. But some of the old flash returned as the doctor said, "A great deal of pain, eh? We'd better increase the amount of morphine."

When, at last, the needle pricked his arm, Black Tony grimaced, not with the pain of the puncture, but with a jab of memory. "Me, having to depend on that stuff!" he gasped. "What a laugh that is!"

And so a grim cycle of compensation was complete. Morphine had made this man a dangerous and powerful enemy of society along the entire length of the

Pacific Coast. It had given him riches, prestige, and political influence. And now, ironically, morphine had taken from him all that it had given, as if to prove to him, in the agony of his dying days, that its real mission was that of an angel of mercy. Perhaps Black Tony realized at that moment that he, like the drug he had debased, might have been a tremendous force for good. But he had chosen to be a vicious instrument of evil.

HERE, perhaps, was one of the strangest characters ever to defy the Federal Narcotics Bureau of the United States Treasury Department, which has the job of attempting to eradicate such persons as Black Tony.

Nearly every large city in the United States has one or two drug rings, dominated by sly and inconspicuous overlords of crime, whose nefarious traffic in dope is sometimes unsuspected even by their friends and neighbors. These men take an estimated annual toll of \$50,000,000 from the weakest and most wretched creatures of the underworld—the victims of the narcotic habit. One man or woman in every 2,000 persons in the nation is caught in the coils of drug

addiction, but because of the unceasing vigilance of the Narcotics Bureau and co-operative agencies, here and abroad, the amount of drugs imported and distributed and the number of addicts are progressively decreasing. The dethronement of Black Tony, a power among powers of dope's invisible emperors, is one of the most telling blows that the government has dealt the drug traffic in recent years.

So great a dictator was Black Tony in the Dope Dynasty which he had set up on the Pacific Coast that when at last he fell, in 1929, the price of morphine, heroin, and cocaine more than tripled in price throughout an area which extended from Seattle to San Diego and eastward to the Rocky Mountains. His many agents are accused by the government of having created thousands of dope addicts in their great push to make Black Tony the richest dope dealer in the history of the Pacific Coast.

The number of crimes committed by these addicts in their desperation for money to buy Black Tony's insidious wares cannot be computed. Nevertheless, Black Tony died a few months ago on that hospital (*Continued on page 92*)

DRAWING BY
THE BALDWINs

If you golf widows think you're abused, read this outspoken confession of a movie actress who married a famous pro. It will make you feel better

PICTURE STAR TO

Golf

I IN FAIRNESS to Jimmy Thomson, I must confess that before we were married he tried to explain what it was going to mean to be the wife of a man who made his living by playing golf, but it sounded so incredible I thought he was fooling.

When he said a ball might hit a pebble and kick to the left into a sand trap, or jump to the right and roll up to the cup, and that the whim of this pebble might make a difference of several thousand dollars in our income,

I laughed and asked him to tell me more funny stories.

He mentioned something about how all our friends would be golfers and their wives and that I wouldn't hear much, year after year, but golf talk, and I thought that would be delightful. I never had heard any golf talk. I didn't know that a golfer will hold you with his hypnotic eye for hours while he describes, shot by shot, every movement made by his ball, himself, his opponent, their caddies, and most of the folks in

the gallery during the day's play, and if you don't listen as if you were hearing the most fascinating story ever told, he thinks you're a bore.

I had gone to Colorado Springs for a rest after a vaudeville tour, and there I met Jimmy, who was pro at the Broadmoor Golf Club. Three weeks later we were married, so he didn't have much time to make things clear.

I went on the stage when I was five years old, and for more years than I like to tell I was in the theater and in motion pictures, and all I knew about golf I had learned in a picture in which some of the scenes were laid at an afternoon tea dance at a country club. When Jimmy said we would spend a great deal of our time traveling from tournament to tournament—at the fashionable Southern resorts in the winter and through the North in the summer—I was sure life at last was going to be one long, gay vacation.

Behind me, I thought, was the feverish uncertainty I had found in show business, with its crazy conglomeration of poverty and riches, worry and exaltation, failure and triumph. But an actor's life is as orderly as the ticking of a clock, compared to the helter-skelter existence of a Mr. and Mrs. Tournament Golfer. In the theater, first nights that may make or

Wives
of four famous
pros. Left to right:
Mrs. Craig Wood, Mrs.
Herman Barron, Mrs.
Harry Cooper, Mrs.
"Wiffy" Cox



break you're a nerve-wrecking ordeal; in pictures, the agony of a preview drives you temporarily crazy. But there is no mental torture to equal that suffered by the golfer's wife through tournament after tournament as she sees her "horse" fight, stroke after stroke and hole after hole, waiting for the breaks that may either make him a champion or throw him out before the battle is well under way.

There's always another tournament a week or so ahead—another chance to make good if we have failed, something

others I started proudly after him like an Indian squaw. The high-heeled shoes cut holes in the fairway and started blisters on my feet. I thought we were going for a short walk, and when we finished the eighteen holes and four and a half miles I was staggering on feet that seemed on fire, and sank down beside Jimmy on a bench and said grimly, "Well, I stuck it out until the tournament was finished."

"That," Jimmy said patiently, "was the first round. It goes on all the week." He kissed me and said, "You're

top of an ash can, and from that lie he hit the ball over a couple of trees and it stopped two inches from the cup, and the gallery whooped and folks slapped him on the back, and it was clear to me that he had won the tournament and the \$1,500.

WHEN we got back to the hotel he handed me a check for \$50.

"Look here, honey," I said. "That's no way to start our married life. Where's the \$1,500?"

He explained he had finished tenth, not first, and, since the \$50 wouldn't even pay our hotel bill, we'd have to economize until the next tournament. Everything would be all right then, for he was sure to win that one. Would I, please, he asked, wash his socks? I'd find the stretchers in the bathroom.

He hadn't told me about sock washing. I went down the hall to Mrs.

Bride by VIOLA DANA THOMSON

new to worry about. If we're among those at the top it will be a tougher battle than ever, for thirty great golfers will be doing their darn'dest to knock us off the pedestal. (With professional golfers' wives, it's always "We." "We," trying to restrain our impulse to jump up and dance, "came in with a 69." "We," making a brave effort to smile like a good loser, "took two sixes on the first nine and I'm afraid we're out of it.")

WE WERE married in 1930, and six days after the wedding I went to my first golf tournament, in Salt Lake City. I knew that winning golfers received money prizes in tournaments, sometimes as much as \$2,500, just, I thought, for having a good time. The first prize in this one was \$1,500. I had read in the papers, and had been told by experts, that Jimmy was the longest driver in golf. This set my mind at rest, for, as I understood the game, the idea was to knock a ball from one place to another and obviously the fellow who could hit it the farthest would always win.

Remembering the tea dance in the picture, I put on high-heeled slippers and a blue suit and went out with Jimmy. I asked him whether I should follow him around, and he said that would be fine, so when he teed off with a drive that was 25 yards ahead of the

bringing me luck. I'm going to win. Did you notice that shot I made on the sixteenth, out of the rough with a number one iron? And how I took a niblick on the fourth and—?"

It went on for an hour. And when Jimmy finished, and I thought I was going to get away to bathe my aching feet, Leo Diegel came up and told me about every shot he had made.

I stuck with Jimmy all the week, in different shoes, and on the last hole on the last day Jimmy's drive landed on

Tommy Armour's room and asked her how you did it, and she told me. A golfer's feet have to be humored and socks must be washed on both sides and dried on stretchers. If they're sent to the laundry, they're ruined.

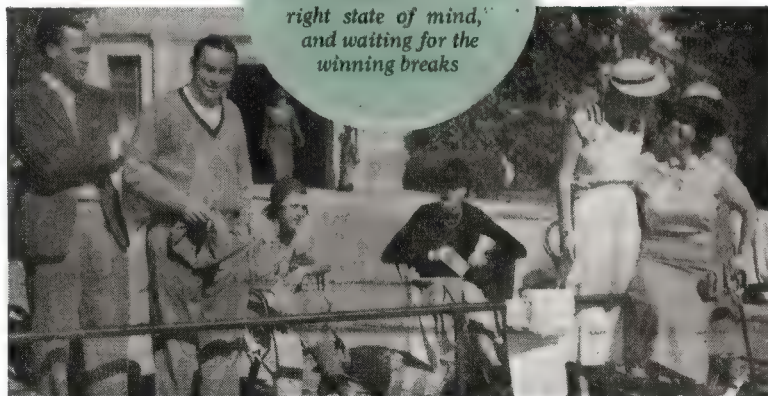
"How do Jimmy's look?" Estelle Armour asked.

"All right, I guess."

"Like these?" she inquired, holding up a pair of Tommy's that were full of burrs and sand.

I shook my (Continued on page 76)

At the big tournaments the wives sit on the side lines, "just to keep our husbands in the right state of mind," and waiting for the winning breaks



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY COOPER FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE




Bosom friends for fifteen years—mortal enemies in fifteen minutes . . .

FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION
IN OIL BY PRUETT CARTER

DEEP

and dangerous

 I CAN'T begin to tell how grand it was to be going home. The sensation started hitting me right after the train cleared Washington. I thought, "I'm getting home—no, not home yet, because this northern Virginia isn't home, but I'm getting closer all the time."

Everything about going home was swell. But best of all was the thought of Oren. I knew he'd be waiting for me in Charlottesville. You bet he'd be there—and he'd be grinning that lopsided grin of his, and he'd say, "Hello, son," and I'd say, "Hello, you ape," and we'd shake hands. Then he'd say, "Well, yo' doggone hair's just as red as ever," and I—well, I might say 'most anything in the way of a comeback at Oren.

Finally the train managed to make it to Orange. After that it just crawled. I thought they'd moved Barboursville down the map, but at last we got there. Then, after years and years, a porter came through the coach, bawling, "Charlottesville! Charlottesville! All out foh Charlottesville!"

I was the first passenger off that train. I drew me a deep breath of that Piedmont air. I looked around.

"Taking lung exercises?" said Oren, and there he was right at me. We shook hands, and Oren said, "Hello, son."

"Hello, you ape," I said.

Oren took my bags. We walked toward the station. It was a long walk, because the trains always seem to try to

see how far out of Charlottesville they can stop. Oren looked at me. "Well, I see yo' doggone hair's just as red as ever."

I said, "I'm a better-looking man than you are any day, Gunga Din."

We walked on toward the family bus. I kept looking at Oren. He was just as big and healthy-looking as ever, standing an even six feet, weighing a hundred and eighty, and with his face as tanned as always. He remarked that my father, having an important case on, hadn't been able to come to the station. I asked about my sisters. Oren said they were too busy getting everything ready for my home-coming to accompany him to the train.

WE GOT into the car, and Oren drove through the traffic smoothly, efficiently, as he did everything else. As we rode along, I got to thinking of that day, sixteen years before, when Oren came to live with us. He was eight then and I was seven, and we took to each other right away. His father, who was my father's brother, had just died. His mother had been dead for several years. Oren was what old ladies delight in calling a "sturdy little chap." My father loved him fully as much as he loved my sisters and me.

"I guess you had a big time abroad," Oren interrupted my thoughts.

I had been abroad a year, my father insisting that upon graduating from law

All on account of a girl

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS



school I spend a year traveling before going into his office.

"It would have been better," I said, "if you'd been with me."

Oren grinned, and I could tell he was pleased. He said, "Know that Black Star mare of mine? Well, she foaled the prettiest horse colt last spring you ever saw. I'm—I'm going to give him to you."

"You are not," I said. "I'm not taking the first colt from your favorite mare."

"That's why I want to give him to you—because Black Star's my favorite."

I SAID "O. K.," in a quiet voice, Oren being one who doesn't care for effusive thanks. We talked then about the dogs, the cattle, the fishing. Oren said the bird dogs were fat and lazy, the hounds ditto, the cattle thriving. As for fishing, the perch ought to be fighting for your bait very soon.

"Oren," I said, "are you going to stay there on the farm the rest of your life? I mean, wouldn't you like to get away, go into some business?"

"No," said Oren. "The farm's the

place for me. Way I see things, we've got a perfect setup. You and Uncle Whit to do the lawyering, old Oren to maintain the plantation, suh. Seriously, though, Mark, wild horses couldn't pull me away from the Point. I love it, and I'm making money. What more could you ask? Except—"

"Except what?"

"Oh, nothing." But there was a far-away look in his eyes, a faint frown on his face, and I was momentarily upset, though I knew better than to press questions on Oren.

We rode along now in silence. I thought to myself that Oren was better-looking than ever. He's a handsome fellow. His eyes are bluer even than mine, and he's got brown hair instead of my red mop. We're the same height, but he's eight pounds heavier. Altogether, he cuts a better figure than I do.

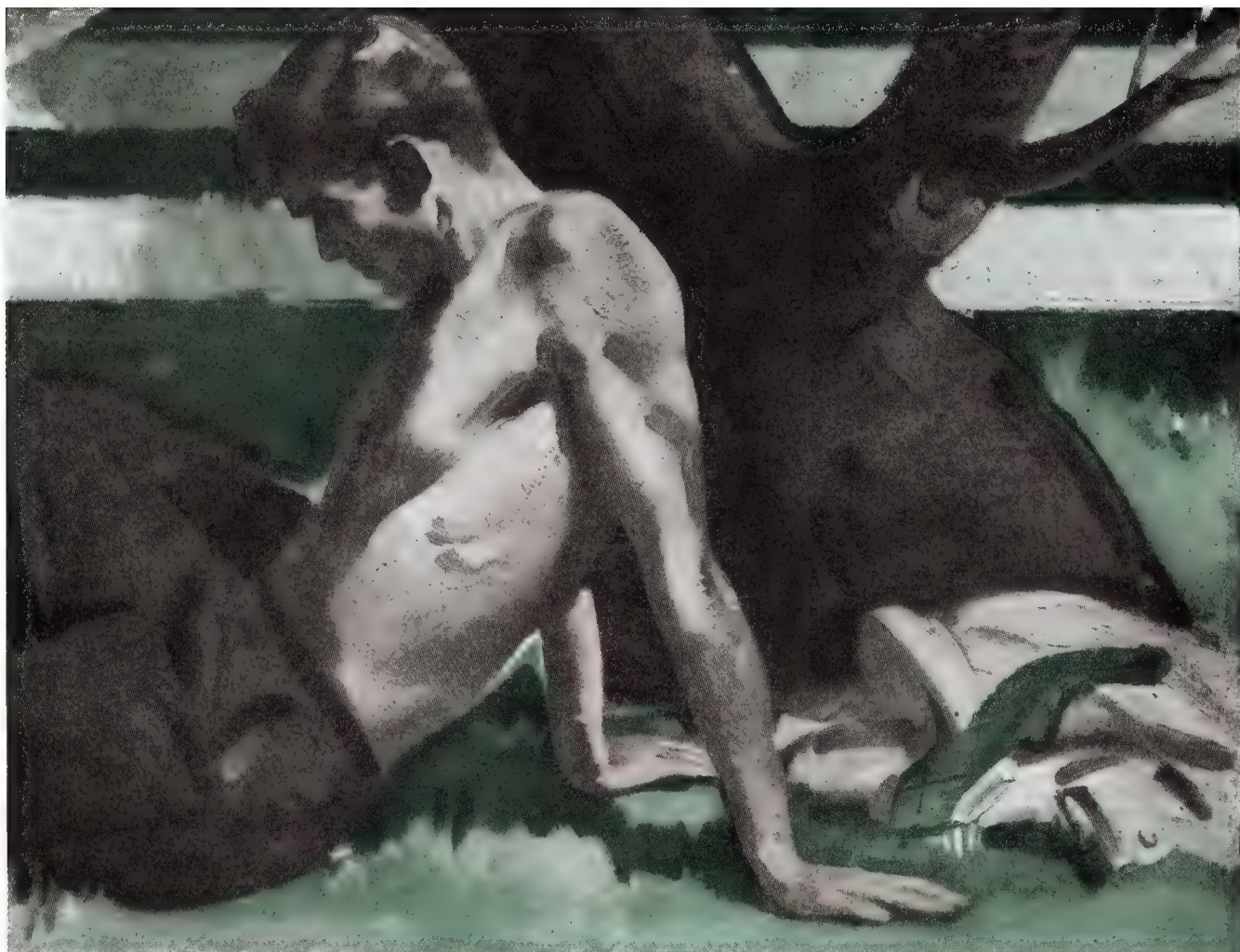
It was swell to ride along with Oren, and know you didn't have to make talk. Oren and I were always like that. We'd go fishing sometimes and not speak a dozen words all day, yet we understood each other.

At last we got to the Point, and my sisters came flying down the drive to

meet us. Then there was Ace High, the darky who looks after the dogs, and Old Man Moyer, and Pleasant and Smoky, Oren's two colored hands. It made me feel swell to see how glad everybody was to have me home again. I put one arm around Dora's waist and the other around Sally's, and we went up to the house, where Aunt Mamie, the cook, said "them furriners" must have fed me well, judging from my looks.

I WENT to my room and bathed. Then Oren, the girls, and I wandered about the lawn, and I looked my fill at the old James River rolling away down there below us. The good old James! But presently Ace High came and said I just had to go look at the puppies that "old Nell done had whilst you was gone." So I went to look at the dogs, then to see Black Star's colt which Oren was giving to me.

Later my father returned, and we had a long, quiet talk on the side veranda. But the best part of the afternoon came when Oren and I lay on our backs under the umbrella tree on the front lawn, smoking—smoking and not saying anything, just drowsily thinking.



Our fight was like a nightmare. We tried to kill each other—both of us finally collapsing from sheer exhaustion

At supper Dora said they were giving a party that night in my honor, and Oren drawled that it was just Dora's excuse to get Tony Witt into the house again. Dora crimsoned, but rallied enough to say that she wasn't the only one around there who was in love—and she looked at Oren! Oren turned fiery red. . . . I felt a shock. Oren in love!

"Who's the gal?" I asked.

But just then the telephone rang, and it was for me: Walt Kemper calling up to say hello. Talking to him, I forgot all about my intention to find out who Oren's girl was. When I got back to the table the subject had been changed, my father being engaged in explaining just why it was he'd lost his case that day.

While I was dressing, Oren came in and borrowed one of my new ties, made fun of the socks I was putting on, and said that he didn't intend to stand for a dude around the Point. I asked him if he wanted me to push his nose back behind his ears, and he made a pass at me, then scuttled out. But I nailed him with a bedroom slipper before he was halfway down the hall.

Well, we had the party, the old crowd came, and I was busy shaking hands and

kidding them, when suddenly Oren touched my arm. "Want you to meet a girl." I turned, and saw the prettiest girl in the world, a girl with golden hair and sky-blue eyes and a smile that seemed made of sunshine and roses. In a daze I heard Oren saying, "Camilla, this is Mark. Miss Paige, Mr. Taggard."

I lifted my arms. Camilla came into them. We danced. Some fool cut in. I cut back.

AFTER I'd danced with her three straight times, found out that she and her family were established at the old Melone place, and asked her to go riding with me next day, Camilla said I was neglecting the other guests. So I went off and danced with Joyce Kemper and the two Sperry girls and a few others. But I came back to Camilla as soon as I could, and this time it was the veranda for us.

We stood looking at the James below us, rippling silver in the moonlight. Camilla said that it was the most beautiful river in the world. I said you bet, but I wasn't looking at the river.

I don't know how it happened, because I am certainly not a chap who

makes a pass at a girl during the first half-hour of the acquaintance, but all of a sudden I had her in my arms. For a moment so brief that it seemed not to exist at all she was quiet, passive, her face close to mine. Then she said, "Don't," and tried to disengage herself. I held her tighter, and kissed her. She struggled harder. I kissed her again. Then she was out of my arms and had gone back into the house.

And I—well, I was standing there facing Oren! A terrible Oren! An Oren whose face was black with fury.

"I suppose that's one of the tricks you picked up abroad," he said, in a voice I would never have known for his. "Well, hereafter you stay away from Miss Paige. She's not that kind."

"Oren," I said, aghast.

"I mean it."

"You mean what?"


"I mean that you're to stay away from Miss Paige."

"You fool!" I said. "Have you gone crazy? Men don't act that way about women any more."

"This man does."

"All right, then." I waited a long moment, but I was (Continued on page 98)

American COMRADES

 "IT WILL be good hay," said Makar Fedor, pulling wisps of it out of his hair and wiping more of it from his large, perspiring face, streaked with grease from the mowing machine.

He had halted his team and machine in the field, under the hot sun, and sat on the iron seat as we talked. He had an enormous belly without being fat, and a face that was enormous too, though handsome in its way, despite the grime and sweat. He was reddish-haired, sandy, cross-eyed, with a nose like a large, red beet, yet there was something impressive about his rugged, grease-streaked vastness in the sunshine.

"Gerasin, the carpenter, is dead," said my slender, cool, clean companion.

"God rest his soul," said Makar Fedor, and laughed when the off-horse made a rumbling noise that might have been "Amen."

I was standing in a field near Westbury, Long Island, only an hour from New York's skyscrapers, in this year



FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATION IN
WATER COLOR BY HERBERT PAUS



Red, White, and Jew — they were enemies in Russia, but here they are brothers

BY WILLIAM SEABROOK

1937, but I was also in White Russia, Holy Russia. A bulb-shaped dome like the Kremlin's in miniature, surmounted by a cross, was visible in the village of East Meadow, through the trees. My companion in riding breeches, who had just mentioned the death of their mutual friend, the carpenter, was Prince Gregory Gagarin, late of His Majesty's Hussars of the Guard. The countryside in all directions was spotted by the farms of a thousand other Russians, and we were on our way to visit Father Joseph Menad, a bearded monk from Toul, "City of Samovars," who now presided at the altar of the local Russian Greek Orthodox Church.

MY NEW friend, Makar Fedor Tchouk, was a dirt farmer from north Russia who had once been a corporal, a groom, in one of the czar's cavalry regiments, had worked in the Harriman stables when he first came over here years ago, had bought land,

prospered—and was still proud of being a peasant.

How Russian he is you can imagine from the fact that he had built fine houses with modern conveniences for his two grown sons, yet lived with kerosene lamps and candles in his own house, though electricity ran past his door, because he and his Russian wife had disputed about which should pay the deposit for the meter, and neither would give in. There was no bitterness between them, I gathered when we visited the house. They were just being Russian about it.

It was an American farmhouse, except that Russian cross-stitch curtains hung at the windows, with a samovar in the kitchen and framed ikons in the east corners of the rooms.

Mrs. Tchouk, in a blue American Mother Hubbard, was almost as large as Makar Fedor. I said I thought they were being "Russian" about the electricity. She agreed, and told me of a neighbor who drank lots of whisky (nicknamed "Tolstoy" because of his long white beard), whose wife had hidden sixty silver dollars twenty years ago and wouldn't give them to him. He had decided to divorce her. They started dividing their household goods; each took one bed, one chair, one mattress—and then they were stumped because they had only one samovar between them. So they still live together. "Tolstoy" still drinks too much, and "Mrs. Tolstoy" has never told him where she hid the sixty dollars.

The way the Tchouks lived was a perfect stage setting for such happenings. They eat heavily—cabbage, potatoes, beets, pork, sausages which they make themselves—and drink more tea than coffee, not to mention vodka. They keep their bodies clean, except for the healthy grease of labor, steam themselves as well as bathe, but don't care how dirty their clothes get and don't mind domestic disorder.

Makar Fedor is a personage, treasurer of the church. When he signs a check he

must have spectacles on his nose. Any pair will do. He can never find his own. He just sits and stubbornly demands pen, ink, spectacles. Another Russian takes a pair off his own nose and presents them with a bow to the treasurer.

Having shown you how Russian Makar Fedor is, I'll leave you to judge how American he is. I said, "On the whole, do you like America?"

He said, "I am here now many years and will never go away. I would not stay many years in a place I did not like, unless I was chained or imprisoned. Is that an answer?"

I said, "Yes, that is an answer."

He said, "Over there I worked for \$39 a year—a whole year for \$39! Here I spend \$49 in one day for one thing, and still have money in the bank. America is the best country in the world, if you work. I work, and I love it."

"HE'S Russian, all right," said Prince Gagarin as we rode along; and I said, "Yes, he might have come out of Chekhov's *Cherry Orchard*. And you might have danced with Anna Karenina. Would you mind telling me how you came over?"

He told me some of it, but he was too modest to tell it all. I have pieced the rest out with the help of his White Russian friends in New York. Scion of the great Gagarin family in the north and a crack young cavalry officer in the czar's Hussars, he was arrested in the 1918 Revolution, and the peasants of his own countryside threatened to storm the jail unless he was released. So he was taken out before dawn to be shot.

He is small, wiry, quick as lightning in his movements, with a small, aristocratic head, slightly Tartar, like romantic portraits of the young Attila. He killed the guard, was wounded, but escaped, crossed Russia dressed as a woman, joined the French army, and went back into Russia to fight the Bolsheviks. He arrived in New York in 1924, with an old suitcase and \$5, roundabout, via Constantinople. He was a day laborer in New York, shoveled snow in the streets, and got a small job in a perfumery factory.

When he tried to get a better job they said, "What is your profession? Have you no profession?" And they still tell down in Wall Street that he replied to several serious bankers, "Oh, yes, I have a profession. I am a professional murderer."

What he meant was that he had gone from the czar's "West Point" straight into the cavalry, and that all his training and experience had been in war. What they thought was that he wanted a job as a "gorilla." Around 1928 it occurred to him that he had (Continued on page 141)





ILLUSTRATED BY
GILBERT BUNDY

Adele nodded coldly toward her fiancé. "This man is annoying me," she told the policeman

JUST when he first felt a cold, shivery sensation about getting married Derek Corbie was not sure. It might have been as he sat in Bill Lane's living-room listening to Bill go goofy over the marvels of Bill Junior's vocabulary—such marvels as 'oowah,' which Bill rather thought meant "outside," and "wocky," which meant nothing at all to anybody but Junior.

"Now, get this, Derek," said Bill.

"Hey, Bud!" he addressed the tow-headed little boy with the big, round blue eyes. "Watch Daddy!"

He flapped his arms and emitted an eerie sound that by a violent stretch of the imagination might have passed for the crow of a rooster.

"Shickie," said Bill Lane Junior with a pleased, gummy smile.

"Attaboy," said his proud parent. "Good, huh, Derek?"

Well, probably it was very good and,

as far as Derek was concerned, children were all right even though he would have preferred their being born at the age of ten or thereabouts. But couples like Bill and Mary Lane gave him a horrible feeling of domesticity—good, wholesome, caged domesticity. Ever since he had become engaged to Adele Mayfield that feeling had been creeping up on him, sending cold shivers up and down his spine, until now his forthcoming wedding day began to loom like an exe-

Let FREEDOM Swing

*The very astonishing tale of
Derek, who, oddly enough, for-
got the girl he was going to marry*

BY
DAVID GARTH



cution in the depressing light of dawn.

He departed hastily as Bill started to get out Junior's crayon book. As he went down the walk to his car he looked back at Bill and Mary standing in the lighted doorway with their arms linked. Linked was right.

He and Bill had certainly lived a good, exciting life once. There had been autumn afternoons in giant, packed stadia when he had fired passes to Bill all over the field. And they had wiped

the engines of an oil tanker bound for South America. And a whole flock of little Panamanian police had escorted them to jail at the end of one glorious night in Panama. Yes, that had been the free, active life.

"If you start to get nervous as the big day approaches," yelled Bill, "call on me for moral support."

"He's nervous right now," said Mary cheerfully. "Don't worry, Derek. Only another week. Adele won't change her

mind. She couldn't possibly change her mind now."

And suddenly Derek wished passionately that Adele would do just that. This was a terrible mistake. He just wasn't—well, hang it! He just wasn't ready to get married.

His big gray roadster sped along the white ribbon of highway, the broad path of the headlights shining through the darkness. Wedding bells and minister and ushers and rice and bouquets—

"Br-r-r-r," muttered Derek to himself.

How in thunder had he got himself into this, anyhow? An impulse, that's what it had been. Of course, he'd known Adele for a long time, and she had looked rather lovely that night and she had been enthusiastic about his new book and the air had been balmy, and then that damned moon—oh, yes, he supposed he loved her, he had always seemed to. But love wasn't worth it—Derek Corbie suddenly stiffened.

A little coupé had barged unceremoniously out of a side road and he had just two seconds to choose between crashing into it broadside or going off the road. He hauled desperately at the wheel, heard the scream of brakes and screech of burning tires, and skidded crazily off into the embankment. There was a jangling crash and then he knew nothing more. . . .

HE WOKE up in a clean, white little hospital room and found a doctor bending over him.

"Ah, here we are!" the doctor said cheerfully. "You've been out on us for some time. You're going to be all right, young man. Bump on the head and a few contusions—you'll be out of here in two or three days."

"Thanks," said Derek. "Lucky."

"We have called your home," said the doctor. "Your man has notified a Miss Mayfield. She's driving out to see you."

Derek said nothing. His head ached horribly. The doctor withdrew and he lay still and stared at the ceiling. Out of here in two or three days? Shucks, if he had to land in a hospital why couldn't it have been for long enough to postpone that wedding? Why couldn't he have broken a leg or something?

Swell, carefree, pack-up-and-go life vanishing forever. Things he liked to do when he finished some work—just close up the apartment and breeze off for the Canadian woods or on his little schooner to fish for tarpon with three or four men companions, unshaven and tanned and disreputable on dipping decks under southern skies. Adele did not fit into that. What a mess this was.

Suddenly he knew that the wedding had to be postponed. It simply had to be—he must have time to figure out a way of calling it off without hurting her. Time—time—he tried to think. If his head would only stop aching. That bump seemed to have addled his brain.

And then like a flash he had it! What did they call it?—Amnesia?—Sure; people got amnesia from a bump on the head. They forgot everything. He couldn't marry a girl he'd never seen before, could he? Hell, no! Amnesia; that was it, until he could figure this out.

He grinned at the white ceiling. "Wonder what my name is," he murmured.

His nurse came in an hour later. "There is a very pretty girl coming in to see you," she told him, helping to prop

him up against the pillow. "You must look nice." She smiled at him and withdrew.

A few minutes later Adele Mayfield came in as though shot out of a gun. There was no doubt that Miss Mayfield was an extremely dangerous girl to be around in the presence of a moon. She strode in, slim and rangy and smart, with a dashing hat pulled down over her curling bright hair.

"Darling!" she said impulsively, and immediately threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. Her cheek was smooth and cool and she smelled of fresh air and indefinable jasmine. Then she sat on his bed, her gloved hands on his shoulders, and looked at him with serious blue-gray eyes. "You're all right?" she demanded. "They said it was mostly only a bad bump on the coco."

Derek looked at her uncertainly.

"Why, yes, I'm all right, Miss—Miss—"

"Miss!" exclaimed Adele. "Where do you get that 'Miss' stuff?"

Derek laughed weakly and ran a hand over his brow. "But who are you?" he said helplessly. "Who am I? Where am I? Where are we?"

There was a sudden, amazed silence. The girl's lips parted, but she could say

no word. She stared at him incredulously. That young man with the lean, tanned face and blunt chin and bandaged forehead—was he crazy or was she?

"Who am I?" she said faintly. "I—why, for heaven's sake!" she said, recovering her voice. "You don't mean you don't know who I am?"

Derek clasped his head in his hands. "I can't remember," he said anxiously. "Derek!"

He looked up. "Is that my name? Are you sure?"

"Sure?" exploded Adele Mayfield. "Good heavens! I'm going to marry you! I ought to be sure what your name is."

"Marry?" repeated Derek. "You are going to marry me? But I never saw you before, Miss—Miss—" He rested his head in his hands and sighed. Well, he did have an awful headache, at that.

ADELE caught him by the shoulders, her slender fingers gripping him with surprising strength. "You don't know that you are Derek Corbie, the writer?" she exclaimed.

"Am I?" said Derek.

"Of course you are! You had an automobile accident. Don't you remember that?"

"I woke up here," said Derek. "That's all I know, Miss—Miss—"

Adele hastily summoned the doctor. "What has happened to him?" she said tensely. "He doesn't remember me or who he is or anything. He just looks vacant," declared Adele Mayfield.

Derek was not aware that he looked vacant, which was none too pleasing, but perhaps for the time being it was just as well.

The doctor examined the bump on his head carefully. "It may be amnesia," he muttered. "Or he may just be suffering temporarily from shock. Do you know him well, Miss Mayfield?"

"Know him! Well, I should hope to kiss a pig! I'm marrying him next Tuesday. But how on earth," she wanted to know, "can I marry a man who doesn't remember ever seeing me before?"

Derek relaxed against his pillow. Good old amnesia. . . .

The doctor sat behind his desk and spoke reassuringly to the slim girl who was striding lithely up and down his office rug. "Please do not be so concerned, Miss Mayfield," he urged. "Amnesia is not a necessarily permanent condition. Rest is often the cure. And, again, familiar scenes, objects, or pursuits sometimes effect a complete restoration of memory."

Adele stopped and looked at him eagerly. "Do you think that might help him?" she asked quickly. "Because if it will I'll try my darnedest. Will you put him in my charge, Doctor?"

The doctor glanced at her reflectively. One patient in every few hundred thousand had a volunteer nurse like this lithe, blond girl (*Continued on page 172*)

NEXT MONTH



DR. CROMER had been bending over the pale figure of the woman stretched out on the laboratory sofa. He straightened up and turned, his face a nightmare of devastating emotion. To the others he said in a shaking voice, "An incredibly horrible thing has happened. I seemed to have killed my wife."

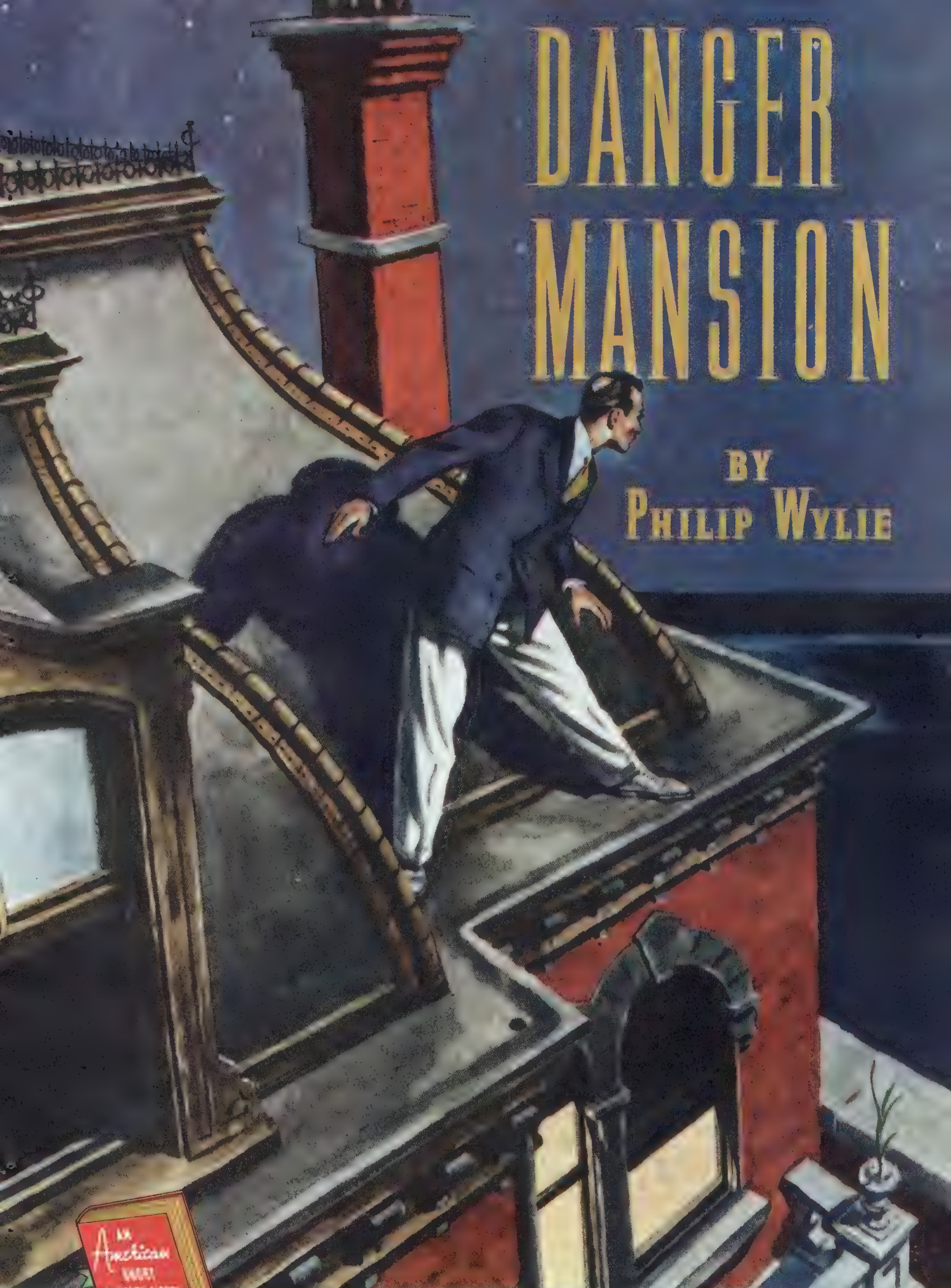
CRIME IN WHITE

is the tense story of a strange and sudden death in a medical laboratory. This complete mystery novel by **Theodora DuBois**, another newcomer to magazine fiction, will appear in the January issue.



DANGER MANSION

BY
PHILIP WYLIE



Even on the very rooftop death stalked Ronald Janes



Cold with fear, Ronney sneaked up the stairs. Powder smoke was evident

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RONNEY JAMES
EVELYN MASON
VERNON KELLY
CHIEF WILLIS
HENRY de LAGE
MARIE de LAGE
B. T. SMITH
JOHN GROMAN
MRS. PEYTON }
IRIS DAVEY }
CHARLIE LESLIE
JACKSON

Who ran away from his own wedding
The girl left at the altar
Owner of the Paradise Club a hot-spot
Head of the Bay City police
Whose wealth is greater than his social position
Who won't be outdone by her husband's gambling
Commissioner of Parks and Transportation
A big contractor
Just two party girls
A friend of Ronney's
Smith's efficient butler



THE man drove at an appalling speed. He was alone in an open touring car, the rear of which was half filled with luggage. It was night—half past eleven. His headlights flashed blindingly along the walls of a white concrete bridge, caught the dark ribbon of the road again, touched trees, shrubbery, wide lawns, and the brick and stone walls of several estates. There was a car behind him coming as rapidly, as recklessly. Occasionally, when a straightaway gave him an opportunity, he glanced back to see if he were gaining, or perhaps losing, in the chase.

Once, for a minute, he sped along a mile of open water—Lake Michigan lying under the light of a full moon, and studded by the lights of pleasure boats.

He was a young man and he wore full evening dress. He had on a topper that was on the verge of being carried away by the same wind which kept his white tie fluttering against his wing collar.

He overtook a half-dozen other cars in his flight, careening, thundering, driving expertly, and seeming more furious than afraid.

A long series of winding curves flanked on both sides by stone walls forced him to slow down. He looked at his gasoline indicator and swore softly. The neighborhood through which he was driving was far enough away from his point of departure to be unfamiliar to him. The stone walls ended. There was a meadow, then a lane and the beginning of a high iron fence. The fence broke for an arch over an entrance drive and, on a sudden impulse, with a glance backward and a grin, he turned his car into the drive and accelerated until a curve and a veritable forest of rhododendrons had hidden the road.

He cut off his lights. The car which had been pursuing him rushed on into the night, its tires squealing as it made a turn. The man—he was a young man and his name was Ronald James—apparently reflected on retracing his course, but, instead, turned on his dimmers and

proceeded slowly ahead on the drive.

It debouched presently upon a magnificent residence. Streaming from a hundred windows—three floors of windows—light fell upon a broad, formal garden. The top floor—it was a four-story house—was dark. He had never seen the house before and as he drove up he evaluated it, considered it, and finally stopped under the porte-cochere.

He stepped out and walked to a front door upon which there was a large brass knocker. He lifted it and dropped it with a bang that seemed to hang in the air afterward. A minute passed and there was no response. He knocked several times; the instrument, he thought, was of sufficient caliber to wake the dead. But it aroused nobody.

FAINTLY surprised, and with a shrug, he walked along the porch and came to a French door which was slightly ajar. Through the door he could hear music playing softly and from such an excellent radio that for an instant he thought it was the orchestra itself to which he listened. He put his hand on the door as if the impulse to open it and enter were becoming uncontrollable. He had the sort of face—particularly the sort of eyes—which suggested that walking unannounced into a strange house would be an act germane to his nature. When he did step in he called "Hello" in a loud and cheerful voice. There was still no response.

He walked to a hall. On a refectory table were men's hats. At least twenty of them. Ronney put his own topper among them. Then he went on. The drawing-room was as big as the reception-room in an embassy, and unoccupied. The library was in kind. There was nobody in the music-room, but the light was burning over the organ console and a sheet of music had fallen to the floor. He picked it up and looked at it. Somebody had recently been playing *September in the Rain*. He went through a solarium and a conservatory full of



ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN ALAN MAXWELL

flowers, looked into a huge ballroom, and entered a dining-room wherein there stood a table capable of seating fifty people. It was a beautiful table of carved quartered golden oak and the rug beneath it was Chinese—and unbelievably immense. He whistled softly, cocked an eyebrow, and moved toward the butler's pantry. Assuredly there would be servants.

But there were no servants—merely a large and handsome kitchen, hung with the heat and fragrant memory of cooking.

He couldn't believe there was nobody

in this palace. He felt like pinching himself. Returning to the front hall, he shouted up the stairs. Still there was no response. So he went to the drawing-room. On its central table he had noticed decanters of whisky and brandy, several dozen glasses, siphons, and a thermos jar. He walked across to the superlative array of drinks and made himself a highball.

"This," he said aloud, "is the first time in my life I have ever encountered perfect hospitality."

He sipped the highball and sat down to see what would happen. . . .

THE car which had been pursuing him continued for a full ten miles before its driver realized that her quarry had turned off the road. For its driver was a woman—a very beautiful woman, and

thought she started back along the road, with more consideration for the state speed laws and with careful scrutiny of every car that she passed. The occupants of one car approaching her evidently recognized her, because its horn blew and it swung across the road, forcing her to stop. A young woman in evening clothes hastily descended.

"Evelyn," she called.

The bride first backed out of the traffic lane and then answered somewhat inelegantly, "Yeah; it's me. Hello, Aggie. Hello, Ty."

"Where's Ronney?"

"I don't know. Did you see him?"

"No."

Ty and his wife now moved their car to the roadside and a colloquy took place in the moonlight. It was occasionally punctuated by passing cars and also by

but competent example of the snort.

"I thought," Aggie said with spirit, "you had decided that you could fight better married. I thought you two guys were getting married so you could really go to work on each other—throw dishes and that sort of thing."

EVELYN was getting her wind. "That fat pill-head—"

"He's not fat," said the other girl.

"And he has a Phi Beta Kappa," said Ty.

Evelyn tried again. "That mulish baboon came to me at the very last minute and told me that he had put 'obey' back in the ceremony."

Mr. and Mrs. Ty did a little laughing of the sort that might be called uncontrollable.

Evelyn interrupted. "Maybe you



Evelyn's father looked at the body on the garage floor with horror. "Did you do it?" he asked

she wore a wedding dress. She stopped, with an angry expression, and she said, "Damn Ronney!" Then she just said "Damn" several times. She was about equally distributed between laughter and tears. Her wedding veil had been half blown away by the minor atmospheric storms which her driving had set up inside the car, and the semideparture of that once exquisite headgear exposed a great deal of dark and disheveled hair. Under the hair were blue eyes, and under them a determined mouth and a still more determined chin.

After another moment of emotional

angry expletives from the girl in bridal costume.

"What happened?" Ty asked, not unreasonably. "We were all sitting in our pews with happy, expectant expressions, and the organist was getting warmed up for *Lohengrin*, when word got around that everybody was on hand except the bride and groom."

"Oh, we were there all right," Evelyn answered, "but he came to see me at the last moment and we got in a fight."

"Unheard of!" murmured Aggie sarcastically.

Evelyn merely performed a ladylike

think it's funny, but it's the principle of the thing. I told him it was simply out. He said it was in or he'd leave me at the altar. You know how he is." She did not seem to know she was very much the same way. "I lost my temper—"

"Oh, I doubt that," Ty murmured.

"—and I told him, naturally, he wouldn't dare leave me at the altar. So he said, 'Oh, wouldn't I just' or something like that, and started out of the church. I went after him. He had his things in his car and I had all of mine in my car, because he simply insisted we start on our honeymoon in that hideous



*A man stepped from
the bushes to her car*

spectacle he calls an automobile—”

“You mean,” Ty said solemnly, “you were getting married but you were still fighting about which car you were going to leave in?”

Evelyn’s eyes flashed. “What else do you think I mean, stupid? Anyway, he got right in his car and went away, and I got in mine and went after him.” She ignored Ty’s renewed convulsions and started moving toward her car. “He turned off on me somewhere here, but I’ll find that highbinder cad if it takes two months!”

“You better come home with us,” Aggie suggested soothingly.

Evelyn looked at them with scorn. “Nonsense,” she said. “He’s just turned into somebody’s driveway or run down a lane. I’ll get him.” Then, almost as an afterthought, but with devastating simplicity and a catch in her voice, she added, “You see, I love the louse.” She climbed into her car and drove away.

Ty looked at his wife. “That,” he said in an odd tone, “is going to make either the finest marriage in Michigan or the worst one in the whole world.”

She nodded. “If it ever does get to be a marriage.”

EVELYN drove and thought. She remembered vaguely a place where his headlights on the trees had appeared to flicker and wheel. She prodded herself disgustedly for not having identified the ruse at the time, and she scrutinized the highway carefully, trying to find the spot. She very nearly did. At the high iron fence she decided that she was near it, and she made only a slight error. Instead of turning into the drive, she turned down the lane. It was an unfortunate mistake. In the heat of their recent argument Ronney had told her that she needed the word “obey” in the

wedding ceremony because, unless she obeyed, her headstrong temperament would some day lead her into serious trouble. The lane led Evelyn to just that.

She followed it for about a mile, going toward the lake. She was beginning to realize that her determined endeavor had certain needle-in-the-haystack aspects, although she would not admit that pure vehemence and injured pride kept her looking. The lane ran along the fence for a considerable distance and then turned off at a slight angle into the woods. She assumed that it would come out on a cove and that it doubtless led to a boathouse or cottage. And she was wondering if it would not be the better part of valor to turn around, when she saw a car ahead.

FOR a moment her heart leaped, because it looked like Ronney’s car, but presently she saw that it wasn’t. She drove up right behind the car and observed that it was unoccupied. Because it was impossible to turn around where she was, she blew her horn. She thought that some couple had left this obstruction in the roadway while they went canoeing on the lake, and she was making some very bitter observations about such amorous behavior, when a man stepped from the bushes to her car.

Without bothering to look at him she wound down the window and said, “Would you mind moving your car so I can turn around?”

A hand shot through the window. Evelyn saw a shower of sparks and then darkness. . . .

Then the sparks came slowly back, and her head was aching frightfully. She rubbed her face with her hands and thought, “That man *hit* me. Hit me with something!” She opened her eyes.

She was still in her car, sitting at the wheel, but her car was no longer on the wooded lane. She couldn’t understand that. Her headlights were switched off, so she turned them on. They revealed two ruts of a road running through a field. In the distance were the passing lights of automobiles on what was obviously a heavily traveled road. She rubbed at her headache again briefly and decided that the man who had struck her had been engaged in some private and perhaps nefarious pursuit and had not wished to be observed or identified. He had knocked her out, driven her car into this field, and left her there—whence she could find her way home when she came to.

“That,” she said to herself, “was a hell of a thing.” If she could ever find that man she’d fix him! She wished that she had bothered to look at him and she wished she had noticed the license number of his car. Then another thought struck her with violence. In the back of

her car had been all her honeymoon luggage. She turned quickly—so quickly that it hurt her head—and the dim silhouette of suitcases on the back seat reassured her.

She started the car, drove through the field, and turned into the main road. It proved to be a familiar one and she drove toward her home. As she crossed her own broad lawns she felt crushed and dispirited and too weary to be angry. She wished Ronney were there to comfort her or even to battle with her. And he would battle. About how foolish she had been for not obeying. The sound of her motor brought her mother and father anxiously out into the yard. She waved at them dejectedly and drove to the garage. She wanted to be alone. She didn’t want to listen to the thousand things they would have to say about her behavior.

She tried to think what bags she would need for the night, remembered, called “I’m coming” to her anxiously approaching parents, and turned the handle of the rear door.

It swung open by itself, and the hunched body of a man toppled over the running board onto the cement floor.

Evelyn wasn’t a screamer but she stood stock-still for a second. Then she stepped back and switched on the overhead lights. After that she did make a sound—hoarse and quick.

The man was Vernon Kelly, who owned the Paradise Club in Chicago. There was blood on him and there were two blue bullet holes in his head.

Her father came ponderously into the garage, saying, “See here, Evelyn; this thing tonight was a little too—” Then he saw what she was seeing. His face drained. But he was strong in the same way Evelyn was. “Did you do it?” he asked.

She shook her head.

“How did he get there?”

“I don’t know.”

“Do you know who it is?”

She told him.

He looked in the car. “The gun’s on the floor. We shouldn’t touch it.”

Evelyn’s mother reached the garage then, and looked and fainted. Mr. Mason caught her, and nodded sideways to his daughter. “Get the police. Send your brother down here. I don’t think we ought to move a thing.” . . .

RONNEY sat in the palatial emptiness of the unknown house for about an hour before anything happened. He had taken the liberty of helping himself to a second highball, and toward the end of the hour occupied himself with an illustrated book on deep-sea fishing.

His reflections had been, on the whole, fairly pleasant. Of course, he had expected at this time to be engaged in a business much closer to his heart. He

and Evelyn should have been aboard the train headed for Lake Louise. In fact, an empty drawing-room for which he would have to pay was now en route to that beautiful spot. Also some trunks. But Evelyn had been stubborn, more stubborn than ever, at the worst possible moment. And Ronney had a theory about Evelyn. He loved her deeply. He was determined to marry her, but hitherto all their disagreements had ended in compromise or draw, and he was determined not to marry her until he had won at least a single clear-cut victory. It was

his theory that the male of the species is supposed to be the dominating factor in the nest. He believed that life with Evelyn would be simpler and better for having gained a victory, and he had known very well that his last-minute re-insertion of that fateful word in the marriage ceremony would precipitate the crisis.

So he had made the gesture, and once more he had failed to win. He knew Evelyn through and through. He had known her, he understood, since she was about thirty-six hours old, although he



*On a sudden impulse
he swung into the drive*

did not remember that meeting, as he had been little more than two at the time. He knew that she would be furiously beating the Michigan bush as he sat in the comfort of this extraordinary place. He had a hunch that if he could maintain his disappearance all night, or perhaps for two or three days, she would begin putting contrite ads in the newspapers. He wasn't quite sure about the time interval. It might take four days. But Ronney was determined that the girl he loved more than anything else in the world would have to give at least an inch before he gave his whole life.

MEANWHILE, there was adventure at hand. Whose house was it? What was going on there? Should he look upstairs? When people returned to it could he perhaps explain his predicament and prevail upon them to hide him for a day or so? What, in other words, would happen next? The whole prospect was a lucky alternative to what he would have had to face had he gone home—the storming and jeering of his friends.

He read a little bit about how to use an outrigger for blue marlin, and presently the front door opened and a man came into the hall carrying two bags. The man was obviously a butler and the bags were his own. The butler said, "Good evening, sir."

Ronney stood up. "Good evening."
"I'll show you to a room if you like, sir."

Ronney thought that over and said, "I see," which didn't mean much of anything. Outside he heard the sound of more luggage being put on the porch and his car being started.

"If you'll follow me," said the butler. "The others are dancing at the boat-house. Thomas can take you there."

An idea of faint but increasing validity was beginning to form in Ronney's mind. If he got away with it, it would be a story to tell at his club which would



*Ronney picked up the baseball bat and
crept around the other side of the trunks*

top that one of Billy's about the maharajah. Thus, crystallizing the idea, he followed the butler. He picked up his topper in the hall. They went upstairs and began to pass a series of resplendent bedrooms and suites. "It looks like a hotel," Ronney thought; "this place was built by somebody who had fifty million bucks and about fifty thousand friends."

The butler stopped at a door and pushed it open. "This room is vacant tonight, if you care for it, sir. It has a lake exposure, but if you'd prefer to be on the north side—"

Ronney looked into the room. There were brocade-covered twin beds, there were several shelves of modern novels, a Chinese rug, a Persian hanging, a fireplace, and brocade window draperies. "I think this will do perfectly."

The butler nodded. His face had been without any expression, from the first. "I'll bring up the rest of your things and I will have Thomas unpack you. He'll be your man. Just ring button six, yonder, for him. Button one is for breakfast."

Ronney accepted this information complacently. He was conscious of the fact that the butler was discreetly and approvingly observing his dress clothes. A man in a footman's uniform came up at that point with the rest of Ronney's luggage, carrying it porter fashion, a bag in each hand and a bag under each arm.

The butler moved gravely toward the door. "Thomas will show you to the boathouse."

"I think," Ronney replied, "I will turn in right now and present myself in the morning. I've had a terribly hard day and I'm just about all in." To the footman he said, "I will unpack as much as is necessary myself, Thomas."

The butler said, "As you wish, sir," and now Thomas bowed slowly and added, "Very well, sir."

They withdrew. Ronney closed his door.

HIS personality and demeanor were such that the butler and footman accepted him unquestionably. He would have liked to have Thomas unpack, so that by strategic inquiry he might discover in whose home he was about to spend the night, but he was afraid Thomas might begin some inquiry of his own, and Ronney had not decided what answers to give. It was enough that fortune had provided him with sanctuary for a whole night. He would be in a place where Evelyn could not locate him by any stretch of her very wide imagination. She would worry, and that would be excellent.

In the morning . . .

As a matter of fact, Ronney thought that morning would be the pleasantest part of the whole affair. The part that would beat Billy's story about the maharajah. If there were guests whom he knew, things would be somewhat spoiled,

but if there weren't—! If he went down, say, in a swimming suit, to join the morning bathers and nobody knew him and he knew nobody, and he, nevertheless, acted for as long as possible as if his presence were normal, expected, and familiar—

He sat down on his bed and lighted a cigarette. Upon his face there slowly dawned a vast and unholy grin. . . .

AT FOUR o'clock that morning Evelyn was beginning to be more frightened than she had ever been in her life. She and her father and brother were sitting inside the offices of Chief of Police Willis of Bay City, which was the seat of the county in which the night's events had taken place. With the chief of police were the district attorney and another police officer. With Evelyn's family was a lawyer. Nearly all the talking was done by Evelyn and the police chief, who looked fatherly by nature and stern by present intent. They were in the middle of a discussion about the murdered man.

He tapped on his desk for a moment. And continued: "Then you did know Kelly quite well?"

"I didn't say quite well. I said fairly well. I've been in his night club in Chicago perhaps a dozen times. I met him the first time I went there. I've talked to him every time I've been there since, and I've never seen him outside the club. I know him very much the way you'd know a—headwaiter."

"Only," said the chief, "Kelly was the sort of man who did number quite a good many girls like you among his—personal acquaintance."

"You ought to know more about that than I do," Evelyn answered.

He paused for a moment, and looked up quickly. "And you absolutely refuse to tell me where your—fiancé is at the present moment?"

"I told you I didn't know."

"You furthermore refuse, Miss Mason, to explain why he rushed away from the church?"

"I told you why. I wouldn't say 'obey.'"

The police chief spoke bluntly: "That's impossible to believe. Anybody would have decided that matter long before the hour of ceremony—"

Evelyn's father spoke grimly: "I'll tell you, Chief, if you knew my daughter better you'd be able to believe such a thing."

The officer ignored him and addressed the girl:

"It couldn't have been because Mr. Janes found out just before the marriage ceremony the nature of the matter about which Mr. Kelly was trying to blackmail you?" His tone lowered but his words were faster. "It couldn't have been, then, that you made a hasty rendezvous with Kelly and shot him, in the hope that you would save your reputation in time to hang onto Janes?"

Evelyn was frantic, but she kept her temper. "Of course, it *could* have been. And it *could* have been that Mr. Kelly just happened to be in Bay City and that I just happened to know where he was—"

"The fact that Mr. Kelly was in Bay City may have explained how Ronald Janes discovered whatever made him leave you at the altar. Mr. Kelly may have been in town to see you."

"And I suppose," said Evelyn bitterly, "that you imagine me to be the sort of moron who would murder a man and then deliver his dead body to myself in my own garage?"

The chief looked at her tentatively for a moment. "On the other hand, Miss Mason, that might be a very clever way of diverting suspicion from yourself. The very belief that nobody would do such a thing would be tremendously in your favor. In fact, your whole story and behavior look like just the highly fancy sort of killing that would be pulled by somebody of your type and social class. Somebody who had read too many mystery stories. The average killer simply shoots his victim and drops him beside the road or buries him where it would be hard to find the body. It's when we find a trick set of circumstances like those surrounding you that we suspect a killer like yourself—" His homily was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. He picked up one of the several instruments on his desk and said, "Hello. . . . Yes. . . . Right. . . . Thanks."

Then he looked at Evelyn. "Miss Mason; there were no fingerprints on any of the handles of that car door but your own"—his voice dropped—"and the only fingerprints on the gun were yours."

THAT was when Evelyn's fright reached its peak. She gasped, "But that can't be!" She looked hopelessly at her father and was shocked to see in his eyes an expression fixed on her, an expression that was at once horrified and speculative. For a few seconds her brain could not budge. Nobody said anything. She thought back over the events as she knew they had taken place. She tried to give a possible explanation in the face of the silent incredulity: "That man—the man that struck me—must have done it while I was unconscious. Wiped the door handles and the gun and then squeezed the gun in my hand."

Again the chief's eyes were on her. "That's pretty quick thinking. Nevertheless, Miss Mason, I'm going to hold you for the murder of Vernon Kelly."

She was on her feet. "But you can't! It's so wrong—it's—it's ridiculous! It's fabulous!"

The police officer turned to his subordinate. "Will you get the matron?"

She rushed toward her father and her brother. "Stop them! Don't let them!" Her pride, her (Continued on page 153)

Is it "good business" to buy
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
for Camels?



THE ANSWER IS:
CAMELS ARE THE LARGEST-
SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

{RIGHT}

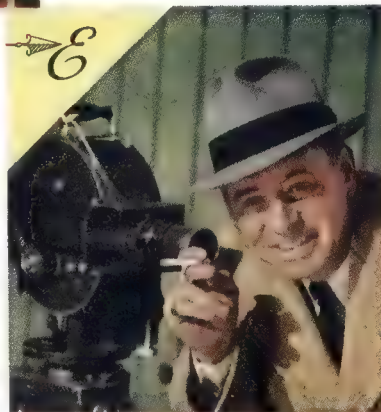
Detroit, Michigan. **HERB LEWIS**, Red Wings' hockey star, says: "Ice hockey's rough, tough, and fast—three reasons why it pays me to keep an eagle eye on my digestion. I find that smoking Camels with my meals and after helps to ease tension."



THE pleasure you *get out* of a cigarette depends on the tobaccos *put in* it. Camel has spent millions of dollars more for the choicer, riper tobaccos. Smokers appreciate this. Millions of men and women feel that Camels give them *more* of the good things they want in smoking than other cigarettes. If you are not a Camel smoker, try them. See for yourself why *Camel's costlier tobaccos* appeal to millions of Americans.

{LEFT}

New York, New York. **AL MINGALONE**, crack newsreel cameraman, says: "When news breaks I have to be on the spot to film it. Many a time—for days in a row—I've been kept on the run. When I'm tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Right around the clock—it's Camels for me."



{LEFT}

Pasadena, California. **MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III**, society matron, says: "Camels suit me perfectly. They're so mild and so good tasting. That's what I especially like in a cigarette and why I'm so devoted to Camels. How true it is that Camels don't tire one's taste or irritate one's throat!"



{RIGHT}

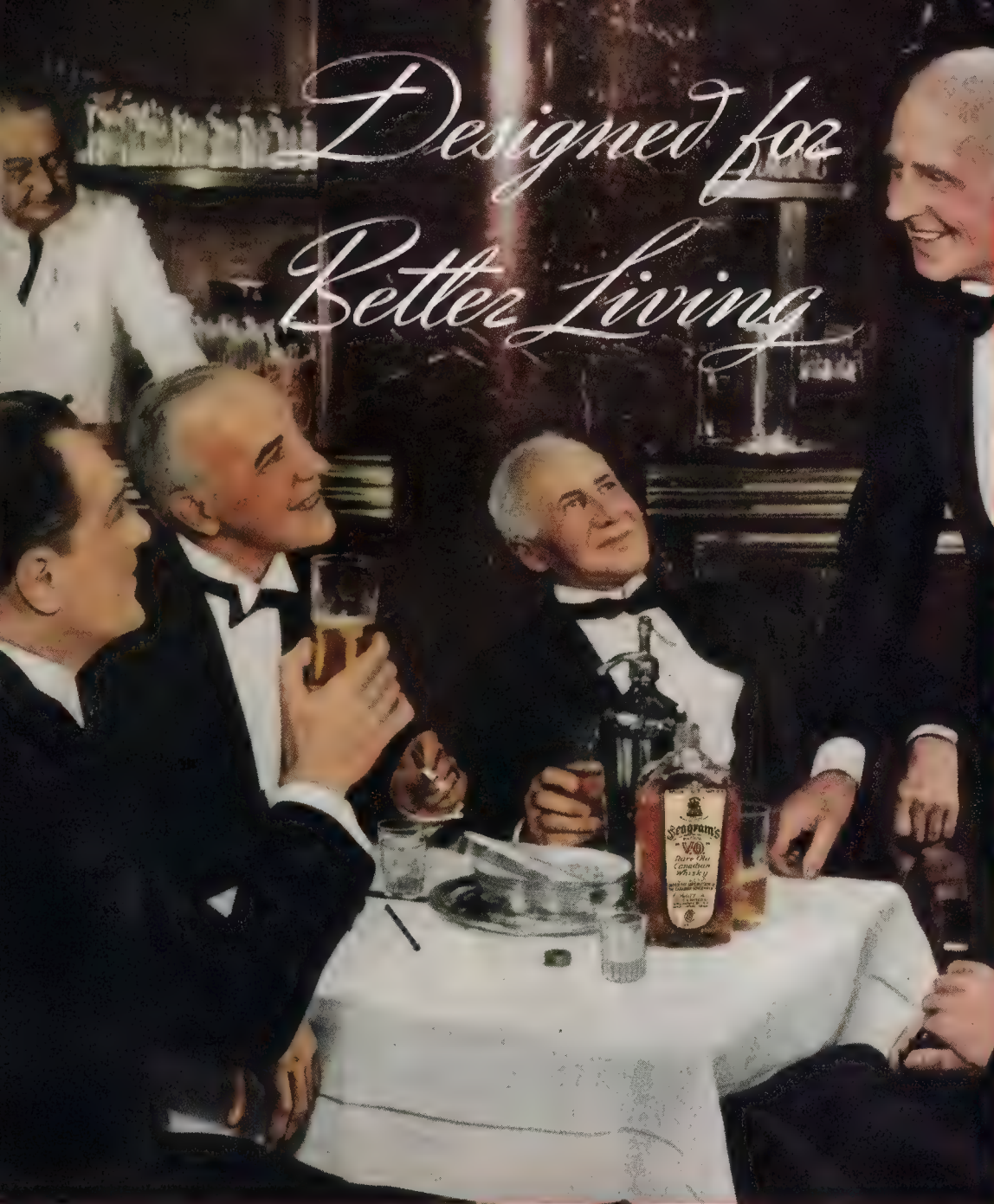
Miami, Florida. **PETE DESJARDINS**, former Olympic diving champion, says: "Divers and swimmers like a mild cigarette that doesn't upset their nerves. That's why I prefer Camels. I smoke as much as I like. Camels don't give me 'jangled nerves.' I find Camels taste a whole lot better too."



**CAMELS ARE A MATCHLESS
BLEND OF FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS,
TURKISH AND DOMESTIC**

New Double-Feature CAMEL CARAVAN
—two great shows in an hour's entertainment

"Jack Oakie College" with Jack Oakie, "Stu" Erwin, Raymond Hatton, William Austin, and *Benny Goodman's "Swing School!"* Tuesday 9:30 pm E.S.T., 8:30 pm C.S.T., 7:30 pm M.S.T., 6:30 pm P.S.T., WABC-CBS.



*Designed for
Better Living*

KEEP THESE RECIPES

MORGAN BELMONT

makes a new kind of whisky sour



Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, teaspoonful of sugar, squirt of siphon. Add 2 ounces of Seagram's "V. O."

JASPER MORGAN

prefers a Manhattan mixed like this



$\frac{2}{3}$ Italian Vermouth — $\frac{1}{3}$ Seagram's "V. O.", ice, stir well and strain, twisted lemon peel, maraschino cherry.

HENDRICK V. DURYEA

describes his recipe for a rich Old-Fashioned



$\frac{1}{2}$ lump sugar, teaspoonful water, muddle, add dash bitters, 2 ozs. of Seagram's "V. O." Lemon peel, maraschino cherry.

THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

serves a Tom and Jerry made this new way



Beat up white and yolk of one egg separately—mix. Add a tablespoon of sugar, 1 dash vanilla. Put tablespoon of mixture into mug, add 2 ounces Seagram's "V. O." Fill with hot water.

SEAGRAM'S "V. O."

Rare Old Canadian Whisky. Distilled, Aged and Bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 6 years old. 90 Proof. Copr., 1937, Seagram-Distillers Corp., Offices: New York.

A Whisky of Rare Distinction
made for men who enjoy the finer things of life

The light, clean, airy taste of Seagram's "V. O." has made this fine imported whisky a particular favorite in many of America's distinguished clubs and homes.

Reminiscent of rye, yet with a delicacy of flavor that never in-

trudes, Seagram's "V. O." blends perfectly—not only in all types of whisky cocktails...but with soda.

Matured six full years, Seagram's "V. O." is one of America's outstanding whiskeys...truly "designed for better living."

IT'S SMART TO SAY
Seagram's V.O.
a Fine Imported Whisky



What becomes of ALL-AMERICAN stars?

Here's the answer from 150
of football's immortals



DRAWING BY
THE BALDWINs

BY JOSEPH
THOMAS



IT IS a regular Saturday afternoon ritual in the autumn, when the dusk comes down with the leaves of the trees and the last excited football announcer yields his microphone to the college band for a victory song. All over America members of the United Football Fans lean back after a hard afternoon's work whirling the dials to catch as many games as possible, or gather in fraternity houses to warm themselves after a stretch in the stands.

Then the first fan looks at the second fan and says, "That was a swell game Mefoosky played at quarterback today. He ought to make All-American this year."

The second fan nods, warming his hands over the fire. "It was a nice piece of work, all right," he says. "And Mefoosky certainly makes *my* All-American. Bill Rich, down at my office, says that Bibbintucker of Siwash is a better man, but I don't see it."

The first fan nods emphatically. "I agree," he says. "Walter Kerr, my partner, has the same idea, but he's going to put Bibbintucker on his All-American as a halfback, and put Mefoosky at quarter."

"Let's see, now," says the second fan. "I had my backfield all figured out. If I put Bibbintucker at one of the halfback positions, which man would I take out?"

He pulls from his coat pocket a sheet of paper with a penciled list. They frown and search for pencils in their waistcoat pockets. Then they go to work on their All-American selections.

From late November until January 1st, this picking of All-American foot-

ball teams is a national pastime. The newspapers do it, the magazines do it, the columnists and sports writers do it, and the fans do it. There are All-Easterns, All-Southerns, All-Westerns, All-Big Tens, All-Players Named Smith, All-Players With Italian Names, and finally, All-American teams. Then, near the year-end, when the All-American team is selected for *Collier's Weekly*—the All-American team which Walter Camp began picking in 1889 and which Grantland Rice has continued since 1925, following Camp's death—the fans eagerly scan it to see how close their own teams come to this All-American of All-Americans, and go down through the second and third teams and through the list of honorable mentions to find their favorite players. And they argue hotly.

"So you like that bum Hoolihan for an end, eh?" they will say. "I hate to tell you what Didderdum would do to him in a game. I hate to tell you."

The winter closes in and hockey and

basketball take the fans' attention. They forget about football. They forget about their All-American teams. The mole-skins and the pencils are hung up until another season.

BUT the All-Americans, despite the fans' desertion, must carry on. At their colleges and universities they return to their studies, and six months after the clamor of fame has receded they are turned loose on the world as June graduates, ready to conquer in the world as they conquered on the gridiron.

Years later the fans, musing over their selections for the year, say to one another, "I wonder what happened to old Mefoosky, the All-American quarterback? Remember the year he played? Bibbintucker was on that same All-American, and Lamskewer. I wonder what happened to them? I wonder what happens to these All-Americans anyhow? I never hear of them again."

"Oh," says (Continued on page 136)

And both were YOUNG...

(Continued from page 40)

real comfort. I'd like to stay and hear more but I've got to go—good-by, darling. Have a nice trip—”

It was so abrupt that she was staring at his broad, flat back before she could answer. She watched him go, her pretty mouth hardening. He was walking straight enough but she was pretty sure he was drunk. She had to think him either drunk or inexcusably rude, and it would be inconvenient, with her friends undoubtedly watching her from across the lounge, to admit that he had been rude. It would be better to tell them frankly that he was drunk—“Tight as a lord, my dear!”

The clerk at the desk thought Judd was tight, too. Judd had suddenly found himself facing the desk, and the sight of it, with all the little numbered mailboxes behind it, roused him to his most immediate need. He walked over to it and demanded a room for the night. The clerk saw that the tall, good-looking, pale young man was tight and without visible luggage. But he also saw that his clothes were expensive and well made, that he was a gentleman, and decided to risk it.

JUDD reached his room not a moment too soon. For the first time in his life he was actively and violently sick. After a little while he dragged himself to the bed and lay down. His head ached intolerably and for a time the physical pain served as an anesthetic against the sharper agonies of his spirit. But inevitably that lifted, leaving his mind clear.

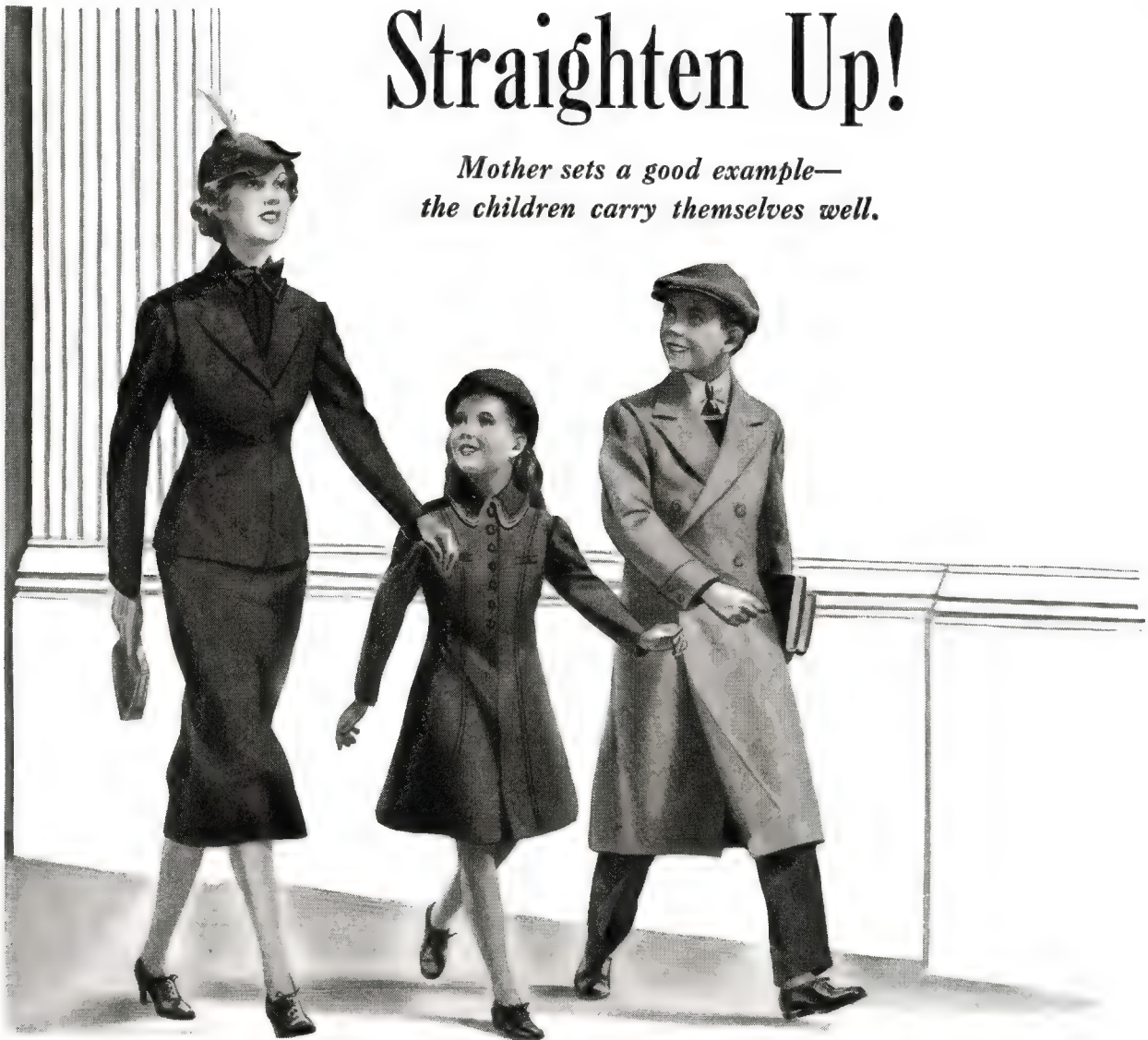
It was perhaps the first time in months that Judd had had a clear perspective of himself and his condition, the first time in months his thoughts had not been stewing and smoking in some emotional brew. He was calm enough now, calm as death itself. Lora had gone. “That,” as little Hannah had said, “was all over.” It did not occur to him to question the finality of her message. He had known when he left the telephone booth that it was final. Fin-

*As soon as the ship left
the dock Lora collapsed*



Straighten Up!

*Mother sets a good example—
the children carry themselves well.*



LIFT your head, hold your shoulders square and your abdomen in, toes straight ahead. That is good walking posture—erect, but not stiff or awkward. If parents have the bad habit of slouching, it is not surprising that the children's posture needs attention.

Correct posture helps the organs of the body to do their work properly. A slumping posture may push the stomach, intestines, and other organs of the abdomen downward, crowding and cramping them. It may keep the lungs from expanding to their full capacity. It may even affect the action of the heart. For your own health's sake—and to set an example for your children—stand, walk and sit erect.

Children's desks and work tables should permit the forearms and hands to rest on them without hunching of the shoulders. When boys and girls assume a correct sitting posture, their heads will be up, their arms supported, breathing unrestricted and their backs straight.



Undernourishment and physical weakness are quite frequently the cause of bad posture among children. The first need in such cases is to bring the child up to normal weight and strength. Posture usually improves as the weight increases. It is advisable to take a child who continually stands or sits badly to a doctor who specializes in such difficulties.

A child should be taught to walk softly and avoid pounding with the heels. He should carry the feet close together, toeing straight ahead, and keeping his weight on the outer edge of the foot.

Sound, healthy feet are essential if one is to have good posture. And good posture is essential if one is to have good health. Send for the Metropolitan's illustrated booklet "Standing Up to Life" which shows how good posture can be developed. It tells how to prevent many foot ailments by means of intelligent foot exercises, and how to select a properly made shoe. Send for your free copy now. Address Booklet Department 1237-A.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, *Chairman of the Board* ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, *President*

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ished. It was almost as though he had been expecting it. It seemed to him now that he had been expecting it, as though he had known all along that the thing those feverish months had established between him and Lora was too tense and fierce and violent a thing to endure. You couldn't sail through life on a Roman candle.

There might, he thought, have been something else for them, something strong and quiet and deep. Lasting. In the beginning they had had that. But they had killed it. They had run it out of breath. So what? So Lora was through—little Lora without the U. Last summer he had been unable to bear the thought of leaving her even for a few weeks, of putting even a few miles between them. Now she was gone forever, and presently she would have put three thousand miles between them. Well, that was sensible of her. He wished he could put three thousand miles between him and himself. But here he was, with no Lora, no family, no college, no job.

Judd rolled over and lay on his face and remembered that last night he had slept in a cell not knowing whether Earle was alive or dead. He'd better telegraph Cliff to bring in his things. He didn't even have a pair of pajamas. Fancy sleeping at a ritzy hotel in your underclothes. . . .

CLIFF arrived at nine the next morning with Judd's bags. He took a look at his friend and ordered up breakfast. Judd lay in bed and protested that he was not hungry, but he propped himself up and sipped coffee and told Cliff about Lora.

Cliff listened, being careful not to look at his friend's face, painstakingly spreading marmalade on his toast. He had had to cut two classes in Judd's behalf this morning, a hundred memories and regrets were making the interview one of the saddest he had ever known, but his thin, pleasant face was expressionless. As expressionless as Judd's voice, telling his friend that Lora had ditched him, that he didn't blame her, that that was that.

When he had finished, Cliff said he supposed the Parises were pretty sore. "But they'll get over it; give 'em time."

Judd said, "No, they won't get over it. It isn't only the old folks; it's Lora. She's had enough."

Cliff said, "Look here, Judd, your family's still at the Fieldston. I understand they're not leaving for Cleveland until late today. Now that this other business has fallen through, why don't you come on back, finish up the year—"

"Are you kidding?" Judd said. "Or have I been overrating your intelligence all these years?"

"Don't be a sap. Why shouldn't you come back? You've heard that one about cutting off your own nose to spite your face, haven't you?"

"Yeah, but it doesn't apply. My nose is already gone—to say nothing of my face. Wouldn't I make one hell of a little college boy now—an old jailbird like me!" He sat straight up in bed and looked steadily at Cliff. "And don't talk about 'my family.' I haven't any family. You forget they've 'renounced' me. And when your parents renounce you that makes you an orphan."

"Now you're talking like a fool."

"Orphan," Judd said. "Don't forget that. You can bet I won't!"

Cliff said, "Well, what are you going to do?"

"That's the question. I haven't made up my mind yet whether I'll run for president or take up dancing. My record makes me pretty good political material, don't you think? And, besides, there's my gift for diplomacy—"

"Shut up!" Cliff shouted. "You make me sick!"

"Don't you suppose I know that!" Judd said. Sitting bolt upright there in the middle of the bed, with his white, sunken cheeks and his mouth stretched in a broad grin, he looked like a grinning skull. "Listen, did you ever wonder why worms crawl under things? It's because they know it makes people sick to look at 'em." He thrust out his hand. "Go on back to Haverton, old boy. And thanks for everything. Sorry to have dragged you through all this—"

"Skip it. What about the rest of your stuff—and your trunk? Where'll I get in touch with you?"

"I'll give you a ring one of these days," Judd said, meaning it, not knowing that he never would. . . .

The deck steward said good morning and he was glad to see her on deck again—though he had not seen her on deck at all—and tucked Lora's blanket around her feet. Julia's and Hay's chairs were empty. Hay, no doubt, was off playing shuffleboard and Julia was writing letters inside. A few passengers were walking briskly about the deck, but most of them were in their chairs, huddled under their rugs. The sea was smooth as ice and looked as cold; a cold and lonely waste of blue water and blue sky.

It was the first time Lora had been on deck since she had said good-bye to New York. She had stood at the rail on the boat deck between her mother and Hay. Julia had been looking down at George's face in the press of faces along the pier. She had held one hand doubled against her mouth while she waved the other and the tears poured down her cheeks.

Lora only remembered that afterward—her mother's tears and Hay's excitement and the tumult of sounds all about her. At the time she had been conscious of only one thing—of the slow receding of the city. It, and not the ship, seemed to be moving, to be withdrawing slowly into some irrecoverable past. Then it was gone, and the next thing she knew she was lying on her bed in the stateroom she shared with her mother, and a jolly, pink-cheeked man was assuring Julia that there was no cause for alarm, that it was not at all unusual for people to faint from excitement. And he grinned down at Lora and asked her, "How do you feel now, sister? Okay, eh?"

Lora had nodded her head and smiled at her mother and at Hay, who looked scared to death. She had never fainted before, thought only mid-Victorian ladies did anything so silly.

THE doctor had advised her mother to keep her in bed the first day or two and feed her up. She struck him as being half starved, he said. And he said excitement did that, too, took away people's appetites. He left some medicine to make her hungry and for two days Lora had eaten and slept as much as she could. Her mother uttered no word of reproach; she had been composed and cheery, more like her normal self than Lora had seen her in a long time. She had spent a good part of the day in the stateroom reading and talk-

ing to her child, planning what they would do in Paris.

"I think you'll love it, dear. Goodness, I haven't been there since you were eight—you remember when you and Hay stayed with Grandma Perkins? I studied a book called *French Before Breakfast* all the way across, I remember. I wish I had it now. . . . What is French for 'Will you direct me to the Louvre' or wherever we happen to be going?"

Hay heard this and said stoutly, "I don't want to go to any old Louvre. I want to see the sewers—you know, where Jean Valjean went when old Javert was after him?" And Lora and her mother had laughed together.

BUT this morning Julia had come back from the library, where she had gone to get Lora a book, and Lora saw that something had happened. Her mother's cheeks were bright pink, her voice jerky and shrill. "Who do you think is on board?" she said. "Hannah Vines and her mother—I just ran into them in the library."

Lora sat up in bed. "Hannah! Well, that—that's funny, isn't it? Are they going to Paris, too?"

"I don't know—they didn't say." Julia turned to the dressing table. "They didn't say much of anything."

Lora sat, hugging her knees, her white face going slowly crimson. "You—you mean they snubbed you?"

"Mrs. Vines made it pretty plain that she wasn't exactly pleased to see me," Julia said. She laughed a little, picked up her powder puff and laid it down. "Of course, Mrs. Vines and I have never been very intimate—still, you would think she had known us well enough to—give us the benefit of the doubt—but I guess that's a little too much to expect."

Yes, that was, perhaps, a little too much to expect. Headlines were pretty impressive things. Lora said in a low, shamed voice, "I'm sorry, Mother."

"It's too bad. I'd hoped—there are so few people traveling this time of year—" She turned and looked at Lora for the first time. "Since they *are* on board, we'll have to make the best of it. I think—as soon as you feel you can—that, if you could get up, go out on deck, and come down to the dining salon, it would look better, Lora. If you stay down here, it will look as though you were afraid to—it's an admission of guilt, my dear. I mean, if you could mingle a little with the other passengers—there are some nice-looking young people on board—men and girls, too."

She did not say, "This is the least you can do for me. You have already brought such shame and sorrow into my life as I never dreamed of and it is on your account that I have had to leave my husband, my home, and run away like a criminal."

She did not say these things, but Lora heard them, all the same, and the burden of her humiliation was almost more than she could bear. She said, "I was going to get up today. I feel loads better—I feel fine, really," and flung off the bedclothes and stood up as she said it. "It looks like a lovely day, too—"

She sat now with her eyes on the empty sea. When anyone passed her she dropped her lids, and did not lift them again until the footsteps had passed her chair. She thought she would die if she were to see Hannah; she thought (Continued on page 66)

Gillette Aristocrat Package (No. 5) contains new \$4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blades. Also 20 additional blades in special container and a large tube Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. \$5.00.

Gillette Sheraton (No. 4) includes one-piece gold-plated Sheraton Razor and 5 Gillette Blades in traveling case with leather-like cover. Also 25 additional blades in special container and a tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. \$2.48.



Welcome Gifts FOR ANY "HIM"

Gillette Aristocrat DeLuxe Package (No. 6) contains the new \$4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor. Also 70 Gillette Blades and 2 large tubes of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. An exceptionally impressive gift for \$7.23.

Gillette Red and Black Package (No. 1) is fitted with a gold-plated Gillette Razor and 5 Gillette Blades in a sturdy traveling case. The set also includes an additional supply of 10 Gillette Blades. Here is an outstanding holiday value at only 98¢.

FOR HIS Christmas this year get him—any "him" old enough to raise a beard and wield a razor—one of Gillette's brilliantly styled Gift Sets. You can shop for hours on end without finding an inexpensive present that will be more welcome!

Priced for Every Purse

There are six fine Gillette shaving kits, priced from 98¢ to \$7.23. Each includes a handsome, gold-plated Gillette Razor and a generous supply of super-keen Gillette Blades. All but one also contain a full-sized tube or two of Gillette's amazing new Brushless Shaving Cream. Nearly every man needs—and definitely

wants—an extra Gillette Razor set for home, office, locker room or traveling bag. And you can rest assured that almost no man on your Christmas list is already the proud possessor of a new Gillette one-piece razor. Be sure to examine the Gillette Aristocrat and Sheraton sets that contain these remarkable new-type holders. They have no loose parts to fumble. Blades can be changed in three seconds.

Colorful Christmas Packages

Dealers now have Gillette Gift Sets in gay packages. Make your selections while assortments are complete. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.

Gillette

GIFT SETS

It takes ALL KINDS



DRAWING BY
BLANCHE BERKOFF

BY ALBERT BENJAMIN

EUGENE KELLY, 11, won first place and 3,832 lollipops in a contest in which the Rutherford, N. J., Service Clubs offered youngsters a lollipop for every 100 Japanese beetles caught.

MRS. NINA KLINGENBERGER, of Bucyrus, Ohio, has a pet crow that acts as an alarm clock. At 4:30 every morning, she says, the crow raps on her window until she is awake.

FORTY years ago J. Roy Tucker, of Fulton, Mo., won a \$100 bet with a fellow student that he could take 100 different girls riding in his new phaeton on successive nights. Now, 66, and a well-to-do farmer, Mr. Tucker still has 100 ringlets of feminine hair that he clipped from the heads of 100 girls as proof.

FRED GUENS, forestry worker in Sabino Canyon near Tucson, Ariz., creates elaborate mosaics out of snake-skins and old postage stamps.

GEORGE HIDER, of Lake Providence, La., recently planted a row of cotton 80 miles long in the form of a spiral, starting at the center of a 40-acre plot.

HARRY GREGG, Clover Meadows, Calif., cattleman, has spent his spare time in the last two years sculpturing a likeness of Kay Francis, his favorite movie star, out of a rock 12 feet by 7.

EARL BRADLEY, 13, of Houston, Texas, earns his own way by collecting old coat hangers and selling them back to cleaning establishments.

EACH winter, Henry Kreager, Mohawk Hill, N. Y., farmer, covers with straw a snowdrift that accumulates in a gully behind his barn. In summer, he reports, it provides a wheelbarrow load of snow every day to cool his milk.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, Hollywood, Calif., movie actress, makes "pin money" by renting her specially built town car, sometimes getting as high as \$250 a day for its use in pictures.

E. R. BUCK, Franklin Grove, Ill., farmer, has rigged up a "grasshopper catcher" attached to the front of his car, which he drives through the fields, later grinding his catch into chicken feed.

WITH the aid of a 45-power microscopic lens, Jimmie Zaharee, of Max, N. Dak., recently penned Lincoln's Gettysburg address on a human hair 2½ inches long.

ULYSSES WALSH, Johnson City, Tenn., newspaperman, has a collection of more than 4,000 phonograph records, ranging in date from 1896 to the most modern disks.

ALICE MOORE, who is a pancake tester for an Akron, Ohio, grain products company, estimates that she has cooked 500,000 pancakes in the last year.

FOSTER A. LOCKHART, an apilarist who lives near Lake George, N. Y., receives \$25 a thousand for the tiny barbed stingers of bees. Removed when the poison sacs are full, they are used for medicinal purposes.

FLORENCE RICE, Hollywood, Calif., movie actress and daughter of Grantland Rice, sports authority, wears a hat and muff made of fresh gardenias. With proper care and refrigeration they will last for three wearings. When not in use she keeps them in her refrigerator.

MARY HAMILTON, 7 years of age, whose father is employed by the Census Bureau, has lived in 187 different cities since her birth. Her last stop was Memphis, Tenn.

MRS. I. H. HOSEY, of Birmingham, Ala., makes beautiful lace doilies by crocheting fine copper wire.

JACK MILLER, a blind bartender of St. Louis, Mo., mixes drinks by memory and sensitive fingers. The heat of liquor in a chilled glass is transferred to his fingers and he thus can tell how much liquor is in a glass.

JOSEPH F. KING, of Homelake, Colo., has constructed a miniature house, 2 feet by 1 foot by 8 inches, out of weeds and twigs picked up along the roadside. Built to scale, it is a completely furnished cabin, has plaster walls and 821 split shingles on the roof.

Do you know an unusual fact that will fit into this column? We will pay \$1 for each acceptable item accompanied by corroborative proof. Address IT TAKES ALL KINDS, The American Magazine, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. No entries returned.

(Continued from page 64) she would die if anyone spoke to her. And, suddenly, from halfway down the deck, Hay's voice hailed her—"Hi, sis!"

Lora looked and waved, and then her heart began to thump. Hay had a young man in tow, a tall, darkish young man in tweeds. The two of them stopped beside Lora's chair and Hay said, legs apart, eyes triumphant, "Meet my friend, Oliver Hard. This is my sister, Lora, Ollie!" and stood back, pleased and hopeful as a nice dog bringing his best bone to his master's feet.

Lora smiled and said, "How do you do?" and the young man said, "How are you this morning? Feeling better?"

"Yes, thanks. I'm fine."

"Good for you! Hay, here, has been bringing me hourly bulletins on your condition. I've been worried about you."

Hay said, elaborately casual, "Well, anyone's likely to be seasick."

"That's true—if they don't happen to know about my cure," Hay's friend said. "Maybe you won't believe it but I've got a cure for *mal de mer* that is absolutely infallible." He said it gravely but his dark eyes twinkled at her from under the visor of his cap. They were merry, slightly mocking eyes that looked as though they had seen a good deal of the world.

"Have you?" Lora said, trying to look interested. "What is it?"

"Something I invented myself once in a very acute emergency. I'm going to have one made up for you."

"No, please—"

"Now, don't you budge, and in ten minutes if you don't feel like swimming to France, I'll drink one myself."

HE HURRIED off in search of a steward and Hay leaned over his sister. "Look; isn't he a swell guy? We've been playing deck tennis, and he said he was dying to meet you. Listen; don't you think he's a swell-looking guy? Almost as swell-looking as—I mean, I think he's a prince, don't you?"

"I—I think he must be, darling."

"He's been crazy to meet you. He asked me about you yesterday. He said he heard I had a swell sister on board, and I thought maybe he'd kind of cheer you up—"

He broke off, for Mr. Hard was back with the steward in tow, and the steward was carrying a long-stemmed glass on a little tray. Hay thumped his leg and announced loudly, "Well, I'll have to be stepping. I got a date to play shuffleboard with a guy," and swaggered off.

"Now, the way we do this," said Ollie Hard, "is to drink her straight down. When I say three, down she goes. One, two—"

At three, Lora swallowed the infallible cure for *mal de mer*. It was rather sweetish and smooth but it tore through her throat like a red-hot poker. She coughed and blinked, and Mr. Hard said, "Good girl! How was it?"

"Terribly hot—but it does feel good now it's down—"

"You wait. You don't know the half of it yet."

He sat down on the footrest of her mother's empty chair and pushed a well-worn little button in his mind marked *Harmless Babble for Doubtful Prospects*, for he had no intention of committing himself for the duration of the voyage to this unique acquaintance. He was a young man of rich social experience and, conse-

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quently, wary. But he had been curious to see this girl, for rumor had it that she was a dangerous young person, a lovely menace to his sex, a woeful trial to her respectable parents. In short, a little devil!

All this had sounded very promising indeed, but he was disappointed. She didn't look at all like her reputation. She was no beauty and she was appallingly young, in addition to which she looked half dead, with those woebegone gray-green eyes and her unrouged mouth drooping. Still, she had been ill and now that his cure was bringing some color into her cheeks, he could see that she was pretty in a childish, unsophisticated way.

"So they're shipping me over to take this other fellow's place with the company," he said. "And there I'll be, marooned down there in this Godforsaken French village three thousand miles from a good Martini."

"You can always fall back on your cure," Lora said, doing her best to live up to Hay's swell guy. "It's terribly potent. I can feel it all the way down to my toes."

He gave her a sharp glance. "Maybe you'd better get up and move around a bit," he said, and flipped off her steamer rug. "Come along."

She stood up. She did feel queer, but pleasantly so, and she was grateful to this strange young man. She smiled up at him to show him she was grateful, and he drew her hand under his arm and they swung down the deck.

"It was horrid of Hay to dump me on you this way."

"Dump nothing. I've been all of a dither to meet you."

Lora smiled at him again. She felt a little as though she were on roller skates with the steamer chairs and the sea flowing smoothly past her on either side and the fresh wind in her face. "I begin to think you were right about that cure of yours," she said as they rounded the ship's bow.

"Sure, I was right—hold tight, darling; traffic's getting congested."

SHE had lowered her head against the wind, but now she glanced up and saw two girls coming, Hannah Vines and a pretty, dark girl she did not know, swinging along arm in arm. The thing she had dreaded was about to happen and, thanks no doubt to Ollie's cure and his friendly presence, she didn't mind at all. She was glad to see Hannah. After all, Hannah was her old friend. She told her new friend excitedly, "I know that girl—the blond one. She's an old friend of mine."

"Is she!" he said, and planted himself in the middle of the deck and stretched out his arm. "Red light, ladies!"

Lora said, "Hannah! Hello, darling!"

Hannah stopped, a charming picture of Lady on Shipboard in her smart tailleur. "Oh, hello!" she said, and her blue eyes brushed Lora's and lifted to Ollie's. "Hel-lo! Aren't you energetic this morning?"

Lora dropped the hand she had held out to Hannah and managed to keep her smile in order. "So you two know each other?"

"Oh, our friendship dates from way back," Ollie said. "Let's see—was it the Statue of Liberty or the pilot ship?"

"I never can remember dates," Hannah said.

"Mother told me you were on board," Lora said. "Isn't it funny we should be crossing on the same ship?"

Now those blue eyes swung to her, cold under their raised brows. "Isn't it? You must have decided to sail rather suddenly, didn't you?"

"Yes, we—I—it was pretty sudden."

"It must have been. I happened to hear about it a couple of nights before we sailed when I ran into Judd Harcott." She gave a little laugh. "He was absolutely tight—said he was out celebrating his freedom."

She laughed as she said it and wagged her head as though deploring Judd's gaucherie, and Lora stood, her face turning from chalky white to crimson and back to chalky white again. But she tried to laugh to show that she enjoyed Hannah's little joke, too, and Hannah said, "Well, boys will be boys—come on, Mimi. Mother's making signs," and gave the dark girl's arm a tug. "Be seeing you, Ollie!"

SHE had not planned to insult Lora, for she was not, ordinarily, a malicious girl and she had always liked Lora well enough. But she had liked Judd better, secretly resented his affair with Lora, rejoiced at its failure, and felt very sorry for Judd. And here was the cause of all his misfortune, walking the deck, gay as you please, with the man she had selected as her own special diversion. Well, she had shown Lora that Judd wasn't precisely pining for his lost love, either. And she hadn't really lied; everything she had said was true enough. Judd had said he was celebrating his freedom.

Oliver Hard looked after the departing girls, then he glanced curiously down at Lora. Her face was so pinched and sick that he was alarmed. "Look," he said, "there's a porpoise!" and drew her over to the rail and said, "Funny how few of those very fair blondes have loving dispositions. I was afraid it was a mistake for us to stop her. I rather suspected little Hannah was no friend of yours."

She held tight to the rail. "Did you?"

"Definitely," he said. He turned those merry, worldly eyes of his upon her and the color came rushing, hot and painful, into her cheeks. "But I wouldn't let it bother me, if I were you. Why should you care?"

"I don't," she said, and realized the truth of that as she said it. Why should she care about Hannah, about anyone? Especially now that she didn't have to worry about Judd any more. Now that she knew he was taking it so sensibly, not just eating his heart out for her. It was absurd to eat your heart out for anyone. She made herself look at Ollie Hard, chin up, smiling. "I really don't care."

"That's better!" The wind had whipped her hair loose, bright curls feathered her hot cheeks, and her eyes were luminous with defiance and pain. Ollie Hard looked at her and thought of the things he had heard about her and was puzzled. She didn't look like a menace to him. She looked like a terribly sweet kid who had been badly hurt, so badly hurt that she couldn't conceal her wounds from the public view. He said, "Now, look here; this sort of thing happens to us all some time or other. But we don't want to give people the satisfaction of letting 'em see it hurts, do we? Thing to do when you—er—meet a friend as isn't a friend, is keep your head up—put up a front. Let on you don't give a damn; see?"

She saw, and for a moment she wished

she could drop down dead there on the deck. But healthy girls of nineteen did not drop dead—of shame, or love either, even when there was no reason for them to keep on living. And, since you couldn't die or hide under the bedclothes the rest of your life, the only thing left for you to do was to put up a front. She said, "Yes, I see."

"Sure, you do!" He slid his hand under her arm. "How about finishing our walk?"

So Lora put up a front by walking three times round the deck on Mr. Hard's arm, walking three times past the chairs where Mrs. Vines and Hannah sat, and being much too animated and interested in her new friend to notice her old ones.

When she went down to the stateroom, she found Julia there freshening up for lunch. Julia said, "Well, I see you've made friends with that nice-looking boy Hay picked up."

Lora tossed her hat on the bed, shook out her curls. "Yes. Hay knows how to pick them, doesn't he?"

Her mother looked at her. "He seems very jolly and pleasant—you look better, dear. Much better."

"I feel grand. Ollie gave me a drink."

"Ollie! He gave you a drink?"

"Oh, this wasn't just an ordinary thirst quencher. This was medicinal. Just what I needed."

Julia had the sense that someone else had spoken. That smooth, toneless voice was so unlike Lora's. The face reflected above her own in the dressing table mirror, as Lora reached for her brush, was not the stricken, lost-eyed, little-girl face of that morning. The soft, childish curves of cheek and chin and throat had hardened, the gray-green eyes looked out from between their long lashes a woman's eyes, veiled and inscrutable.

Julia did not comment on the change in her child, though each day confirmed it more surely. Somehow Lora had found the courage, or that pride of which her parents had deplored the lack, to bear the burden of her loss and disgrace. She was assured and cheerful. If she noticed that the "nice girls" aboard avoided her, she gave no sign, and Ollie Hard saw to it that she did not lack for men, for partners at deck games and dancing.

THERE was relief in this for Julia. Her troubles were no longer complicated by worry for her daughter's health nor pity for her despair. If she recognized that the rift between them was widening she was too wretched, too occupied in putting up a front herself, to bother overmuch about it. Mrs. Vines acknowledged her presence only when they chanced to meet on deck or in the lounge—"Good morning, Mrs. Paris! Lovely day!" Julia knew that their story had not stopped with the Vineses. She fancied every woman on board looked at her with the memory of those headlines in her eyes, seeing in her the mother of the girl who had been expelled from college for her scandalous conduct, seeing in her the wife of the "tailor." She longed for a sight of that strange land where she hoped no tell-tale winds could follow her.

In this she was not alone. Hannah Vines was also looking restlessly toward her journey's end. She had never enjoyed a voyage less. She said so in her letters home. She wrote her friends that the trip had been a ghastly bore; there was prac-

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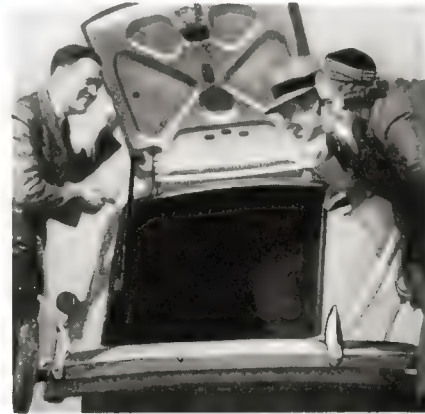
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tically no one on board, not one attractive man. And to an impulsive note to Judd Harcott she added, "Lora Paris seems to be enjoying herself, though. She's generally completely surrounded by men." . . .

Judd received that letter in a small furnished room on the top floor of a shabby house in one of the less select quarters of New York's East Side. When he had left the Perry he had complied with the clerk's request for a forwarding address. He had regretted this ever since, for Cliff Sidney had conscientiously readdressed the letters that had come to the university for his friend, and these had followed Judd, a steady stream. Letters from the men and women who had been his comrades and intimates were hard to bear, for in every protestation of their loyalty to him he read a condemnation of Lora, and his heart shook with remorse and shame. He made no attempt to answer them.

THOUGH Judd was lonely and bitter he was also young and healthy, and the belief that time would justify him and restore Lora to him grew in his heart as a pearl grows in its shell. But he was not long in learning what other men had learned before him, that there is no past nor future, that the one is an integral part of the other. Judd's past trailed him in those letters, hampered him in his search for work. In office after office, when he was lucky enough to force his way past the functionaries who guard the portals of the great, it bobbed up to block his way.

Pencil poised over paper, they dragged it out: Was he a college man? Well, yes—and no. . . . What did he mean by that? Had he flunked out of college? Well—no. . . . If he skirted those reefs successfully there was the question of references. To whom could he refer them who was not a part of that past he had renounced? Names occurred to him, names that carried promise of kindness and indulgence, but pride and a growing sense of failure kept him from appealing to them.

With each day his self-confidence waned. He never left his room that he was not ridden by a very frenzy of fear that he would meet someone he knew. He found himself haunting the shabbier streets, stammering over his applications for work—any kind of work, now, in the shabbier employment agencies. He refused a clerkship in a man's haberdashery—suppose someone he knew came in to buy a cravat—and the chance to drive the car of a man whose name was too familiar. But he accepted the job of shipping clerk in a large department store, and kept it for two days. On the

third morning he saw his fellow clerks whispering together, glancing over their shoulders at him, and walked out.

He knew it was absurd and cowardly, but introspection had eaten his courage away. Introspection and loneliness—and poverty. When he had used up what cash he possessed, he had pawned his two suitcases. But a man couldn't live on two suitcases for long. He woke one morning to find that he was penniless and shabby and hungry. He had never sent for his trunks, he could not send for them now. If he sent for his trunks that would put Cliff on his trail. He couldn't have that happen. He knew he was not being very clever. There were ways for men to get money or to live without it. He had a couple of ways in his pocket. One was a small, square diamond ring and the other was a narrow gold band.

He had been looking at those two rings on the morning that Hannah's note came. His room was cold and someone in the house was frying pancakes. He could smell them plainly but it did not bother him greatly. He was too hungry and he had just spent his last fifteen cents on a package of cigarettes.

Coming back after buying his cigarettes, he had found Hannah's letter on the cluttered hall table. The name and the picture of the elegant ship on the envelope made him smile. But he was not smiling when he had finished the letter that Hannah had written out of pique and boredom. He read it through three times and, with each reading, some tension in him slacked. For Lora really was all right, and that was what had been worrying him all these weeks—the fear that he had injured her beyond recovery and the fervent hope that one day he would be able to make amends. But now she was all right, her old joyous, light-hearted self, "completely surrounded by men"—as why shouldn't she be? He was

the last person she would ever need again, and now there was no reason why he should bother about either the past or the future.

He tore the letter to shreds and tossed it in the battered tin scrap basket. He reached for a second cigarette, but drew those two rings out of his pocket instead. He held them in the palm of his hand and looked at them, the little square diamond, the wedding ring. Come to think of it, he'd never even seen the diamond on Lora's hand. There had been plenty of time before college opened for him to take it to New York, but his mother had persuaded him that they needed him at home, and so he'd never seen Lora wearing her engagement ring.

He had seen her wearing the wedding ring, though. That day they had bought it. They had bribed the old jeweler to engrave it then and there. Then, on their way back to Forks Village, they had parked in a little pine grove and Lora had tried on the ring. For a moment she actually had been a bride.

HE DROPPED the rings in an inside pocket and got up. He'd pawn the diamond; the other one wouldn't bring enough to bother about. He had been sitting in his overcoat; now he picked up his hat and went down the musty stairs and out into the gray November day. Or was it December? He was not sure about that, not sure about much of anything except that he was going away, which was what he had been longing to do from the first. He didn't know where, that wasn't important. Anywhere would do so long as it was far enough. If he went far enough and fast enough he might even get away from himself.

The soiled old man, in the dingy, cluttered pawnshop under the elevated, looked with practiced indifference at the diamond. He was not, he said, interested in diamonds.

Diamonds were a drug on the market. There were too many good imitations these days. Still, since Judd was his first customer and he was superstitious, he would advance him something on the ring as a very particular favor.

Judd, lolling against the counter, said, "Thanks a lot, Shylock!"

"Shylock iss not my name," the old man said mildly; "it iss John. Vat iss yours, pliss?"

Judd opened his mouth to speak, closed it on a thin smile. Then he said, "That's funny. Mine's John, too—John—Harris."

Let the dead past bury its dead—and bury it deep. . . .

Julia wrote to her husband from the Pension Berri in Paris:

"The place hasn't changed much since



"The next time you fall in the well, Paw, I'm goin' to leave you there!"

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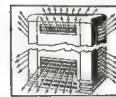
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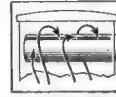
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we were here years ago. Since I wrote you last, we've moved up to the three rooms on the top floor, so that it's almost like having our own little apartment.

"Hay started school last Monday. Naturally, he doesn't like it yet, it seems very strange and 'foreign' to him, and they had to set him back two classes. But he's being tutored in French and will soon catch up, I think. For his sake it might have been better to go to England.

"You needn't have worried about Lora. She has never shown any signs of fainting again; in fact, she seems perfectly well and happy. She takes a French lesson every day and is studying art at a school on the Left Bank and doing very good work, especially with her sketching. To see her, you would think nothing unusual had happened, that we'd come abroad for pleasure or to improve our minds. This is better than having her moping, I suppose, but it is incredible, isn't it?

"The man she met on shipboard—Oliver Hard—you remember I wrote you about him—stayed in Paris a few days before going South and took Lora around a good deal. He's the son of Franklin Hard, of the Hard Manufacturing place upstate. He's a nice enough boy—good manners, well bred, and all that, but a bit flippant, the typical playboy. He's in charge of the company's plant over here in a place called Coureville. I think he and Lora are corresponding, but I'm not sure. I know she hasn't any young friends and I don't know how to arrange for her to meet any. Most of the people here at the pension are middle-aged and not very friendly.

"Be sure to eat your green salads and drink your fruit juice every day, dear. And tell the girls not to forget to water my flowers. When you come over in May, I think it would be nice to go South for a while. It's so cold here—"

COLD and sunless and bleak was Paris in January. Cold and lonely for a middle-class, middle-aged woman in exile, longing for her home and her man and the life she had lived for more than forty years. Trying to be contented, trying not to worry, trying not to *think!* And, in a Paris pension, with no house to run, no social obligations to fulfill, no holiday parties to plan for the children, no kindred souls to gossip with over a cup of tea, you had so much time to think.

It had not seemed like this eleven years ago when she and George had run away for a second honeymoon. Then the days had not been long enough, every face had been a friendly face, and adventure waited around every corner. But the consciousness of why she was there was so strong in her that she fancied it visible to every eye. "She's the woman who—" "That's the girl who—" You could say that you considered a year abroad a better finishing school for a girl than any college. But what could you say that would explain why an American boy should not be preparing for his future in his own country?

Hay came in at five, his books under his arm, his cheeks and eyes bright with cold, his mouth sulky. Julia said gaily, "Hello, darling! Cold?"

"Naw!" He threw his books on one chair, his hat on another, his coat on a third. "I'm hungry. Anything to eat?"

"I bought some fruit this morning and there are some little pastry things left."

Hay picked up one of the little pastry things. "Heck! I'm sick of pastry. Don't they ever make cake over here? I mean, regular cake, like we have at home?"

"If foreign countries were like home

there wouldn't be any point in traveling, darling," his mother said. "How did school go today?"

"Oh, all right." He dug his hands into his pockets and glared into the fire. "Only the *directeur* said he thought maybe I'd be better off in a lower class. He said he was afraid I didn't understand some of the subjects well enough to— Heck! How can I understand 'em when I don't know what they're saying half the time!"

"Well, you will soon, dear. You're getting along so well with your French."

"I am not! Whenever I say anything the kids all snicker. They're always looking at me like I was a freak or something, and when we go out for recess they stand around and make fun of me, and I can't even tell 'em where to get off because I don't know how to say it in French. Listen; it's a heck of a school, anyway. You oughta see 'em trying to play what they call football! You'd laugh your head off; and they don't have hardly any athletics at all. Honest, you oughta see the gym—" His voice choked off on the memory of another gym, another school. "And there's nothing to do *after* school. I mean, I don't know any fellas—"

Julia got up quickly, her hand pressed hard against her throat. She went to Hay and gave his head a brisk little pat. "Some day you'll be terribly glad you've had this experience, darling. I know it's hard right now, but that's only because it's so strange and new—"

"Why don't you take him home, Mother?" Lora said from the doorway.

Her mother turned sharply. "I didn't hear you come in."

"I came in half an hour ago. I've been in my room studying. I couldn't help hearing Hay. Why don't you take him home and leave me here? I'd be perfectly all right."

"Perfectly all right! A girl of your age alone in a strange city—a strange country?"

"But I really like it, and I'd be perfectly safe. And it is rough on Hay. He really should be home—and in his own school."

"Isn't it a little late for you to think of that now?" Julia said, her hand at her throat again, pressing back the accusations that filled it like a bitter torrent, not knowing that they were all there in her tortured eyes for Lora to read. "Don't talk nonsense!"

Lora said in a low voice, "I didn't think it was nonsense. You wouldn't have to stay if it weren't for me. That's why—"

"You know I wouldn't dream of leaving you here alone!"

LORA turned and went back to her own room. Her heart did not beat much faster for that scene. She had hoped, just for a moment, that Hay's pathetic outburst might triumph over her mother's sense of duty, that she would take him home. It would have made it so much easier for them all, for Julia especially. Lora had thought for a long time that it must be hard for a mother to be cooped up like this with the child who had made a lonely exile of her. With this thought always in mind, she kept out of her mother's sight as much as she could manage, spent hours studying in her room, lingered long over her art lessons, sat by the hour in the parks watching the children at play, took Hay sight-seeing whenever he was free to go.

She had done all this without thinking

or feeling too deeply about it. She saw herself as serving a sentence for her crime and was resolved to serve it as patiently as possible. But this widening rift between her and her mother was complicating things badly. And she was helpless to make things better.

She did not mind greatly for herself. The indifference she had assumed under Oliver Hard's tuition came more naturally to her now. It extended even to Judd. At first when she had thought of him—back at college, flying around in his old roadster, dancing, laughing, free once more—she had known a warm thrill of satisfaction. Judd, at least, was all right. A man could live down his youthful indiscretions, forget his youthful passions. He would take his degree in June and life would lie before him, new and exciting and full of promise. But as the days passed she thought of him less and less.

She thought of him today, though, coming from that scene with her mother, and for the first time the thought was tainted with resentment. Judd was all right—and she was glad, of course—still, he had lost nothing by that experience save an illusion or two, perhaps. She had lost everything, even her mother's love. It wasn't fair!

A FEW days after Hay's outburst Lora left the little studio on the Rue St. Jacques early. It was a half-holiday for Hay and she thought she would take him somewhere, to that quaint *musée*, perhaps, with the realistic wax figures and trick mirrors. Hay loathed museums, but he was sure to like this one.

She walked briskly across the cobbled courtyard. She was wearing the suit with the near-sables that her mother had feared was too "grown up" for her when they bought it last spring. Lora had caught up with it in the intervening months. Because she was thinner she appeared taller, her thick curls had been thinned out and "set," she wore her small, brimmed hat in the French manner—straight on her head and drawn a little over her eyes.

As she opened the heavy grilled gate she saw a tall young man leaning against the stone pilaster smiling at her, and it was a moment before she recognized Ollie Hard. She stopped short, staring. "Ollie! I thought you were in Coureville!"

"Until ten last night you were justified in thinking so," he said, and took her hand and grinned down at her. "That was the hour I boarded the *Rapide* at Marseille. Arriving in Paris at dawn, I appeased my hunger at a convenient tavern, performed my ablutions, and hied me forth to the Pension Berri, only to be informed that you had succumbed to the lure of the brush and palette—fancy my chagrin!"

She laughed. "All proper young ladies must learn to draw and speak foreign languages—"

"And play the pianoforte," he said. "Ghastly thought. Darling, you're almost as beautiful as I remembered you. How about a cup of *chocolat* at the Café Deux Maggots?"

It had been like this with them ever since that meeting on the ship. This merry worldling had dispensed with all the preliminaries. Now they might have known each other from their bread-and-milk days. "Chocolate at the Deux Maggots sounds lovely," she said.

He tucked her hand under his arm and



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they started down the noisy, crowded Rue St. Jacques. "You're not, by any chance, glad to see me, I suppose?"

"I suppose I am."

"I kind of thought you would be," he said. "That last letter of yours—well, it lacked the customary hey nonny, nonny ring."

Mats had been spread on the pavements outside the famous old cafe, the braziers were glowing. Students from the near-by ateliers—men in berets and hatless girls—were nibbling brioche and sipping chocolate at the little tables.

A waiter, recognizing these two as Americans and sensing a generous tip, led them to a table beside a brazier, and Ollie said, "*Deux chocolats*—and a couple of *brioche, garçon*." Then he said to Lora, "You look utterly lovely but different—what have you been doing to yourself, *ma chérie*?"

"I adore your French," she said.

"And I adore your eyes. But you didn't answer my question."

"It's probably my hair—I had pounds thinned out." She leaned on her elbows and smiled at him. "Now, tell me all about it? How's business and how's Coureville?"

He wagged his head and rolled his eyes. "Trying to sell electric iceboxes to people who have worried along nicely with window boxes for a thousand years isn't a business. It's a major operation. And Coureville—oo-la-la and lackaday! Coureville, little one, is not a town, it's a tradition. Would you believe that in Coureville the peasantry still goes shod in sabots and believes the radio is black magic? In Coureville oxen draw the primitive plow, and the names of Irving Berlin and Mae West were never heard in the land. The belle of the village has no ankles and a mustache, and the nearest night club is in Marseille, twenty kilometers distant!"

"I thought you looked more rested," Lora said.

"Rested, my child, is not the word. Atrophied, if you like—fossilized—mummified—"

"Poor Ollie!"

HE REACHED for her hand and squeezed it hard. "That's better. Just what I needed. Now, tell me about you—and the kid and your mother. How are they? Enjoying gay Paree?"

"Y-yes. I'm afraid they get a little homesick sometimes. My father and mother have never been separated before. Mother gets pretty lonely."

"Don't I know what *that* is! And how about yourself? Found any nice playmates?"

She looked away. "No, I haven't met—I didn't come to Paris to play."

"If anybody hears you say that the franc'll go off ten points," he said. "Well, what do you do when you're not pursuing the arts and improving your mind?"

She said restively, "Oh, I—I don't know. I manage to keep busy."

"So do I," he said, "but it takes a lot of doing sometimes. You and I ought to get together, darling. . . . Now, there's an idea. Why not come to Coureville and study the morals and manners of the native and, incidentally, cheer my lonely exile?"

"That is an idea!" She tried to say it lightly, but she detected a new note in his voice. "I'll have to think about that."

"I have been thinking about it the last couple of days," he said. "I had a hunch

you were kind of rattling around up here in the big city and I honestly think you'd like Coureville. It's a romantic spot, you know—historical ruins and ghosts. Why not marry me and come along down?"

She caught her upper lip between her teeth and the color drained slowly out of her face. "You'd better not ask me, Ollie. I might surprise you and take you up."

"It wouldn't surprise me at all. I'd think it was very sensible of you. Here you are mooning around Paris with nobody to play with and there am I in the same fix. So why not get together? Why not pool our miseries, as it were?" He lowered his voice, said close to her ear, "The best way to get over one man is to acquire another, darling."

SHE lifted startled eyes and the color came rushing back into her cheeks. "So you know about that, do you?"

"I hope you won't mind too much," he said, "but I do. I know the *real* story. Hay told me. I think he rather hoped something might come of it, and he wanted me to have my facts straight."

She faced him squarely. "You must have been amused!"

"I was. When I first heard it I couldn't believe it. I thought your little brother had been reading a book."

"One of those sloppy, old-fashioned love stories," she said.

"Yup. I couldn't believe that any girl in this enlightened age could be so—well—"

"Idiotic," she said.

"Quixotic is a nicer word, darling. Now, I wouldn't mind a quixotic wife at all."

She said, slowly crumbling a piece of brioche between her fingers, "Your offer tempts me, Ollie. But, if I should accept it, I'd only be doing it to escape."

"I realize that, and it's okay with me," he said cheerfully. "Plenty of people have married for less commendable reasons."

"Some people," she said, "marry for love."

He gave an energetic nod. "Which is all right, too, if they have the other things that go with it. But I doubt if it's as essential as the other things."

"What other things?"

"Well, if they need each other, if each has something the other requires. That, you know, is the foundation of every successful partnership." She moved her head in slow agreement. It was true. She and Judd had not really needed each other. They had wanted each other and they had had love, but they had not had the "other things" essential to a successful partnership. "Now, you and I," Ollie Hard said, "need each other. I need a companion in my exile; you need to escape, as you express it. I'm of age, solvent, of a temperate and sunny disposition. I have a hunch we'd get along fine, and what more could any couple ask? If we didn't, there's always the divorce court, and no hard feelings."

She said quietly, "You're being very frank and generous with me, Ollie, so I'll be frank with you, too. I like you a lot, but I don't want to marry you—I don't want to marry anybody, but I would like to make it possible for my mother and brother to go back home. They're only staying over here on my account, and they both hate it—and it's terribly hard on my father, too." Her hands were quiet in her

lap, now, her eyes fixed, steady and grave, on his. "I've thought and thought—in novels, girls in a position like mine would run away and get a job—"

"And marry the rich boss," he said.

"Yes. But there's nothing I can do. I never finished college and I haven't any talent—except for drawing pictures! Besides, I couldn't do anything like that—like running away. That would only make things look worse. But if I married—"

"Marriage would resolve all your difficulties, darling. It's the perfect solution."

She looked at him. His mouth was smiling, but its merry skepticism was a little forced and his worldly dark eyes were hopeful. She said, "Did you come to Paris especially to rescue me, Ollie?"

"Yeah, but I had an ulterior motive, so don't order up any halos. You've been on my mind for weeks. I kind of guessed how things would be for you up here, because once people get themselves in a mess like this, well, it's kind of like falling into a swamp. The harder you try to get out the more messed up you get—"

"Yes," she said eagerly. "That's it! I've tried and tried—"

"And you see, I happen to want to marry you very much, darling," he said. . . .

JULIA was in her room when Lora brought Ollie Hard to her. She had been waiting for Hay and Lora and the gong for *déjeuner*, and at first glance she did not recognize the tall young man with her daughter. There was an unfinished sweater in her lap and knitting needles in her hand, but she had been gazing out of the window at the few thin rays of sunlight on the garden wall and her eyes were a little blinded by that unusual light, so that for a moment she thought Ollie was Judd Harcott. Then he came toward her and she recognized him. She was not very glad to see him. She did not dislike him, but she had sensed from the first that he *did* dislike her. She tried to make her voice sound cordial: "How do you do, Mr. Hard!"

Ollie said, "How are you?" and asked if he might sit down, and drew a chair closer to hers. Then he said in that pleasant, half-mocking way of his, "I'm afraid this is going to surprise you a little, Mrs. Paris, but I've come to ask you if you've any objection to my marrying Lora. I've just asked her to be my wife and I'm happy to say she has consented—"

He stopped there to pick up the sweater and yarn that had dropped from Julia's lap as she stood up. She stood there rigid, her eyes on Lora, who was sitting in the center of a small brocaded divan. She stood looking at her child as though she had never seen her before, as though she had suddenly discovered something so incredible, so monstrous that she could not believe in it. "Marry her! Lora has *consented* to marry you?"

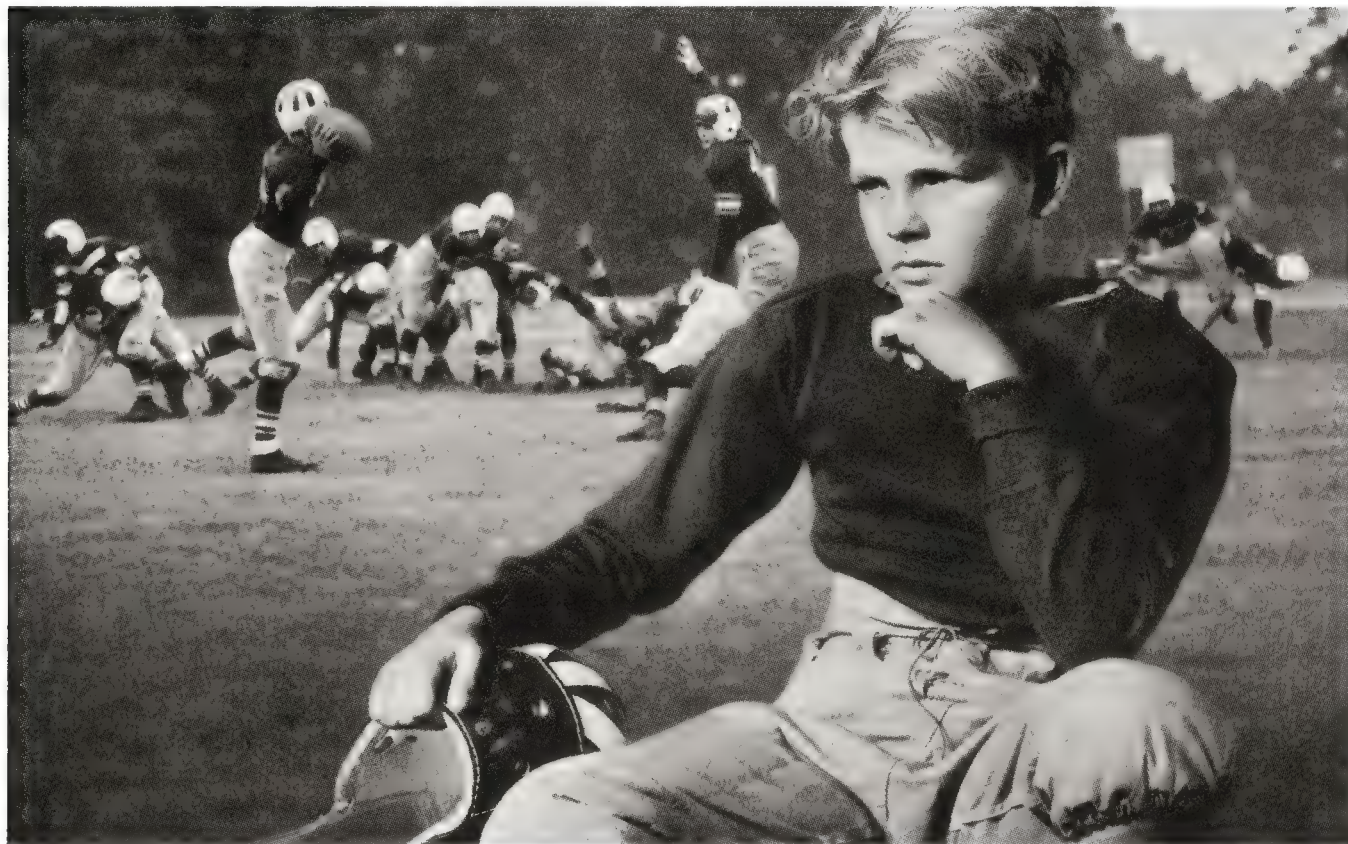
Ollie said imperturbably, "We hoped you would approve—"

"Approve!" Julia said, whirling on him

"Naturally, you will want to know that I'm in a position to support a wife," he said, with just a trace of irony. "I can assure you that I am. As to my character, family position, antecedents, and all that, I think I can show you—"

"Lora! Is—is this a joke?"

"Goodness, no!" Lora said, and sprang up and came across the room and stood beside Ollie Hard. "It isn't a joke at all! It's



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THERE he sat on the sidelines . . . all through football days. With the finest new football outfit in the neighborhood . . . with everything but a place on the eleven.

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perfectly serious. Don't you see? We—"You want to marry this man? You could marry him—?"

"Ollie's fine—and I *want* to marry him," Lora said, her voice a little high but quite steady. "If you're worrying about that other affair, he knows all about it and doesn't mind at all. He knows it wasn't serious—that it was only a boy-and-girl affair—just as you always said it was—"

Julia stepped back from her. "Only a— a boy-and-girl affair!"

"Yes. And this isn't like that, Mother. This is perfectly sensible and businesslike. We know what we're doing."

WITHOUT taking his eyes off Julia, Ollie reached out and drew Lora close to his side. He said, "We hoped you'd be glad about this, Mrs. Paris. We hoped you'd give us your consent and your blessing—"

"But you don't insist on it," Julia said. "That's what you mean, isn't it? You'd marry her without it—a girl you scarcely know—"

"I'm sorry to contradict, but I think I

know Lora very well. Better, perhaps, than some people who have known her longer!"

"—you would marry her, knowing we're alone over here—knowing her father is three thousand miles away—"

"Isn't that all the more reason why she should have a husband to look after her?"

"I don't think Dad will mind, Mother," Lora said. "Of course, it would be fine if he could be here, but we want to be married at once. Ollie's all alone in Coureville; he has a darling old house with a walled garden and fig trees—think of it, in January! But it's lonely for him and he needs me. We're not going to have a real wedding—I won't need any trousseau—we're just going to be married by the registrar or whatever you call him—"

"You are!" Julia said. "You've decided all that? You've made all your plans?"

"Yes," Lora said, "we've made all our plans."

That night last autumn when she had put on her grown-up suit and near-sables to go and meet Judd, she had had a delicious fear that he might not recognize her

in her city clothes. It was a groundless fear, for the girl in the city clothes was still the girl he had met on the beach hugging the beach ball in the curve of her slender waist, a merry, sun-bronzed girl smiling at him from under lashes that curled up and back like a child's. Judd would still have recognized her that night at the Perry, but it is doubtful if he would have done so now. Even her mother's eyes searched in vain for some sign of that rosy, buoyant girl, trying to penetrate the protective front Lora had built up, but it was like shooting at a stone wall with one of those rubber-tipped arrows Hay used to play with.

JULIA could have screamed with the futility of her own despair. She said, her eyes moving helplessly between them, "I don't know what to say! Lora, I don't think you realize—you *can't* realize—what you're doing! I think you should wait—for a little while, anyway—think this over—"

"What is there to wait for?" Lora said, and smiled a little. "No, I'm going through with it—this time."

(To be Continued)

PICTURE STAR

TO Golf Bride

(Continued from page 43)

head. There were no burrs on Jimmy's, and not much sand.

"That's good," she said. "When your husband comes in with socks like these, never ask any questions about his game—or about anything else. Just keep quiet. It means he's been in the rough and in every trap on the course, and if you try to be sweet and interested in his work and ask, 'Darling, how did you hit them today?' he'll bite your head off."

I returned to our room and became acquainted with the sock stretchers, which were to be my closest companions. Next to Jimmy's clubs, which he takes care of, the most important articles of equipment we carry are the stretchers. You may leave your jewels behind or your best clothes, and it won't disturb your husband, but once forget those stretchers and the whole world blows up. The best way to tell a tournament golfer's wife is by those

forms—often with drying socks on them—that are strapped on one of her suitcases.

There are sixteen important open golf tournaments in the winter at resorts from Los Angeles to Nassau and about the same number in the summer. The National Open and the Professional Golfers' Association tournaments are competitions for the big open titles. Many of the others are shows, put on by cities or hotels or clubs that offer prize money to bring the best golfers to town to publicize the place. Golfers play in these tournaments, paying all their expenses and an entry fee, first, in the hope of gaining or keeping a reputation; second, to earn enough prize money to help the family budget.

About thirty golfers comprise the herd of regulars who tour the circuit, usually in their automobiles, and twenty to twenty-five bring their wives along. These players don't live entirely upon their tournament winnings. They play exhibition matches, hold more or less profitable jobs as pros at golf clubs, and receive fees for helping to advertise certain brands of clubs and balls. But their careers depend upon their reputations. If you're not near the top in plenty of tournaments you just don't make a living any more.

SHOOTING at the Bigs, when a tournament begins, are fifty youngsters, many of them former caddies, like some of today's best. They're in there fighting to become famous pros themselves, and there's coming a time when some of them will be in and we shall be out.

In tournament after tournament I watch Jimmy go out to battle to hold his place with the good ones. Near me are a score of other wives, with the same worries, each hoping with all that is in her that her husband will win from all the other husbands. And always, sitting timidly in a corner, their hearts beating just as furiously as ours, are a group of very young girls, the wives of the kids who are

just starting. Many have made real sacrifices to get the money to pay their expenses at the tournaments. Those boys will lose in this tournament and in the next one, and the girls have weeping and heartbreaks and hard times ahead of them. But some day the turn may come.

THE fascinating lure of the golf tournament is the often demonstrated fact that almost any good golfer may suddenly become, for the time being, the best in the world and win a big tournament and fame and fortune. He gets the breaks, he hits them right, and nobody can beat him. Before each tournament every wife thinks, "*This time it will be my husband!*"

Because luck plays such a big part, most of us are superstitious—but we don't like to admit it.

In the 1936 P.G.A. tournament, Jimmy got off to a good start, qualifying and winning his first match. I wore a blue suit the first day and Jimmy was sure that had something to do with it, so I wouldn't change. He decided his socks helped him win, too, and wouldn't let me wash them. He won, day after day, he in the unwashed socks, I in the wrinkled blue suit.

He was to meet Craig Wood in the semifinals, and the morning of the match we had breakfast with the Woods. We are good friends, but all of us were under a strain and had little to say. Craig and Jimmy were nearing the finish in the second biggest professional tournament in the United States. One would put the other out of it that day and would become—at worst, runner up; perhaps the P.G.A. champion.

Finally, Jackie Wood looked at me and asked, "Haven't you been wearing that suit all the week?"

I said, "Yes," and went on with my breakfast.

She laughed. "Me, too. Look at this awful dress. Craig won't let me change it."

The tension was broken. I grinned,

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And it's a fact. These new, bigger, roomier refrigerators are by far the most economical that G-E ever built. In spite of greater cold producing capacity, they consume far less current—probably a fraction of what your present old-fashioned refrigerator uses. That's because of *oil cooling*, the new advancement from the "House of Magic" that assures less current consumption, even quieter operation, more *enduring economy!*

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and said, "Jimmy won't let me wash his socks."

"Neither will Craig. What do you do with them?"

"I wrap them in newspapers," I said.

"I put Craig's in the bathroom and close the door," she chuckled.

And, partners in witchcraft, we were relaxed again.

Jackie must have accidentally let a drop of water fall on Craig's socks, for Jimmy won. And then came the finals.

Jimmy was to play Denny Shute, and before the match, still in the blue suit, I met Hettie Shute.

"Good luck," I said.

"Good luck to you," she said.

Neither of us meant a word of it, but misfortune is sure to fall upon you if you wish another any harm.

AFTER that first tournament in Salt Lake City, Jimmy decided he didn't play so well when I followed him, so I sat on the veranda knitting jittery stitches while he was out on the course. Denny Shute, like a number of other golfers, thinks he plays better when his wife is watching, so Hettie was all ready to follow the match. She carried a seat cane, which I had seen many times. But now it was different. A horseshoe was fastened to it.

That bothered me. I thought perhaps I should have a horseshoe, too. And my hunch was right.

In the afternoon as I sat on the veranda, hardly daring to breathe, the newspapermen came with bad tidings—Jimmy was dropping behind. I dug into my purse and drew out a little stone image, a Maori "ticky," which I had bought in Australia in 1934 just before Jimmy won the Melbourne Open and \$5,000.

"Come on, ticky," I begged; "beat the horseshoe."

The news came that Jimmy was three down and had only a few holes left. That's bad in match play; you run out of holes.

Somebody yelled, "Shute wins!" I saw the gallery coming toward the clubhouse, led by Denny and Jimmy. If I hadn't known the result I could have told that Jimmy had lost. When you see your husband coming toward the last green you can tell by the way he walks whether he is up or down. Some golfers, when they are downhearted, drop their heads. Jimmy always has his chin up, his eyes rove over the crowd, he's looking for me, and I love him for it. When he has won he likes to be with the men to talk it all over. When you're a loser the only person who listens sympathetically is your wife.

As I ran toward Jimmy I bumped into Hettie Shute, carrying the damned old horseshoe. In golf you take it and like it, and I put on my best smile and congratulated her. Then I kissed Jimmy and said, "It's grand, Jimmy. You finished second—not third or fourth or fifth, but second! Think of that!"

Jimmy's a swell loser. He grinned and said, "That is somepin', isn't it, honey?" But we didn't do any celebrating.

Last winter he won the Richmond Open and was second in the 1936 P.G.A., the Los Angeles, Vancouver, Hershey, Canadian, and Charleston opens. It's great to be a winner, but it is something to be Number 2. But, win or lose, the strain of those close finishes wrecks the nervous system of a wife.

In 1931, at Toledo, Billy Burke tied with George Von Elm for first place in the National Open. The play-off the next day ended in another tie. Toots Von Elm and Marguerite Burke were almost psychopathic cases when their husbands started out for the second play-off, which Burke was to win by a nose. I was sitting with them at the clubhouse and Marguerite twisted her handkerchief and, almost weeping, said, "I don't care *who* wins! They've got to get it finished! I can't stand it!"

Mrs. Von Elm, all jittery, moaned, "I haven't slept for two nights. That's the way I feel, too."

All day they sat there side by side like two forlorn little girls, waiting for a hurricane to blow itself out.

The cruelest twist of fortune I ever saw came to Emma Cooper, one of the youngest and loveliest of the wives, on the last day of the 1936 National Open Championship. The boys agree that Harry Cooper is the best shotmaker in golf, but because of bad breaks he has never won a National Open nor a P.G.A. championship. Harry came in with a score that couldn't be beaten, so the newspapermen said.

Harry and Emma hung back, for there were still good golfers out on the course, but the newspapermen got hold of them, the photographers lined up, they handed Harry the cup, began taking pictures, and hundreds of persons fought to shake Harry's hand. In the excitement Emma found herself convinced that at last Harry had captured the National Open. It was the proudest moment in her life.

At the height of the excitement somebody cried, "Tony Manero's gone crazy! He's on the seventeenth and needs only two pars to beat Cooper!"

Nobody had paid much attention to Tony Manero. He was a 20-to-1 shot in the betting. It turned out later that he had bet almost his last \$100 on himself.

In a flash the crowd left the Coopers as though they were lepers. Led by galloping reporters and photographers, 2,000 people stampeded down the course toward the seventeenth green to watch Manero. A moment before, everybody had been Harry Cooper's bosom pal. Now Harry and Emma stood there alone, gasping, holding the cup they had thought was theirs, which fifteen minutes later was to be handed to Tony Manero.

Emma ran for the women's locker-room. She couldn't keep back the tears.

THE trouble with this game is that there is no middle ground. One person's victory must be another's disaster. While Emma was drying her tears in the dressing-room, pulling herself together to come out like a good sportsman to congratulate the winner, down on the eighteenth was Mrs. Tony Manero, quite rightfully rejoicing and triumphant, as *her* husband after many lean years at last reached the heights.

In 1935 in Pittsburgh, in the National Open, Jimmy had three great rounds and was leading the field, and the pressure was terrific. Right on his heels were the greatest golfers in the world, former National Open and P.G.A. champions. Jimmy had a three-stroke lead on the last day and I thought he was set to be Open Champion, with all the glory and luxuries that go with it. But Sam Parks,

Jr., was hot, sinking putts from any spot on the green. And Jimmy used bad judgment and the wrong club on the thirteenth. That one mistake gave him second place instead of first. And Sam won. The next day I broke out with boils.

Jo Espinosa, wife of Al Espinosa, comforted me. Jo is the veteran in our group, perky and full of energy. For seventeen years she has been going to golf tournaments and has followed Al in every round, rain or shine. In a *Believe It or Not*, Ripley once said she had seen Al play 75,000 holes of golf. She is the only golfer's wife I know who never worries and who is not superstitious.

Jo told me how Al lost the National Open to Bobby Jones in 1929. Trying to get a four on a five par hole, Al used a wooden club out of a shallow trap, when he should have taken an iron and played safe. Jo was standing there watching and saw his shot go wrong. He took an eight. Al tied with Bobby and in the play-off Bobby won. If Al had only taken a seven on that five-par hole, he would have been Open Champion. That's how close those finishes are.

When she told me about it Jo smiled. "You girls take these things too seriously," she said. "Just figure on the law of averages. If you lose this week, be happy in the knowledge that you're sure to win next week."

Mrs. Espinosa is an extraordinary woman. She is absolutely unselfish. She mothers the young golf players and tries to calm the wives. She has devoted her married life to Al's golf.

"I started following Al when he was a youngster, at his first tournament," she told me once. "I've been right beside him in every tournament ever since."

THE boys say Al and Jo never speak on the golf course, but that Al seldom plays a tough shot without looking over and getting a smile of encouragement from her. He's the kind of golfer who is dangerous to the last shot and they say that Jo, just by being there, keeps him fighting.

She becomes indignant when she meets the wife of a businessman who plays only Saturdays and Sundays, a wife who whines that she is a golf widow, that her husband bores her to death with his golf talk.

I've heard her tell them, "Why, Mrs. Blank, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! When a husband takes up golf he gives his wife the finest opportunity in the world for her to hold him and to keep the home happy. All she has to do is to take an interest in his game, a real interest, and that's easy, for there's nothing on earth as fascinating as golf. She doesn't have to *play* golf if she doesn't want to. But she can learn about it and listen and know what it's all about when her husband tells her how he cured his slice and what his new putter is doing for him. If she does that, no other woman can ever take her husband away from her. And if she won't do that—she *deserves* to lose him!"

And, by golly, I think that's true talk!

Estelle Armour usually starts out with Tommy and follows him as long as he's going good. If you see Estelle coming back over the hill all alone, you know Tommy is slipping and that Estelle has left, fearing that she's a Jonah.

Byron Nelson's pretty young wife, Louise, has an affliction that distresses her

terribly. She wants to follow Byron, but she has hay fever, and even out of hay fever season she is likely to sneeze at any moment. The first time she went around with him, two years ago when he was just beginning to show that he is a great golfer, she sneezed as he made an important putt. He missed. He forgave her, but a few holes later she sneezed again, and he hooked a drive into deep rough. The next day she went around and controlled her sneezes, smothering them or swallowing them or whatever it is you do to put a silencer on sneezes. But Byron had a bad round. Those sneezes were on his mind and, every time he started to make a shot, subconsciously he was expecting to hear a sneeze. So Louise stays on the veranda and does her sneezing and her worrying there.

GOLFERS are always worrying about their swing and their hands and their putting touch. They're bitter antagonists out on the course, but once a match is over they're great friends; and after a bad round one of the boys will get two or three of the others together and ask, "What am I doing that's wrong?" and take fifteen or twenty swings, and they look him over and try to straighten him out. Once Jimmy began to miss his short putts, which is a condition that doesn't disturb you any more than if you'd been sentenced to hang next Thursday. Leo Diegel said, "Jimmy, I've got a light putter that I think will be just the thing for you." He gave Jimmy the putter, and the next day Jimmy took a 71 to Leo's 74.

None of the wives play golf, and the boys never ask us for anything but psychological help. There was one exception. One evening, in their hotel room, Violet Diegel took a putter out of Leo's bag and began idly knocking a ball toward an ash tray that she put on the floor across the room. She hit it every time. Leo said she was pretty good, and forgot about it. Until the next day, when he took three putts on three greens. That night at the hotel he took out his putter and some balls, and put the ash tray on the rug and said hopefully, "Violet, show me how you were putting last night." Then he practiced, her way. The next day his putting touch was O.K.

Almost anything, the boys believe, can ruin their swing. Once, in California, Harry and Emma Cooper awoke to find an earthquake shaking the hotel. They jumped out of their beds and Emma thought, of course, that Harry would grab her and carry her to safety. Instead, he planted his bare feet on the carpet and feverishly started to swing an imaginary club. He wanted to be sure the shock hadn't hurt his timing.

Jimmy and I were late to a football game one day and, as we ran from the parking lot, he stepped into a hole, fell in the mud, lost his hat, and twisted an ankle. He pulled himself to his feet and began to swing. Other people were rushing toward the stadium, too, but they stopped to watch this muddy, bareheaded man wave his arms over nothing. They must have thought we were crazy.

We wives now and then have quarrels

with our husbands, just like any married couples, but as a class I think our married lives are happier than most. As far as I know Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hagen are the only ones who have been divorced.

"Unless a woman is a golf addict herself," Mrs. Hagen told reporters, "she should never marry a confirmed golfer. It can only end on the rocks."

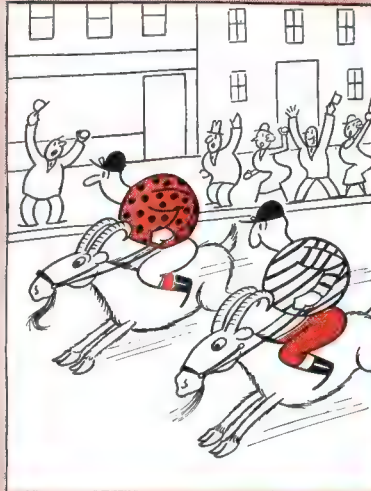
Well, none of us were golf addicts when we married our husbands, none of us play golf, but I think you'd call us all golf addicts now. We're not busy playing golf, but we're on the jump keeping our husbands in the right state of mind. They're grand boys, all of them. Golf seems to develop that kind. But they must be treated like little children. Your

✱ ✱ ✱ ✱ ✱

It's the LAW!

BY DICK HYMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. SOGLOW



It is illegal to ride or drive a goat in a race over Wilmington, Del., streets



Fargo, N. Dak., requires all women to remove their hats while dancing



In the town of Lead, S. Dak., it is unlawful to encourage dogs to fight



Minnesota forbids women to impersonate Santa Claus on the street

IT'S THE LAW appears each month in *The American Magazine*

heart bleeds for them and you try to comfort them when Santa Claus doesn't bring the championship they wished for, and you rejoice with them when he does.

Mrs. Armour grimly says they're like high-strung race horses and you must handle them as though you were a trainer—except that you restrain an impulse to shoot them when they break down.

It's a goofy life, a constant gamble, and most of the time I'm out of my mind. Next week my plans for a new winter coat may fly out the window on the wings of a missed putt. Or Jimmy may be lucky and put together four hot rounds and "we" shall be the world's greatest golfer. It doesn't make sense.

But, gee, how I love it!

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DUST *across* *the Range*

(Continued from page 30)

for a time with his head dropped against the sharp cantle, while the whirling, nauseating darkness spun through his brain. The orders came to him again, insistently. He raised his left foot. A hand guided it into the stirrup.

"Now one big heave, and you'll be in

Then a blowing darkness overcame his brain again. He managed to keep his hands locked on the pommel; and the nausea covered his body with cold runnels of sweat. A voice entered his mind from far ahead, sometimes speaking clearly, and sometimes as dim and far as though it were blowing away on a wind. Whenever he heard it, new strength came into him, and hope with it.

It told him to endure. It said that they had reached the bridge. In fact, he heard the hoofbeats of the horse strike hollow beneath him. He saw, dimly, the silver of water under the moon. The voice said they were nearing the Hancock place, if only he could hold on a little. But he knew that he could not hold on. A sense like

girl tried to support him and guide him. Then many heavy footfalls rushed out about him. The voice of Jan Erickson roared out like the furious, huge, wordless bellowing of a bull. The enormous hands and arms of Jan Erickson lifted him, cradled him lightly, took him through the doorway.

"Louise," he whispered, "I love you . . ."

He could make out the sound of her voice, but not the answering words. Clearer to his mind was the sense of wonderful relief in finding his men back safely, at the Hancock place. He wanted to give thanks for that. He felt stinging tears of gratitude under his eyelids and kept his eyes closed, so that the tears should not be seen.

He could hear Lefty Parkman screech out like a fighting tomcat, "Look at his face! . . . Look at his face! Oh, God, look what they've done to him! Look what they gone and done to the chief!"

And there was Pudge Major giving utterance in a strange, weeping whine: "They dragged him. They took and dragged him. They took and dragged him like a stinking coyote."

"Get out of my way!" shouted Jan Erickson. "I'm gunna kill some of 'em!"

The stairs creaked. They were taking him up to his room. The air was much hotter inside the house, and warmer and warmer the higher they carried him. But he began to relax toward sleep.

THE girl, running up the stairs behind the men, cried out to them that she wanted to help tend him. One of the brown-faced, big-shouldered fellows turned and looked at her as no man had ever looked at her before.

"Your dirty, sneaking crowd done this to the chief!" he said. "Why don't you go back where you come from? Why don't you go and crow and laugh about it, like the others are doing? Go back and tell your pa that we're gunna have blood for this. We're gunna wring it out, like water out of the Monday wash! . . . Get out!"

Lefty Parkman left the house and sprinted away for a car to drive to Poplar Springs for a doctor; and Louise Miller went down the stairs into the hall.

The angry, muttering voices of the CCC men passed on out of her ken, and the blond giant who was carrying the weight of Mortimer so lightly. She looked helplessly into the parlor, and there saw Charles Hancock lying on his couch dressed in shorts and a jacket of thin Chinese silk, with the materials for his rum punch scattered over the table beside him. He got up when he saw her and waved his hand. He seemed made of differing component parts—prematurely old boy, and decayed scholar, and drunken satirist.

"Come in, Lou," he said. "Your boys been having a little time for themselves beating up Harry Mortimer? . . . Come in and have a drink of this punch. You look as though you need it. You look as though you'd been through quite a stampede yourself!"

She became aware for the first time of the torn chiffon and her bare shoulder. The bleared, sneering eyes of Charlie Hancock made her feel naked. But she had to have an excuse for staying in the house



"Tackle low!" yelled Mortimer, and dived at Sam's knees

the saddle. Come on, and up you go."

He felt an ineffectual force tugging and lifting at him; his muscles automatically responded and he found himself slumped in the saddle, his head hanging far down. There was no strength in the back of his neck. He wanted to vomit. But there was that uncompleted battle which had to be fought.

"Are you gone?" said Mortimer. "I love you!"

that of sure prophecy told him that he was about to die and that he never would reach the haven of the ranch house.

And then, suddenly, the outlines of the house were before him.

He steeled himself to endure the dismounting, to gather strength that would pull his leg over the back of the horse.

Now he was standing beside it, wavering.

He made a vast effort to steer his feet toward the faintly lighted doorway. The

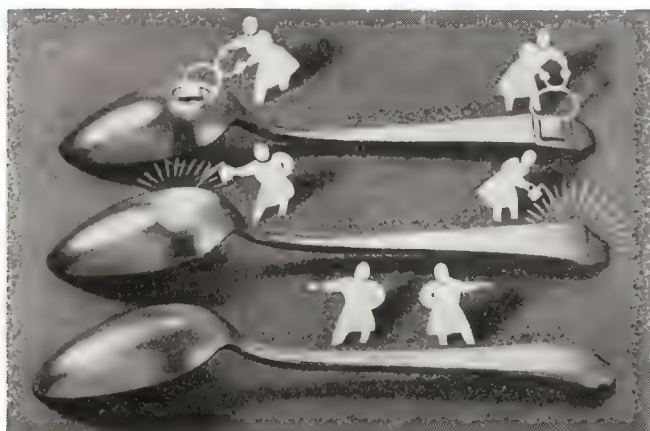
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until she had a doctor's opinion about Mortimer's condition. The picture of the dragging, tumbling body at the end of the rope kept running like a madness through her memory, and the closing eyes and the battered lips that said he loved her. For love like that, which a man commingles with his dying breath, it seemed to the girl, was a sacred thing which most people never know; and the glory of it possessed her strongly, like wings lifting her heart. Such a knowledge was given to her, she thought, that she had become mature. The girl of that afternoon was a child and a stranger to her, in thought and in feeling.

She was so filled with unspeakable tenderness that even that rum-bloated caricature of a man, Charles Hancock, was a figure she could look upon with a gentle sympathy. For he, after all, had been living in the same house with the presence of Harry Mortimer for two long years. Viewed in that light, he became a treasure house from which, perhaps, she could draw a thousand priceless reminiscences about the man she loved. That was why she went to Hancock with a smile and shook his moist, fat hand warmly.

"I will have a drink," she said. "I need one."

"Wang!" shouted Hancock. "Hot water. . . . Take this chair, Lou. . . . And don't look at the rug and the places where the wallpaper is peeling. Our friend Mortimer says that this is a pigpen. He won't live here with me. That connoisseur of superior living prefers to spend most of his time with the gang of brutes in the big shed behind the house. Sings with 'em; sings for 'em; dances for 'em; does a silly buck and wing just to make 'em laugh; plays cards with 'em; gives up his life to 'em the way a cook serves his steak on a platter. . . . By the way, did your boys break any of the Mortimer bones?"

HIS eyes watched with a cruelly cold expectancy. Loathing went with a shudder through the marrow of her bones, but she kept herself smiling, wondering how Mortimer had endured two years of this. She thought of the years of her own life as a vain blowing hither and thither, but at last she had come to a stopping point. Her heart poured out of her toward the injured man who lay above them, where the heavy footfalls trampled back and forth and deep-throated, angry murmurings continued.

"I don't know how badly he's injured," she said. "I don't think any bones . . . if there isn't internal injury . . . but God wouldn't let him be seriously hurt by brutes and cowards!"

Hancock looked at her with a glimmering interest rising in his eyes. "Ah, ha!" he chuckled. "I see."

She had her drink, by that time, and she paused in the careful sipping of it. "You see what, Charlie?" she asked.

He laughed outright, this time. "I put my money against it. I wouldn't have believed it," he said.

"What wouldn't you have believed?" asked the girl.

"For my part," said Hancock, "I love living, Lou. I love to let the years go by like a stream, because . . . do you know why?"

"I don't know," she answered, watching



Lou and her father stood looking at him without a word

him anxiously and wondering if he were very drunk.

He took a swallow that emptied his glass, and with automatic hands began brewing another potion. Still his shoulders shook with subdued mirth.

"I don't want to be rude, but . . ." said Hancock, and broke into a peal of new laughter.

The girl flushed. "I can't understand you at all, Charlie," she said.

"Can't understand me? Tut, tut! I'm one of the simple ones. I'm understood at a glance. I'm clear glass . . . I'm not one of the cloudy, mysterious figures like Mortimer."

"Why is he cloudy and mysterious?" she asked.

"To go in one direction for two years, and wind up on the opposite side of the horizon . . . that's a mystery, isn't it?" asked Hancock, with his bursting chuckle.

"Two years in one direction?" she repeated, guessing, and then blushing, and hating herself for the color which she knew, was pouring up across her face.

HANCOCK watched her with a surgeon's eye. He shook his head as he murmured, "I wouldn't believe it. All in a tremor . . . and blushing. Mystery? Why, the man's loaded with mystery!"

"Charlie," she said, "if I know what you're talking about, I don't like it very well."

"Oh, we'll change the subject, then, of course," said Hancock. "Only thing in the world I'm trained to do is to try to please the ladies. You never guessed that, Lou, did you? You see, I don't succeed very well, but I keep on trying."

"Trying to please us?" she asked.

"Yes, trying. But I never really succeed. Not like the men of mystery. They don't waste time on gestures. They simply step out—and they bring home the bacon!"

He laughed again, rubbing his hands.

"Are you talking about Harry Mortimer and me?" she asked, taking a deep breath as she forced herself to come to the point.

"Talking about nothing to offend you," said Hancock. "Wouldn't do it for the world. . . . Can't tell you how I admire that Mortimer. Shall I tell you why?"

She melted at once. "Yes, I want to hear it," she said.

"Ah, there you are with the shining eyes and the parted lips," said Hancock. "And that's the picture he said he would paint, too. And here it is, painted!"

The words lifted her slowly from her chair.

Hancock was laughing too heartily to be aware of her. "Mystery? He's the deepest man of mystery I've ever known in my life," he said. "There's the end of the road for him. No way to get ahead. Blocked on every side in his mission of teaching us all how to use the range and button the grass to the ground permanently. He's blocked; can't get past John Miller. . . . But if he can't get past John Miller, at least he can get past an easier obstacle. And he does!"

He laughed again, still saying, through his laughter, "But the rich Lou Miller, the beautiful Lou Miller, the spark of fire, the whistle in the wind, the picture that shines in every man's eyes . . ." Here laughter drowned his voice.

"Sit down, Lou!" he said. "I tell you, I love an efficient man, and that's why I love this Mortimer. If he can't win the

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men, he'll try the women. Two years in one direction gets him nothing. So he turns around and goes in the opposite direction, and all at once he's home! Wonderful, I call it. Simply wonderful! And in a single evening! Even if he's beaten up a bit, he comes safely home and brings Beauty beside the Beast. Knew he would, too. Ready to bet on it."

"To bet on it?" asked the girl, feeling a coldness of face as though a strong wind were blowing against her.

"What did I say?" asked Hancock.

"Nothing," said the girl.

"Sit down, Lou."

"No, I have to go home. The barbecue is still running. Hundreds of people there. . . . Good-by, Charlie!"

"Oh, but you can't go like this. I have a thousand things to tell you about Mortimer."

"I think I've heard enough," said the girl. "I didn't realize that he was such a man of—of mystery. But you're right, Charlie. I suppose you're right."

She felt the bitter emotion suddenly swelling and choking in her throat, for she was remembering how Mortimer, stunned and mindless after his fall, had clung still to a monotonous refrain, telling her over and over again that he loved her. She knew that he was a fighting man, and he had clung like a bulldog to his appointed task of winning her even when the brain was stunned. The clearest picture before her mind was of the two men talking in this room, with laughter shaking the paunch of Charlie Hancock as he bet with Mortimer that the tenderfoot could not go to the barbecue and put Lou Miller in his pocket. Shame struck her with the edge and coldness of steel. She turned suddenly and went out into the moonlight to where Hampton was waiting. . . .

WHEN Mortimer wakened late that night he heard the snoring of three of the Hancock cowpunchers in an adjoining room. His brain was perfectly clear now, and only when he moved in his bed did he feel the soreness of bruised muscles.

"How you coming, Chief?" asked the voice of Jan Erickson.

He looked up into the face of the huge Swede, who was leaning from his chair, a shadow wrapped in bright moonlight.

"I'm fit and fine," said Mortimer. "Go to bed, Jan."

"I ain't sleepy," declared Jan Erickson. "Tell me who done it to you."

"A few drunken cowpunchers," said Mortimer.

"Was that big feller Wilson one of them? The feller you licked?"

"No. He wasn't one of them."

"That's good," said Erickson, "because he's taken and

run away from the Chappany. He didn't like the side of the range that you showed him, and he run off to Poplar Springs on his way back home. But what was the names of the others?"

"I didn't recognize them," lied Mortimer.

"It was some of Miller's men, wasn't it?" persisted Jan.

"I don't think so," answered Mortimer. "Stop bothering me and go to bed, Jan."

"How many was there?" asked Erickson, a whine of eagerness in his voice.

"A crowd. I couldn't recognize anyone. It's all over. Forget it."

Erickson was silent for a moment, and then his whisper reached Mortimer: "God strike me if I forget it!" . . .

A healthy man can sleep off most of his physical troubles. Mortimer was not roused in the morning when the Hancock cowpunchers clumped down the stairs with jingling spurs. He slept on till almost noon, and then wakened from a melancholy dream to find the wind whistling and moaning around the house and the temperature fallen far enough to put a shiver in his body. When he stood up there were only a few stiffnesses in his muscles. The night before, it was apparent, he simply had been punch-drunk.

A bucket of water in a galvanized iron washtub made him a bath. As he sloshed the chill water over his body his memory stepped back into the dimness of the previous evening. Most of it was a whirling murk through which he could remember the nodding head of Hampton, bearing him forward, and the perpetual disgust of nausea, and his own voice saying, "I love you!" That memory struck him into a sweat of anxious shame until the foggy veil lifted still farther. He could not remember her answer in words, but he could recall the tenderness of her voice and how her arms had held him.

Lightning jagged before Mortimer's eyes and split open his old world to the core. First a sense of guilt ran with his pulses,

like the shadowy hand of the referee counting out the seconds of the knockdown. But she never would know, he told himself, if a life of devotion could keep her from the knowledge. He had gone to her ready to lie like a scoundrel, and he had come away with the thought of her filling his mind like a light. Slowly toweling his body dry, he fell into a muse, re-seeing her, body and spirit. That high-headed pride now seemed to him no more than the jaunty soul which is born of the free range. That fierce loyalty which kept her true to her father in every act and word would keep her true to a husband in the same way. She never could turn again, he told himself. And he saw his life extending like a smooth highway to the verge of the horizon. With her hand to open the door to him and give him authority, he would have the entire range, very soon, using those methods which would give the grasslands eternal life. He had been almost hating the stupid prejudices and the blindness of the ranchers; now his heart opened with understanding of them all.

HE DRESSED with stumbling hands, and noted the purple bruised places and where the skin had rubbed away in spots, but there was nothing worth a child's notice except a dark, swollen place that half covered his right eye and extended back across the temple. He could shrug his shoulders at such injuries, if only the scalp wound were not serious. When he had shaved, he went out to the barracks shed to let Shorty examine the cut.

Shorty took off the bandage, washed the torn scalp, and wound a fresh bandage in place. "Healing up like nobody's business," he said. "Sit down and leave me throw a steak and a coupla handfuls of onions into you, and you'll be as fine as a fiddle again."

So Mortimer sat down to eat, and was at his second cup of coffee before he remembered the time of day. It was half an hour past noon and yet his CCC gang had not showed up for food.

"Shorty, where the devil are the boys?" he asked. "What's happened? You're not cooking lunch for them?"

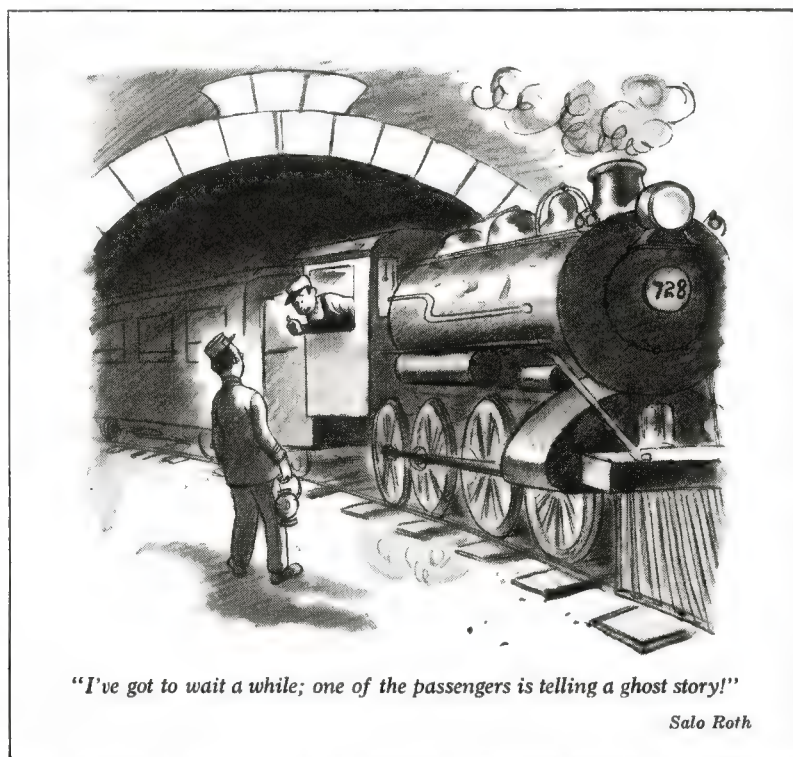
"Well, the fact is that they sashayed off on a kind of a little trip," said Shorty.

Mortimer stared at him. "They left the ranch without talking to me?" he demanded.

"They thought you'd be laid up today," said Shorty. "And so they kind of went and played hooky on you, Chief."

"Shorty, where did they go?" asked Mortimer, remembering vividly how Jan Erickson had leaned over his bed during the night and had tried to drag from him the identity of his assailants.

"How would I



"I've got to wait a while; one of the passengers is telling a ghost story!"

Salo Roth

Of all the luscious,
rich, spicy, old-fashioned
mince pies...

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT
makes the best!



Pin this on
your grocery list:

*Remember to get
None Such
Mince Meat!*

Look for the bright
red package to be sure
of genuine None Such.

The price is lower now
—but it's exactly the
same old-fashioned,
rich, spicy, mince meat
your mother used to buy!



CHRISTMAS CHEER YEAR AFTER YEAR



*May your Christmas be as hearty,
your New Year as rich as GOLDEN
WEDDING . . . the whiskey that has
had no peers for fifty years.*



Golden Wedding

BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF
AS YOU PREFER—IN RYE OR BOURBON
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know where they'd go?" asked Shorty.

Mortimer turned his back on the cook, for he knew that he would get no trustworthy information from him. He tried to think back into the mind of his gang—not into their individual brains but into the mob-consciousness which every group possesses, and the first thing that loomed before him was their savage, deep, unquestioning devotion to him.

With a sick rush of apprehension, he wondered if they might have gone across the valley straight for the Miller place to exact vengeance for the fall of their chief. But Lefty Parkman and Pudge Major were far too levelheaded to permit a move as wild as that. If they wanted to make trouble for men of the Miller ranch they would go to Poplar Springs and try to find straggling groups of the cowpunchers from the big outfit.

Mortimer jumped for the corner of the room and picked up a rifle. He put it down again, straightening slowly. When it came to firearms, his CCC lads were helpless, as compared with the straight-shooting men of the range. He, himself, was only a child in that comparison.

He turned and ran empty-handed into the adjoining shed. The big truck was gone, as he had expected, but the one-ton truck remained, and into the seat of this he climbed in haste.

IT WAS fifteen miles to Poplar Springs and he did the distance in twenty minutes. As he drove he took dim note of the day. The melancholy wind which had wakened him still mourned down the valley, but its force along the ground was nothing compared to the velocity of the upper air. What seemed to be fast-traveling clouds, unraveled and spread thin, shot out of the northwest and flattened the arch of the sky, with the sun sometimes golden, sometimes dull and green, through that unusual mist. In the west the mountains had disappeared.

Three from north to south, three from east to west, the streets of Poplar Springs laid out a small checkering of precise little city blocks. Most of its life came from the "springs," whose muddy waters were said to have some sort of medicinal value. An old frame hotel spread its shambling wings around the water. A rising part of the town's business, however, came from the aviation company of Chatham, Armstrong & Worth, which had built some hangars and used the huge flat east of the place as a testing ground. Saturday nights were the bright moments for Poplar Springs, when the cowpunchers rode into town or drove rattling automobiles in from the range to patronize the saloons which occupied almost every corner.

Wherever he saw a pedestrian, Mortimer called, "Seen anything of a six-foot-

four Swede with hair as pale as blow-sand?" At last he was directed to Porson's Saloon.

Porson's had been there in Poplar Springs since the earliest cattle days and still used the old swing doors with three bullet holes drilled through the slats of one panel and two through another. If Porson's had filled a notch for each of its dead men, it would have had to crowd fifty-three notches on one gun butt, people said, for bar whisky and old cattle feuds and single-action Colts had drenched its floor with blood more than once. An echo of the reputation of the place was ominous in Mortimer's mind as he pushed through the doors.

It was like stepping into a set piece on a stage. The picture he dreaded to find was there in every detail. Jan Erickson, Pudge Major, Lefty Parkman, George Masters, and Dink Waller stood at the end of the bar nearest the door, and bunched at the farther end were eight of the Miller cowpunchers, with Sam Pearson dominating the group. The bartender was old Rip Porson himself, carrying his seventy years like a bald-headed eagle. Unperturbed by the silent thunder in the air, he calmly went about serving drinks.

Mortimer stood a moment inside the door, with his brain whirling as though he had been struck on the base of the skull. The Miller punchers looked at him with a deadly interest. Not one of his own men turned a head toward him, but Lefty Parkman said in a low voice, "The chief!"

"Thank God!" muttered Pudge Major. But Dink Waller growled, "He oughta be home! This is our job."

"It's time for a round on the house, boys," said Rip Porson. "And I wanta tell you something: The first man that goes for iron while he's drinkin' on the house, he gets a slug out of my own gun. . . . Here's to you, one and all!"

He had put out the bottles of rye and, as the round was filled, silently, he lifted his own glass in a steady red claw.

The two factions continued to stare with fascinated attention at each other, eye holding desperately to eye as though the least shift in concentration would cause disaster. They raised their glasses as Rip Porson proposed his toast: "Here's to the fight and to them that shoot straight; and

damn the man that breaks the mirror."

In continued silence the men of the Miller place and Mortimer's CCC gang drank.

Then Mortimer walked to the bar. He chose a place directly between the two hostile forces, standing exactly in the field of fire, if guns were once drawn. "I'll have a beer," he said.

Rip Porson dropped his hands on the edge of the bar and regarded Mortimer with bright, red-stained eyes. "You're the one that the trouble's all about, ain't you?" he asked. "You're Harry Mortimer, ain't you?"

"I am," said Mortimer. "And there's going to be no more trouble."

"Beer is what the man's having," said Porson, slowly filling a glass. A smile, or the ghost of a smile, glimmered in his old eyes.

"Set them up, Porson," said the low, deep voice of Jan Erickson.

"Set 'em up over here, too," commanded Sam Pearson.

The bartender pushed the whisky bottles into place again. Every moment he was growing more cheerful.

MORTIMER faced his own men. "Lefty!" he said, picking out the most dominant spirit from among them.

Lefty Parkman gave not the slightest sign that he had heard the voice which spoke to him. He had picked out a single face among the cowpunchers and was staring at his man with a concentrated hatred. Odds made no difference to Lefty, even odds of eight to six when all the eight were heeled with guns and hardly two of the CCC men could have any weapons better than fists.

"Lefty!" repeated Mortimer.

The eyes of Lefty wavered suddenly toward his chief.

"Turn around and walk out the door. We're getting out of here," said Mortimer, "and you're leading the way."

The glance of Lefty slipped definitely away from the eye of Mortimer and fixed again on its former target. For the first time an order from Mortimer went disregarded.

Among Sam Pearson's men there was a bowlegged cowpuncher named Danny Shay, barrel-chested, bull-browed, and as solid as the stump of a big tree. The croak of a resonant bullfrog was in the voice of Danny and it was this voice which now said, "There ain't room enough in here for 'em; we got the air kind of used up, maybe."

One of the cowpunchers laughed at this weak sally, a brief, half-hysterical outburst of mirth.

Pudge Major lurched from his place at the bar and walked straight toward the Miller men.

"Go back, Pudge!" commanded Mortimer.

Pudge strode on, unheeding. "You look



Schus

like an ape when you laugh," said Pudge. "When you open your face that wide, I can see the baboon all the way down the red of your dirty throat."

Mortimer turned and saw Jed Wharton, among the cowpunchers, hit Pudge fairly on the chin with a lifting punch. Major rocked back on his heels and began an involuntary retreat. Big Jed Wharton followed with a driving blow from which Pudge Major cringed away with both hands flung up and a strange little cry of fear that made Mortimer's blood run cold. Poor Major had gone for bigger game than his nature permitted, and the sight of the white feather among his men struck into Mortimer's brain like a hand of shadow.

He saw in the leering, triumphant faces of the cowpunchers the charge that was about to follow. The man next to Sam Pearson was already drawing his Colt. He had no chance to glance behind him at his own followers, but Mortimer could guess that they were as heartsick and daunted as he by the frightened outcry of Pudge. And he remembered the barking voice of an assistant football coach hounding him into scrimmage when he was a freshman at college: "Low, Mortimer! Tackle low!"

"Tackle low!" yelled Mortimer, and dived at Sam Pearson's knees. While he was still in the air he saw from the corner of his eye Lefty Parkman swarming in to the attack, and the blond head of gigantic Erickson. Then his shoulder banged into Pearson's knees, and the whole world seemed to fall on his back.

It was not the sort of barroom fighting that a Westerner would expect. That headlong plunge and the charge of Erickson jammed the cowpunchers against the wall. Mortimer, in the midst of confusion, caught at stamping feet and struggling legs and pulled down all he could reach.

He put his knee on Pearson's neck and pressed on toward Danny Shay, who had been tripped and had fallen like a great frog, on hands and knees. There was hardly room for fist work. Mortimer jerked his elbow into the face of Danny and stood up in the room Shay had occupied.

GUNS were sounding, by that time. As he straightened in the thundering uproar he saw a contorted face not a yard away and a Colt leveling at him over the shoulder of another man. But an arm and fist like a brass-knuckled walking beam struck from a height, and the gunman disappeared into the heap.

That was Jan Erickson's work.

Other men might dance away from Jan and cut him to gradual bits in the open, but for a close brawl he was peerless, and now his hands were filled with work as they never had been before. As Mortimer struck out, he saw on the far side of the bar old Rip Porson standing regardless of danger from chance bullets, with his eyes half closed as he shook his head in a profound disgust.

Mortimer saw Pudge Major in it, also. As though the first touch of fear had turned into a madness, Pudge Major came in with an endless screech, like a fighting cat. He ran into the clubbed butt of a revolver that knocked him back against the wall. From that wall he rebounded, swinging a chair in his hands. The chair landed with a crash of splintering wood. Big Sam Pearson, who had managed to

regain his feet at last, sank under the blow, and suddenly Mortimer saw that the fight was ended. Those whom Erickson had hit solidly were down, to remain down. Dink Waller patiently, uncomplainingly, was throttling his chosen victim with a full Nelson. Lefty pounded a defenseless victim against the wall. George Masters was in a drunken stagger, trying to come toward the noise of battle; but the fight was ended.

The attack had been so quick and close that most of the guns were not even drawn. Hardly half a dozen bullets had hit ceiling or floor. Not a single shot struck flesh; but the great mirror behind the bar was drilled cleanly through the center and from that hole a hundred cracks jagged outward.

"Take their guns!" shouted Mortimer. "Let them be, but take their guns! Jan, it's over!"

SOME two minutes after Mortimer dived at Pearson's knees he had eight revolvers and several large knives piled on the bar. Two or three of the beaten men were staggering to their feet. Danny Shay nursed his bleeding face in both hands. Sam Pearson sat in a corner with blood streaming down from his gashed head, which hung helplessly over one shoulder, agape with the shock, and agrin with pain.

Jan Erickson, still in a frenzy, strode back and forth, shouting, "That's what a Mortimer does. He cuts through bums like you the way a knife cuts through cheese. . . . Why don't he wring your necks? Because he's ashamed to hurt wet-nosed kids like you are!"

"Get out of the place, Jan," commanded Mortimer. "All of you get out! There are no broken bones, I think, and thank God for that. Get our men out, Jan!"

He turned back to the bar and said to Porson, "I'll pay half the cost of that mirror, bartender."

His voice could not penetrate the hazy trance of Rip Porson, who continued to stare into space and wag his head slowly from side to side, as he repeated, "Fourteen wearing pants and not one man among 'em . . . the world has gone to hell . . . fourteen milk-fed baboons!" . . .

There had to be a few rounds of drinks to celebrate the victory. There had to be some patching of cuts. So it was two hours before Mortimer rounded up his crew and had them back at the Hancock place, with the three men who had missed the fight in agonies because they had been out of it.

"Shut up your faces," said Jan Erickson. "There wouldn't of been no fight if you'd all been there. They wouldn't of dared. . . . But the sweet spot you missed was the chief taking a dive into them like into a swimming pool; and the waves he throwed up took all the fight out of them."

Pudge Major sat with his head in his hands when they were in the barracks shed. Mortimer, on one knee beside him patted him on the back.

"I was yella," groaned Pudge. "I was a dirty rat. The whole world knows that I'm yella."

"You needed a sock on the chin before you got your second wind," declared Mortimer. "And then you were the best man in the room. Ask the boys. Even Jan wouldn't take you on. Would you, Jan?"

"Him? I'd rather take on a wildcat!" said Jan.

"Jan, d'you mean that, partly?" asked Pudge.

"I mean the whole of it," said Jan Erickson. "And when it comes to working with a chair, you're away out by yourself. You're the class of the field."

Therefore Mortimer left them in this triumphant humor and drove over to the Miller place in the light truck. A Chinese servant opened the door to him but there was no need for him to enter, for John Miller at that moment came down the hall with a jangle of spurs and a quirt in his hand. His daughter was following him. And now he stood tall in the entrance, looking at Mortimer without a word.

"I dare say that you've heard about the trouble in Poplar Springs," said Mortimer. "I want to tell you that I didn't send out my men to make trouble; they went off by themselves, and I started after them to bring them back. When I found them, they'd located your people already. I tried to stop the fight, but it got under way in spite of me."

"Are you through?" asked John Miller, parting his locked jaws with difficulty.

Mortimer said slowly, "If any reprisals start, it will be from your part, not mine. I've taken my beating and I haven't yipped. But if your fellows come on to make more trouble there'll be murder all over the range. I want to know if you think you can keep your people in hand."

"Are you finished?" asked Miller.

"I am," said Mortimer.

"Very well," said Miller, and walked straight past him.

He turned his bewildered eyes on the girl, as she seemed about to go past him behind her father. His glance stopped her. She was pale; small lines and shadows made her eyes seem older. He had stopped her with his puzzled look, but now as she stood back with a hand against the wall she was looking steadily into his face.

"I wasn't hard, was I?" she asked. "You only had to whistle and the bird flew right off the tree to your hand. Nothing could be easier than that, could it?"

"What are you saying, Lou?" he asked.

SHE looked down at his extended hand and then up to the pain in his face before she laughed a little. "You are wonderful, Harry," she said. "It's that honest, straightforward simplicity which gets you so far. And then your voice. That does a lot. And the facial expression, too. It's good enough for a close-up. Ah, but Hollywood could make a star of you. . . . The way it is now, I suppose you hardly make pocket money out of the girls. Or do they run high, sometimes—the bets you place before you go out to make a girl?"

"Hancock . . . there was no bet . . . Lou . . . it was only that I didn't know I'd adore you as I do," stammered Mortimer.

"You know now, though, don't you?" said the girl. "You love me all your heart can hold, Harry, don't you?"

He tried to answer her, but felt the words die on his lips.

"And d'you know, Harry," said the girl, peering at him, "that I think it was the beginning of a great love? As I went along beside you through the night, I would have given up both hands for you. I would have given my face for you. I would have given my heart. And . . . aren't you a rather yellow sort of dog, Harry?"

He saw her go by him with that quick, light, graceful step. Something made him

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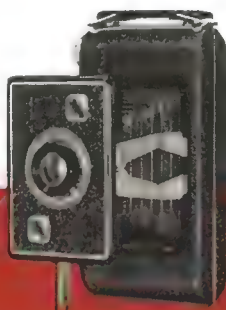
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look up as she vanished through the patio gate, and he seemed to find an answer for his question in the swift gray stream that poured across the sky endlessly, as it had been pouring ever since the morning. The sun was small and green behind it.

He got back into the truck and drove blindly toward the ranch. The subconscious mind inside him took note of the gray sweep of mist through the sky and the color of the setting sun behind it. It was not water vapor which could give that color, he knew. It was dust—dust rushing on the higher stratum of the air, headlong. Somewhere the wind had eaten through the skin of the range and was bearing uncounted tons of topsoil into nothingness.

That fact should have meant something to Mortimer, but his conscious mind refused to take heed of it, for it was standing still before the thought of Louise Miller. Then Hancock jumped into his mind and he gripped the wheel so hard that it trembled under his grasp.

HE BROUGHT the car up short before the entrance of the house. Three or four of Hancock's cowpunchers were lounging in the doorway of the ranch house. He shouldered brusquely through them, and went on into the parlor of the house, where Hancock lay on the couch, as usual, with his rum-punch fixings on the table beside him. He took off his glasses as Mortimer entered, resettled them on his nose, and then smote his paunch a resounding whack.

"Ah, Harry!" he cried. "You're the one soul in the world that I want to see. I don't mean about battering some of the Miller boys in Poplar Springs. That'll do your reputation on the range some good, though. Tackling guns with bare hands is rather a novelty in this part of the world, of course. . . . But what's that to me? Do you know what has meaning to me, Harry?"

Mortimer picked up the rum bottle, poured a swallow into a clean glass, and tossed it off. He said quietly, "What makes a difference to you, Charles?" and his eyes hunted the body of Hancock as though he were looking for a place to strike home a knife.

But Hancock was unaware of this. A

wave of thought had overcome him, and memory dimmed his eyes as he said, "I'm going to tell you something, my lad. I'm going to tell you about a woman. . . . Mind you, Harry, it was years ago. . . . But when I say 'a woman,' I want you to understand 'the woman.' Rare. Sudden. Something too beautiful to last. . . . Are you following me?"

"I follow you," Mortimer said.

THE rancher had almost closed his eyes as he consulted the picture from the past.

"I saw her. I adored her. I asked her to marry me. When she accepted me, Harry, the sound of her voice lifted me almost out of my boots. I went away planning my path through the world. And when I was about to take the prize in my hand, Harry—mark this—when I was about to take her to the church, she disappeared. Gone. Vanished absolutely. The way you say this range soil will vanish when the wind hits it just right. What took her away? A little wizened son of a French marquis with no more man in him than there is skin on the heel of my hand. She was gone. Lost to me. Love. Hope. What the hell will you have? She was all that!

"And since that day I've lain here with the rum bottle wondering how the devil I could get back at the whole female race. Can't do anything with them when you lie flat and simply think, because thought, on the whole, is beyond their ken. And therefore I had to wait until you did it for me. D'you see? You show me how women can be handled as easily as they handle men. Love her? No! Admire her? No! You simply take the woman and put her in your pocket. Who's the girl? Some cheap little chit? No, the best in the land. The proudest. The highest. The top of everything. . . . I stood here, last night, and saw her eyes melt when your name was mentioned. I saw the whole lovesick story come swooning into her face. And as a result of what? As a result of one evening of work. Why, Harry, when I saw what you had done, I wanted to get down on my knees and beg you for lessons."

"So you told her everything, didn't you?" asked Mortimer.

Hancock took off a moment for thought. The wind, at the same moment, seemed to descend and grip the ranch house with a firmer hand. The whine of the storm ascended the scale by several notes.

"Told her?" said Hancock. "I don't think that I told her anything. I couldn't say anything. I could only lie here and laugh. And admire you, Harry, and think how you'd paid off my score. And I want to tell you something, Harry. As I lay here last night I felt a deathless debt—gratitude, and all that. Wonderful feeling, Harry. The first time I've had it in my life. Absolutely extraordinary."

"I dare say," muttered Mortimer through his teeth.

"And that's why I'm glad to see you today," said Hancock. "Not because you've beaten eight of Miller's best men with your hands but because you've subdued one woman, opened her heart, put tears in her eyes, made her knees tremble, when you didn't give a hang for her from the first to the last." He broke into a gigantic peal of laughter which wound up on a gasping and sputtering.

"Close, in here," said Hancock. "Cool, but close, and that's strange, isn't it?"

MORTIMER could not speak, seeing again the beauty and the pride of the girl who was lost to him.

"Chuck the door open, like a good fellow, will you?" asked Hancock. "I never had so much trouble breathing. Is the alcohol getting me at last? Well, let it get me. I'll die laughing. I've seen the proud females, the high females, the pure females paid off for me, shot for shot. And I owe that to you, old fellow. Mortimer, I'll love you as long as I last!"

Mortimer went to the door and threw it wide. It seemed to him that ghosts rushed up into the lamplight, into his face. Then it was as though dim horses were galloping past in endless procession, and swifter than horses ever put hoof to the ground. He squinted his eyes into the dimness before he could understand that the swift whirl was a dust storm rushing past him at full speed; the range itself was melting away before his eyes.

(To be Continued)

CRIME'S invisible Emperor

(Continued from page 41)

cot in Springfield believing himself a persecuted benefactor who had never done anything worse than "be a good fellow."

The more one knows of crime, the more one is frightened by the criminal mind. Too often it is a powerful and efficient machine gone haywire. Black Tony could have built cities as easily as he destroyed his subjects. He was a leader, a genius at organization, a breeder of intense loyalties. He was so shrewd at building walls of protection that he was convicted only once in his long career of crime. And the underworld says this was a "bum rap."

"Sure, Tony sold dope," one of his former lieutenants told me recently. "He was the biggest guy in the racket ever to hit the Pacific Coast. He was tied up with every big mug in the country. New York mobsters like Arnold Rothstein, Jack (Legs) Diamond, Waxey Gordon, and Dutch Schultz wouldn't make a move toward sending a load of junk to the Pacific Coast unless Black Tony handled it.

He was the pal of safeblowers, bank robbers, kidnappers; Baby Face Nelson was one of his side-kicks. But that didn't mean that a federal dick or anybody else could make a buy off Black Tony. Somebody else always did the marketing for him. Why should he put himself in danger when any one of a dozen of us always stood ready to take the rap and go to prison for him?"

SOME of these worshipful affiliations had begun in childhood, back in the days when Antonio Parmagini, the overgrown, amiable son of poor parents, attended the North Beach grammar school in the Italian section of San Francisco. Poverty had made him a boy of the streets; he knew the Barbary Coast better than the average policeman. He soon learned, from other boys, to lurk in the shadows while some drunken roisterer grew more and more un-

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certain in his walk, at last to tumble into the gutter. Then Tony would whip out from the shadows, bend down, and quickly rifle the drunk's pockets, and be away before a policeman appeared to drag him to the nearest station. Always escaping arrest, Tony came to look upon law infraction as a game and the proceeds as legitimate. He was a pickpocket by the age of fourteen, and his underworld associates say that he could find morphine and cocaine for the wretched habitués of the Barbary Coast long before he knew how to use a razor. Even then he was a gang leader.

Tony was always in the forefront when the North Beach gang engaged in an eye-blackening contest with gangs from the Mission District on the other side of Market Street, "south of the Slot." Gradually, he fought his way into an exclusive group of North Beach toughsters, known as the Rock Rollers, who often scurried up to Telegraph Hill to dislodge huge boulders and send them plunging down the steep inclines upon raiding kid gangs from other neighborhoods. Tony Parmagini excelled at this sport. He was a good judge of distance and of timing; he knew how to taunt invaders into gathering into groups. Then he would release a rumbling ton of stone, and watch the boys scatter.

Eventually, the Rock Rollers came to look upon him as a leader. Gang leaders must have distinguished names. Tony's raven hair and brows, his small black eyes, and his unusually swarthy skin suggested his name immediately. The gang simply called him Black Tony. It was the first step in crowning a new king of San Francisco's underworld.

The police found this youth was different from the usual growing gangster. He was not evasive or defiant, but friendly. He would gladly run errands for the cop on the beat, or get a can of beer for him when he was too busy to do it himself.

Of course, when the coppers' backs were turned, he would continue to roll drunks, pick pockets, act as a lookout for gambling games, sell a bundle of morphine now and then, and dispose of stolen goods.

BY THE time Tony had reached maturity he had picked up enough crooked money to buy a café and part ownership in several disorderly houses. He was also in politics up to his chin, working always for the person or party in favor of a "liberal government." It became a byword in San Francisco that a "right guy" could always count on Black Tony to his last effort and his last cent. And he was beginning to be known as a "big-hearted guy." There was the affair of a policeman, for instance.

Black Tony's café had become a hub for dangerous characters. The bank robber, fresh from a holdup, hurried there to dispose of his stolen bonds. Silk robbers, bandits, smugglers, opium dealers, white advisers to the Chinese tongs, all came and went. Among them was a notorious criminal whom San Francisco police had sought in vain.

Police had received information from stool pigeons that the man had been seen at Black Tony's. But they could not find him, because underworld tipsters hurried to warn Tony whenever a raid was contemplated, enabling him to hide the man, who was paying him for shelter. At last, the inevitable slip occurred. A policeman dropped in for a surreptitious drink, and

ran into the wanted man. The officer took the crook to headquarters.

The captain stormed, "Why didn't you bring in Tony with him? He knew we were looking for this fellow. He'd promised to tip us off if he ever came in there."

There was a long succession of alibis; then at last the policeman confessed:

"Yeah, Boss, I knew it. But—well, you see, it's like this: You know about my little girl, Elsie, breaking her leg and the bone not knitting. There I was, paying out all the dough I had and not getting anywhere. I don't know how Tony found out about it. But one night, a couple of months ago, he comes to the house and begs me to let him have a chance at fixing her up.

"What could I do? There was the kid with a broken leg. There was Tony, wanting to help her. I says, 'Tony, this don't mean a thing between you and me.' 'Sure not,' he says. 'It's just between me and the little girl.' So he takes her away and gets the best doctors on the whole Pacific Coast, and they do a lot of bone graftin'.

"Now the kid's leg's all healed up and she's learnin' to walk again. It wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for Tony. So how can I help forgettin' it was him that was drinking with this holdup guy?"

There were two replies to this confession. One was the captain's grumbling assent that Tony sure did a lot of thoughtful things. The other was Black Tony's motto, announced as simply as though it were a rule from a copybook: "Listen, Pal; any guy's a sucker who don't spend one dollar to make two."

TONY followed this rule so religiously that by 1912, when he was still in his late twenties, the underworld knew him as "everybody's friend." If a policeman's wife was ill, she got flowers, and the husband got financial help, if he would take it—both from Black Tony. On Christmas, in the Italian district, he gave candy, clothing, food, entertainment, all in abundance. But while he dealt largess with one hand, he increased with the other the number of houses in which he held degraded women in virtual enslavement. He dabbled more and more with narcotics. If any of the underworld needed bail or a lawyer or alibi witnesses to commit perjury, Black Tony provided. He, himself, was available in person if the stakes were high enough.

In 1914, for instance, there was a tremendous upheaval in the San Francisco police department. Accusations were made that a number of officers had been taking money for the protection of a bunko ring and that Black Tony knew the details. He was called to the stand.

Never was a man so smitten with lack of memory. He knew nothing of any bunko men. He could not be sure he even knew the officers said to be involved.

His lack of memory was so terrific that the enraged prosecutor slapped a charge against him, and tried him for perjury. The state even brought back a former detective sergeant from prison to testify that Black Tony knew all about the pay-offs. Newspapers hinted that sinister things happened in that trial, that jurors and witnesses were intimidated, that evidence went astray, that the power of Black Tony now showed itself for what it truly had become, the strength of an underworld overlord, pulling the strings of politics and of law enforcement. Tony merely shrugged

his shoulders at the charges. And the jury voted him not guilty.

Thus went his life as he steadily grew in power, until the Eighteenth Amendment tossed into his hands the chance to become a millionaire. He didn't lift a hand to become a bootlegger, either. Young adventurers and hardened ex-convicts were eager for someone to furnish the brains and bank roll while they performed the dangerous tasks in the smuggling of liquor. They went to Tony.

Before he knew it, he owned four big ships, sailing between San Francisco and Shanghai, China. The liquor was consigned to the free port of Shanghai from Canada, and even from Europe. There it was transferred to Tony's fleet. He had a staff of desperate partners and lieutenants, and a steadily growing reputation as the Pacific Coast's most colorful racketeer. Yet he did little but seek the shadows.

NO ONE, for instance, ever saw Black Tony, surrounded by bodyguards, parade down the aisle of a prize-fight arena to a ringside seat. Tony, a big, apologetic-looking man, plainly dressed and often in need of a haircut, would slide inconspicuously into a back row and unexcitedly watch the fight. Yet there was no one more eager for a thrill.

"You're a fool," one of his partners said one day. "Running with these mugs in the bank-robbery racket, fooling around with dope, handling hot bonds, playing fence for every bum in the United States who's made a haul. I seen you yesterday buying a whole bandanna handkerchief full of stolen diamonds. Why mess around with that kind of stuff? You're making millions out of the bootleg racket. Ain't that enough?"

Black Tony, never a voluble person, strove desperately to explain. Finally, as if to no purpose, he said, "Say, you remember that bank robber from Marysville I've been hiding in my house?"

"The one that blew the safe up there last week? And got pinched here, right in front of the sheriff's office? Sure, I remember."

Black Tony grinned happily. "I was looking out the window of my office when it happened," he said. "I figured maybe he'd spill where he'd been staying, so I telephoned my woman. 'Mamma,' I said, 'Pasquale's been pinched. Maybe the cops will come to search the house. Get rid of everything he left laying around there.' So she hurried away from the phone, and when she came back she said, 'All right, Tony. I've burned everything except a bottle of white stuff I found in his room, and I threw that out of the window.'"

Black Tony doubled in laughter. "She threw it out the window!" he roared. "Six ounces of nitroglycerin that Pasquale carried for busting open safes. Enough to blow up the whole neighborhood. She threw it out the window and it didn't go off! That's the fun of this business, a kick like that!"

Crime was a "game" to Black Tony, and his ever-increasing benefactions were merely a part of it. He got jobs for the hundreds of applicants who hung about his office, he furnished free bond for any crook who told him a hard-luck story.

During all this time, federal agents had been diligently striving to fasten something more than suspicion on Black Tony

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regarding his activities with narcotics. But they could never trace a sale directly to Black Tony. Time and again they arrested peddlers who they felt sure were his agents; questioning brought nothing but denials. Anyone who worked for Black Tony was taken care of, in or out of trouble. If one of Tony's men was arrested and sent to prison he immediately went upon a salary, to be continued as long as he remained behind bars.

When other narcotics vendors were concerned, however, the federal agents found their paths much smoother. In fact, there often was little need to seek evidence; it came unbidden. By anonymous letters and telephone calls, narcotics agents usually heard of the activities of anyone who tried to compete with Black Tony. There would be detailed information, obviously the product of an efficient underworld spy system, naming sources of supply, customers, time and place of delivery, method of procedure. It was only necessary for the agents to follow the instructions of these secret communications to obtain evidence and make arrests. According to federal men, this was Black Tony's means of eliminating competition.

AMONG the unfortunates who fell before this spy system was a minor figure in the dope racket, a cheap sort of fellow who knew Black Tony quite well. He was a thief, robber, holdup man, and dope peddler named Danny Farrell, and, with the evidence flat against him, he was sent away on a federal sentence to McNeil's Island. Black Tony soon forgot him; Danny was only a minnow among whales.

The gangster leader had pyramided his profits, buying or chartering more ships, more motorcars, bank-rolling more gangs. Now, had he cared to tell, he could have given inside information on every big bank robbery west of the Rocky Mountains. His booze and narcotics business had grown to such an extent that he had established agents and lieutenants as far north as Seattle and east to Salt Lake City. He sent trusted agents to Canada and Europe for the purchase of wines and liquors; often they carried as much as a quarter of a million dollars in \$10,000 bills.

Besides all this he had an active interest in Chinatown's tong warfare, handled through his lieutenants in the bail-bond business. Sometimes he backed gamblers like Nick the Greek, who, on one occasion, lost \$53,000 in a New York crap game. He didn't have the money, so he tossed in a piece of paper. The gamekeeper glanced at it.

"Okay," he answered.

And that was strange, for the I. O. U. did not bear a promise to pay on the part of Nick the Greek. Instead, the name was that of a man 3,000 miles away, Black Tony Parmagini. That gives a faint idea of this fellow's standing in the underworld.

With all of his work, Tony still found time to play politics, without which gangsters cannot survive. San Francisco was in the throes of an election—the usual battle between "clean-up" office seekers and those "with liberal views." If victory came to that one of the two principal candidates who was Tony's enemy, there might be investigations, wholesale arrests and convictions. It was to be a tight race. Black Tony's hope of success lay largely in carrying his home district.

On the night before election Black Tony and his lieutenants started out on a roundup. There were no political arguments, no commands, no threats. Everything was joyful, for Tony was inviting everybody to a celebration in honor of the tremendous victory which was to be won at the polls the next day. He had hired every dance hall in the district and equipped it for festivity. And now his fleet of bootleg cars and all available taxicabs were bringing in the "guests"—registered voters, all.

In droves they were escorted to the dance halls, where a wild night began. There was no limit to the liquor, the food, or the smokes. Orchestras blared with continuous music. There was only one intimation of an ulterior motive behind the good time. That was after the crowds had assembled, when every door was locked, to remain bolted until the polls were opened the next morning.

When that time arrived, each guest was given a large card with the single surname of a candidate printed on it in scarehead type. Again the cars waited. Again they roared forth, this time to the polling places. The candidate was elected, and Tony Parmagini's reign continued.

This sovereignty, however, encountered certain minor interferences which any gang leader accepts as a part of the business. A police captain in Los Angeles always dragged in Tony on vagrancy charges whenever he came to town. Once prohibition agents seized \$30,000 worth of alcohol, declaring that it had come in on one of the gangster's ships, the Gertrude, but they failed to connect Black Tony with it. A grand jury investigated charges that he had received \$20,000 worth of diamonds which had come from the holdup of a San Francisco jewelry store, but there was no indictment. Witnesses, it seems, had suffered from lack of memory; others were afraid to talk. And Tony proceeded on his placid, inconspicuous way.

No gun molls circled around Tony, to quarrel over him and seek revenge by telling what they knew. Tony's women were affairs of the evening, to be wine and dined in a "discreet" roadhouse. He lived unpretentiously, satisfied with a two-room suite in a second-rate hotel, where he kept a supply of good liquor for visitors.

LIFE ran smoothly enough for him until one day in the late '20's, when his chief partner in the bootlegging racket dropped in at the hotel.

"I'm quitting, Boss," he said bluntly.

Tony stared. "What for?"

"I just got sense, that's all. Public sentiment's changing. A booze runner isn't the gent he used to be. Besides, you're tied up in too many other things that's crooked."

"Me?" Tony stared. "What have I done that's crooked?"

"Well, playing fence to every heister on the Pacific Coast. And handling dope."

Tony rubbed his hands, admiring his three-carat diamond. "Then why don't they pinch me for it?" he asked naively.

The partner smiled. They hadn't pinched Black Tony because there had been others to take the fall. Even this partner had once pleaded guilty and accepted punishment to "take the heat off the boss." But now:

"Times are changing, Tony. It won't be long until repeal. Even our customers

are beginning to call us bums and crooks. I'm quitting while I've got time."

Black Tony argued in vain. This man had provided much of the brains in the tremendous booze-running business. He had been the chief European buyer of liquors, the shipper to Shanghai, the "fixer" in San Francisco.

Then Tony said, "But my liquor business will go to hell without you. If you don't like it here in America, go abroad. I'll give you two dollars a case just to sit in London and buy my liquor for me and see that it gets to America. Ain't that soft?"

The partner shook his head. "You don't understand," he said slowly. "It ain't dough I'm after. I want to sleep nights."

They parted. Tony sat for a long time, merely staring at his diamond. Well, what if the bootleg business did blow up? There was one racket which he knew backwards, which he loved for the thrill of it. That was dope. In that he needed no trusted lieutenant to do the buying and smuggling. Now he could give it his entire attention.

SOON harassed federal men realized that an unprecedented flood of morphine, heroin, and cocaine was sweeping the West, from Salt Lake to the north and south reaches of the Pacific Coast. It came from New York, through the affiliations of the Rothstein-Diamond mobs. It came from China and Japan. It was dropped overboard by smugglers on big liners and picked up by roaring speedboats. Time after time narcotics agents arrested peddlers, but they got no farther. Not once could they get an iota of evidence that Black Tony himself ever handled dope.

Then, one day, a thin shadow cast itself across the smooth path of Black Tony. It was that of a smallish, wizened man, who, in ill-fitting clothes and clumping shoes, walked out of McNeil's Island Penitentiary with a ticket to San Francisco in his pocket, and hatred in his heart. He was Danny Farrell, the small-time dopest, whom Tony Parmagini's spy system had betrayed and sent to prison. He did not stop until he had reached the offices of the Federal Narcotics Bureau.

"I can deliver you Black Tony," he announced bluntly. "Want him?"

It was not until amazed agents listened in on certain telephone conversations that they truly believed the little informer. They did not ask him where he had obtained the secret telephone numbers which connected him with Black Tony's suite in a midtown San Francisco hotel. They did not ask how he had learned the names of Tony's mysterious partners in a dope racket which had now reached the tremendous proportions of a \$5,000,000 annual turnover. They contented themselves with listening to the man's underworld jargon as he talked in friendly fashion over the telephone to Black Tony's gang of "dirty rats" who had crossed him into prison, and, as he talked, he left the impression that he suspected anyone but Black Tony.

From the other end of the wire, a dope dealer said, "Sure, the big boss wants to see you. . . . Sure, you can have anything you want as long as you've got the dough to pay for it."

Then, for weeks, Danny Farrell ingratiated himself with lesser members of the ring, slowly working his way toward an

association with Black Tony himself. Narcotics agents by the dozen were assigned to trail Farrell on his frequent trips to Black Tony's hotel with money given him by federal agents. He always returned with dope which he insisted he had purchased there. It was all a build-up, because this evidence, for the most part, was useless. There must be more credible testimony than the mere word of an ex-convict.

At length, a federal inspector assumed the role of a fellow narcotics peddler from Seattle. To begin with, he merely "hung around" with Danny Farrell, that he might be seen and catalogued by Black Tony's spy system. Then he "bought" dope from Farrell at a place where he was sure the word would get back to Black Tony. Patiently, the inspector developed his "standing" until, at last, he was allowed to accompany Danny Farrell to Black Tony's rooms, where the ex-convict made arrangements for the purchase of large amounts of morphine. But even now the evidence was not complete.

It was not until five months later—December, 1928—that the blow was struck. The inspector, still in the role of Danny's peddler friend from Seattle, called Tony's secret number.

"Say, I can't find Danny right now, and I need five pieces," he said. "Can I get 'em?"

"Sure," came the answer. "Bring Danny with you when you come—and three centuries."

"Five pieces" were five ounces of morphine, at the wholesale price of \$60 an ounce. Hurriedly, federal men were sent to places of vantage, shadowing their inspector and Danny to Black Tony's room, remaining outside the door to listen for scraps of conversation.

THE trip was successful, even though Tony cautiously refused to take the money when the disguised inspector attempted to make payment.

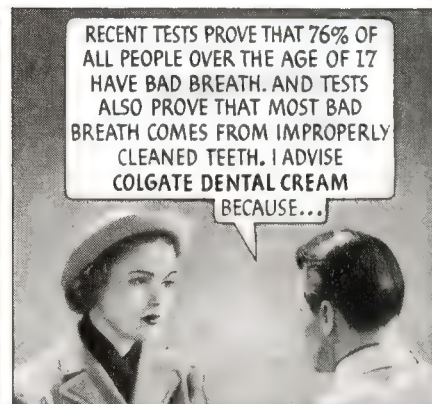
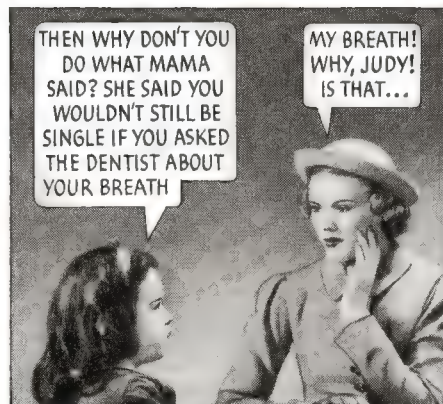
"Give it to Jew Levine," said Tony "He handles the dough."

But the "buy" had been made and, according to the government, directly from Black Tony. After a chase of more than a decade, the Federal Narcotics Bureau had achieved success. But Black Tony only shrugged his shoulders and admired his diamond ring as he made bail and denied the charges. This would end satisfactorily, like everything else.


But, as the time of trial approached, Black Tony watched trick after trick fail. All the devices which had saved him in other days came to nothing. His gang members tried to get Danny Farrell out of the country. But they couldn't find him. Farrell was locked in a Sacramento jail for safekeeping. Anonymous threats reached the United States district attorney, only to be disregarded. Lawyers appealed for delays. All were denied.

There were rumors that Danny Farrell had been threatened with death, that witnesses had been bribed, that jurors would be fixed. The government replied that any efforts to influence the trial of Black Tony Parmagini would be met with the sort of justice that the United States government knows how to deal. Amazed, unbelieving, Black Tony found himself on trial, within little more than five weeks after his arrest.

Vainly he denied the charges. He accused Farrell of lying. His lawyers in-



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sisted that this was a "frame-up." Black Tony began to hope that "something might happen to the jury." Nothing happened, because the jury was unceasingly under the eyes of United States officers and locked up for protection during other than court hours. So were witnesses.

After forty minutes of deliberation, the jury announced that it had reached a verdict. Black Tony smiled hopefully. But suddenly he was staggering against the table, where he had risen to hear the news. The jury had found him guilty on five counts. Black Tony was sentenced to serve seventeen years in the penitentiary.

There were appeals. Danny Farrell recanted and now denied his testimony. The government held that Black Tony's mob had tortured the informer into his change of attitude. The case went higher and higher, at last to the United States Supreme Court. There it was affirmed. Black Tony went to prison.

He went grimly and with a certain amount of satisfaction. For the mills of the underworld had ground unceasingly; mysterious tips to police officials had

named Danny Farrell as a participant in a safe robbery. He had been sent to Folsom Prison for life as an habitual offender. But, in turn—

THERE was a sudden surge of convicts about Black Tony Parmagini one day as he stood in the exercise yard of Leavenworth Prison. A knife flashed, followed by the scream of a man in pain. When guards reached the spot, the sudden knot of gray-clad men had vanished. Only Black Tony stood there, his hands to his agonized features, the blood streaming through his fingers from knife wounds. Both cheeks had been slashed from ear to chin. No one knew how it had happened. But the underworld said, "That was for crossing Danny Farrell into Folsom."

He begged for a parole. Through the remnants of his political organization he vainly sought a presidential pardon. The big shoulders became hollow, the heavy cheeks flabby, the step slower; the glint of his eyes began to dull. Then bad news came from home. Government experts of the Income Tax Intelligence Division had

found his bank accounts, and were confiscating practically everything he possessed for income tax evasion.

The years dragged by. One day, in 1936, Black Tony Parmagini was in the sick line-up. Soon he went to the hospital.

"Cancer of the intestines," said the doctor. "Pretty painful, Tony?"

"It's hell."

The hell continued throughout another year, a hell in which there was mental anguish as well as physical pain. One day last spring Tony turned restlessly on his cot in the hospital to which he had been transferred from Leavenworth.

"Ain't it a laugh?" he asked hollowly. "All them guys I used to know—I never hear from none of 'em."

"What's become of them?"

Black Tony sneered. "Well, a lot of 'em owe me money. A hundred thousand bucks some of those guys owe me. You know what's become of them."

It was time for his needle, for morphine—the angel of mercy—which, until he died on a convict's cot not long ago, made hell a little easier to bear.

DEEP *and dangerous*



(Continued from page 47)

too hot now to hold myself in. "All right, then; you can go to the devil."

And Oren knocked me down. When Oren hits you, I want to tell you that you're hit. I lay there on the veranda and my head felt as if it was going to fly off. I got

up, and this time I was ready for Oren.

But he dropped his hands, and there was horror in his eyes. It had just come to him what he had done. Before tonight both of us would have wagered our lives that nothing under the sun could make either strike the other.

But I was the one who had been knocked down. "Put up your hands," I said. But Oren backed away. I took a swing at him and missed. Oren didn't hit back.

"Don't," he said. "We can't have a brawl while the party's going on."

"You didn't think of that when you knocked me down."

"I'm thinking of it now."

"All right. There won't be any party tomorrow."

"That suits me."

I sneaked around to the kitchen and up the back stairs to my room, where I bathed my aching jaw. When I sat down on the bed to catch my breath I could have cried. That such a thing as this could have happened to Oren and me! But I was still mad, and I cursed Oren. Why hadn't somebody told me the name of the girl he was in love with? . . . At that thought I had a shock. How would I have behaved in that case? I thought I knew. I might have fallen in love with the girl, all right, but I felt that, for Oren's sake, I'd have made myself stay away from her.

I went down to the party again, and it was with tremendous surprise that I heard Oren speak to me: "Nobody saw us, not even Miss Paige." I nodded coldly and sought Camilla. She consented to dance with me, and I asked if she was angry.

"It's old-fashioned to be angry about getting kissed. I didn't like your method."

"Then you're not mad with me?"

"No, little boy, I'm not mad with you."

"And you'll still go riding with me tomorrow?"

"Yes—but you'll have to keep your distance."

"I wouldn't offend you for anything

under the sun," I said. "I didn't kiss you just because you're a pretty girl. I—I kissed you because—"

"Because what?" Her lovely eyes were round with inquiry.

"Because I'm—in love with you."

"Oh." She looked away, looked back. "How can you be in love with me when an hour ago you didn't even know I existed?"

"I'm going to prove it to you," I said. I meant it, too. The deuce with Oren! But there was an awful ache in my heart. . . .

I BELIEVE that if Oren and I had waited for the next day things would have turned out differently. Surely one of us would have had the courage to go to the other and say, "Look here, this won't do. Let's talk this thing out." And we would probably have discussed it like two sensible people.

But we didn't wait for the next day. The party broke up. The girls gathered in the library to relive the evening. I put the car in the garage. Oren walked down to the kennels to see about the new puppies. Returning, we met on the side lawn. I was still seething.

"The party's over," I said.

"All right," Oren answered. He turned and walked toward the stables. I followed. We went into the meadow behind the stables. Oren took off his coat, tie, and shirt. I followed suit. We squared off.

We swung together. But I was a fraction speedier. I landed a good one to Oren's nose. His blow was high on my head. We rushed each other. After that it was like a nightmare. At last he knocked me down. I got up and came back for more.

We traded blows for a time, neither getting the best of it. Then I knocked Oren down. He bounced up and we went at it again. We weren't saying anything, just trying to kill each other. Oren knocked me down again. I didn't rise so fast that time, but neither did he when I scored my second knockdown.

Both of us were panting like porpoises. My right eye was tight shut and I couldn't see any too well out of the left. Oren's nose looked like a squashed tomato. Our blows had lost their power.

I rushed Oren one last time. I swung. He swung. And we both went off balance and flopped to the ground. I tried to get up, and couldn't. My knees just weren't there. I thought, "He'll kill me now." But he didn't.

Then Oren got to his feet by slow, painful degrees. I rose by even slower degrees. We looked at each other, and it came to both of us at the same time that we'd never settle anything that way. Then, as if we were a pair of mechanical figures operated by the same wire, we picked up our clothes and, side by side but about six feet apart, walked toward the house.

"How'll we keep the family from knowing?" I asked at last.

"We can't," Oren snapped. "These little love tokens"—he touched his nose and eye—"will be with us for days." . . .

WELL, Oren and I came to breakfast next morning at about the same time. My right eye was still shut, my left was about half shut and a lovely black, and there was a cut across my upper lip. Oren's nose looked like a tomato with the mumps and both his eyes were black. The girls screamed and my father jumped out of his chair.

"What the dickens is the matter with you two?" he shouted.

"Mark and I had a fight," Oren said. He looked at Callie, the maid. "Go in the kitchen, Callie—and shut the door."

My father began to make sputtering noises in his throat. Dora stared from one to the other of us with horror in her gaze. But Sally said, "They were fighting about Camilla Paige. I know they were! Well, of all the people to fight over."

"You let Miss Paige alone," Oren and I said together.

"It must have been a thorough fight," my father said. "Look here; you are going to apologize to each other right now."

"There won't be any apologies," Oren said flatly. "This is between Mark and me. We hope the rest of you will have the good sense to mind your own business."

"That's right," I said.

Later that morning I telephoned Camilla, told her I'd got badly bunged up in a fight, said I'd rather not be presented to her family in that condition, and asked her to meet me somewhere. She agreed. I went down to the stables, saddled Flo, a mare that did not belong to Oren, and rode away. Camilla, astride a beautiful chestnut sorrel, met me at a spot on the Trouble Creek road.

"What in the world happened to you?"

"I had a little scrap."

"With whom?"

I hesitated; then came out with it: "Oren."

"Oren! Stop kidding me. You and Oren would never fight."

"I thought so, too."

"Stop kidding me!"

"I'm not kidding you. Seriously."

"I still don't believe it. The stories I've heard about you and Oren! A regular Damon and Pythias affair. What did you fight about?"

"About a dog," I said.

Her eyes told me that she knew I was

She caught cold on her honeymoon



BRIDE: Wouldn't you know? I'm catching cold! Guess I'll arrive saying, "Califordia, here I cub."

GROOM: What you need—pronto—is a laxative and something to help counteract acidity. If only . . .



PORTER: Pahdon me, fo' overhearin' yo', but Sal Hepatica does BOTH dose things. It's a min'ral salt laxative and it helps Nature counteract acidity, too. Las' trip a doctah tole me.



GROOM: Well, honey, here's California. Got everything?

BRIDE: Everything except that cold. Let's tip that porter double for telling us about Sal Hepatica. Lucky for me he had Sal Hepatica on board!

A COLD COMING? DO 2 THINGS:

1. Cleanse the intestinal tract.
2. Help Nature counteract acidity.

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

TUNE IN: "Town Hall Tonight"—full hour music, drama, fun, Wednesday nights—N. B. C.—coast to coast.

lying but that if I preferred to dissemble she would not press me for the truth. We rode for a time in silence down the Trouble Creek road, with the trees making an arch over us. It was cool in the woods, the dry, pungent cool of early autumn.

"It's so still and beautiful," Camilla whispered. "We might just as well be back in the ante-bellum days."

"My ancestors used to ride down this road in those old days."

"Mine didn't. They *drove* horses—hitched to drays. We're Yankee *nouveau riche*. Do you hate Yankees?"

"I love one Yankee."

She looked at me unembarrassedly. "You know, I'm afraid you're going to be awfully difficult."

"I expect I am," I admitted, and let my eyes rest upon her until she casually turned her own away.

She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen. Her small, pointed face was perfection. Her lips were a bright, delicious curve, her eyes bluer than the sky above us. And she sat a horse well. It struck me that perhaps that was what had first attracted Oren to her—I mean the way she sat in the saddle, erect yet supple.

WE CAME at last to Trouble Creek, dismounted, tied our horses, and went to sit upon a rock that overhung the water. Camilla amused herself by tossing pebbles into the stream. I showed her an eight-inch stone totter lurking behind a rock, and Camilla said she couldn't understand how people had the heart to catch fish. I told her I'd take her after bass and perch one day and win her to the sport.

"How far to the river?" she asked presently.

"Why, it's about half a mile, I'd say."

"Does it ever flood?"

"You bet. The old James goes on a rampage almost always twice a year. And I've seen this very Trouble Creek all out of its banks."

"You and Oren make up?" she asked.

"No."

"I—I'm sorry. It's so silly to have feuds. Men are worse than women. Their feuds are nearly always physical; women's are mental."

"I like the physical best," I said. "You're able to let off steam."

We said little for a while. I was content merely to sit and watch her. Camilla at last began to tell me about her life before she came to the old Melone place, about her school, her friends, her family. In my turn I told her of the university, of the time Oren and Bobby Trout and I were held up by bandits on Ivy Road, of that day when I al-

most made the football team. We had a grand time getting acquainted.

The days rolled by. Oren and I didn't speak. My father refused to interfere. Dora was too much in love herself, with Tony Witt, to squander much attention on us. But one day I overheard Sally telling Oren that we were both fools, that Camilla Paige wasn't worth a minute of our time. And Oren, who usually treated Sally as if she were an angel, advised her to mind her own business. I guess I would have done the same. It made me hopping mad for Sally to dislike Camilla.

Yes, the days rolled by. I was working in the office with my father now, working hard. Many nights I spent in town, sleeping in a back room of the office. Father let me have one case all to myself, and I lost it. He let me have another, and I won it. I had dates every other night or so with Camilla. But she dated Oren just as much as she did me.

It was pretty awful to be in the same house with Oren and not speaking to him. One of the worst times came when we had breakfast alone one morning. Each was too proud to wait till the other had finished. When we wanted anything that was out of reach we'd get up and walk around the table for it instead of asking the other to pass it. But finally Oren said, "This is stupid. We can at least pass things. Butter, please."

A shock went through me. I wanted to cry out to him, "Oren, let's forget it! Let's act like men about this thing!" But man, of course, is the dumbest and most cowardly of all God's animals, and I sat there in silence, passing the butter to him.

Sunday mornings were awful. In the old days Oren and I would wander about the place of a Sunday morning, take the bird

dogs out for a run, maybe exercise the colts. We'd come back to the house around eleven, then drowse till dinnertime under the umbrella tree. But no more.

Once Oren came in to supper dirty and disheveled and haggard. He had been that day to Stark's Pond. Sally asked if he had caught any fish.

"One measly little pike," Oren said disgustedly.

Then Dora said, "You and Mark never used to come back without a full string."

It was an awful moment. Nobody looked at anybody else. There was a clatter of forks, jaws worked rapidly. At last Oren, the cool, broke the tension with "Pass the chicken, please." I stole a look at Dora and she was crimson with embarrassment, and I reflected that the feud between Oren and myself had disrupted the whole family.

A few days later I stole off and went, myself, to Stark's. But it wasn't any fun. I got a few bites and caught a few fish. But there wasn't any kick to it. "Heck," I said, as I landed a fair-sized silver, "there's no sense in letting this thing get me down. The deuce with Oren! If he wants to ruin everything, let him go to it!" Just then I hooked a nice bass on live bait, played him to perfection, and got him into the boat. But Oren wasn't there to say, "Keep that up, kid, and you'll be a real fisherman one of these days."

MORE days rolled by. And then it began to rain. It rained like the devil beating tanbark, and people said that if this kept up the old James would go higher than ever in history. On the night of the third day of rain—that was a Saturday—I called on Camilla. She was full of talk about the high water. She wanted to go down to see the river next day.

"I'm going to sleep late in the morning," I said. "How about our going late tomorrow afternoon? It'll be highest then."

"Fine," said Camilla.

It was a little chilly and there was a fire in the fireplace. We sat before the fire and I made love to Camilla. She let me hold her hand, put my arm around her, and after a while I kissed her. There was exultation in me then, a glorious, rushing flood of joy, as strong, as turbulent as the rushing of the James down yonder. She was going to say yes—Oren had not beat me.

She was in one of her pensive moods to-night, quiet, thoughtful, unspeakably lovely, like a beautiful golden doll. Sometimes she was restless, almost flighty; sometimes she laughed, made fun of me, said she couldn't understand how a specimen



"We just stopped to rest a minute and there it was!"

Bo Brown

DRIVE UNDER THIS GUARANTEE WITH EVEREADY PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARKS



FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you can get it for "Prestone" anti-freeze... and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of "Prestone" anti-freeze—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets

between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 60° below zero.

Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of "Eveready" "Prestone" anti-freeze in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "-" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

MODEL	1 GAL.	1-½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2-½ GAL.	MODEL	1 GAL.	1-½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2-½ GAL.	MODEL	1 GAL.	1-½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2-½ GAL.
Autumn					Graham					Packard				
6-52, '34; 6-53, '35; 6-54, '36	+12	-4	-27	-59	80, 90, 110, '36, '35, 116, 120, '37	+10	-8	-34	-62	120, '35, '36; '6, '37	+14	0	-21	-50
850, '34; 851, '35; 852, '36	+17	+6	-9	-28	73 Spl. 6, 72-8, '35	+14	0	-71	-50	8, '35 to '35; 1400-1-2, '36; 120, '37	+16	-4	-12	-34
Buick					74-6, '35; 85, '37	0	-34	-62		Super 8, '35; '36	+18	-8	-6	-23
40, '34, '35, '36, '37	+6	-18	-54		6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35	+16	+4	-12	-34	1500-1-2, '37	+19	+10	0	-15
60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35	+10	-8	-34	-62	Hudson					12, '33 to '37	+21	+16	+10	
60, 80, 90, '36, '37	+12	-4	-27	-59	6, '35 (early); 6, '36; 6, '37	+3	-25	-62		Pierce Arrow				
80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35	+15	+2	-16	-42	8, '36, '37	+10	+4	-12	-34	836, '33, '34; 1600, '36; 1701, '37	+20	+12	+1	-12
60, 70, '33; 90, '34, '35	+19	+9	-3	-19	8, '34, '35	+19	+9	-3	-19	840-A, '34; 845, '35	+22	+15	+6	-5
Cadillac					6, '35 (late)	+14	0	-21	-50	1602-03, '36; 1702, '37	+24	+20	+15	+9
85, '37	+12	-4	-27	-59	Hupmobile					1240-A, 1248-A, '34; 1249, 1250, '35	+21	+16	+10	+10
370-D, '34, '35	+14	0	-21	-50	417, 421, '34; 521 (J), '35	+10	-8	-34	-62	Plymouth				
355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36	+16	+4	-12	-34	518 (D), '35; 6-618-G, '36; 6, '37	+16	+4	-12	-34	PC, PD, '33	+3	-25	-62	
452-D, '34, '35; 90, '36	+19	+9	-3	-19	422, '34; 8-621-N, '36	+18	+8	-6	-23	PF, PG, '34	+6	-18	-54	
60, 65, 70, '35, '37	+20	+12	+1	-12	426, '34; 527, '35; 627, '36; 8, '37	+19	+10	0	-15	PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35	+8	-12	-43	
60, 70, 75, '36	+22	+15	+8	0	Lafayette					PI, P2, '36; P3, P4, '37	+8	-12	-43	
Chevrolet					6, '34, '35, '36	+15	+2	-16	-42	Ree				
Stand. '33, '34, '35	-12	-62			"400", '37	+16	+4	-12	-34	FC, '35, '36; Roy. '35	+15	+2	-16	-42
Master, '33, '34, '35	-6	-47			La Salle					8-25, S, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34	+16	+4	-12	-34
All Models, '36	+8	-12	-43		35-50, '35; 50 (Str.'8), '36	+12	-4	-27	-59	Roy. N-2, '33; Roy. (8), '34	+20	+12	+1	-12
All Models, '37	+6	-18	-54		350, '34	+15	+2	-16	-42	Studebaker				
Chrysler					345-B, '32; 345-C, '33; 37-50, '37	+20	+12	+1	-12	Die. 8, '32; 6, '33; Dic. 6, '36, '37	+6	-18	-54	
8, '32, '33, '34, '35; AF, '37	+12	-4	-27	-59	Lincoln					Com. '37 to '33; Dic. '34, '35;	+10	-8	-34	-62
AF-8, Imp.-8, '35; 6, '36	+15	+2	-16	-42	Zephyr, '36, '37	+22	+14	+4	-6	Pres. '37	+14	0	-21	-50
Roy.-8, Imp.-8, '33; AS-8, '35;	+16	+4	-12	-34	V-12, '33 to '37	+23	+17	+10	+2	Pres. '33, '34, '36; Com. '34	+10	+6	-9	-28
Royal, '37	+18	+8	-6	-23	Nash					Com. '35 to '32, '35; Com. '35	+17	+6	-9	-28
DeL-8, '36; Imp., '37	+18	+8	-6	-23	1070, 1130, 1170, '33; 3720, '37	+12	-4	-27	-59	Terraplane				
De Soto					1270 (Big 6), '34; Adv. 6, 3540, '35	+14	0	-21	-50	6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. (early), 6 DeL.	+3	-25	-62	
6, '34; AF, AS, '36; 6, '37	+16	+4	-12	-34	36-9, 3640, '36; 3780, '37	+14	0	-21	-50	(early), '35; 6, '36, '37	+10	-8	-34	-62
AF, AS, '35	+12	-4	-27	-59	Adv. 8, '34, '35; Amb. 8, '36	+17	+6	-9	-28	6, '34; 6 Spec. (late), 6 DeL.	+14	0	-21	-50
Dodge					1090, 1190, '33; Amb. 8, '34	+18	+8	-6	-23	(late), '35	+14	0	-21	-50
6, '32, '33, '34; D-2, '36	+8	-12	-43		Oldsmobile					Willisy				
Senior-6, '30; DU, '35; D-5, '37	+12	-4	-27	-59	F, '35, '36	+3	-25	-62		77, '33 to '36	-21			
Ford					F, '34; L, '35, '36; F, '37	+10	-8	-34	-62	37, '37	-6	-47		
V-8, '32 to '36; V-8-78, '37	+18	+8	-6	-23	L, '33; L, '34	+15	+2	-16	-42					
V-8-74, '37	+10	-8	-34	-62	L, '37	+16	+4	-12	-34					



\$2.95
A GALLON

When you get "Prestone" anti-freeze you get your car off your mind. Protection that can't be guaranteed, is no protection at all. When you can insure your car against BOIL-AWAY, FREEZE-UP and RUST for the whole winter, under the "Eveready" "Prestone" guarantee, why consider any other anti-freeze?

"Prestone" anti-freeze does not boil away; therefore, *first cost is last cost*...one shot protects your car until spring.

like me had stood up to Oren in a fist fight. But tonight she was wonderful.

I thought, with scornful amusement, of what Sally had said that very afternoon. She had finally got up courage to lecture me: "You and Oren are making fools of yourselves. You miserable idiot, that girl isn't worth a second glance from you or Oren, either. In a pinch she just wouldn't be there!"

We got down to the river late the next afternoon. To my dismay, there was a whole crowd congregated at the mouth of Trouble Creek; my sisters, Joyce Kemper, the Witt boy, and a friend of his—and Oren. But I didn't pay much attention to them. I was busy looking at the river and at Trouble Creek. The latter ran level with its banks; the former was far out in the low grounds and it was booming along at express-train speed.

Camilla happened to be in one of her restless moods today. She couldn't seem to stay in one place more than a minute. First she was standing tiptoe on the bank of the creek, then she was at the edge of the backwater from the river.

Tony Witt and his friend had loosed Old Man Burk's boat and were out in the creek. They'd paddle down to where the creek met the river, daringly skirt the main current, and then pull back for dear life. It seemed to be a lot of fun.

Camilla went to stand beside Oren. My face burned. Hastily I engaged Joyce Kemper and Dora in conversation. Dora suggested that we all go home.

"Ready, Camilla?" I called.

"Not yet," she flung over her shoulder.

"I've had enough of this," Joyce said decidedly. "Walt, the ninny, has been running his motorboat up and down the creek all day. What's the fun in that?"

Joyce, my sisters, and Tony Witt and his friend soon departed. I stood uncertainly, then walked up to Oren and Camilla.

"Let's get in that boat," Camilla said, "and go down like Tony and Art did."

I DIDN'T like the idea much, but I followed Camilla and Oren. Camilla seated herself in the middle, with Oren in the bow and myself in the stern. There were a couple of cracked paddles; I took one, Oren the other. Going down, you had only to guide the boat, the speed of the water taking care of your progress. After all, it was fun. We went shooting down. At just the right moment Oren and I bent to the paddles, swung the boat away from the main current, and pulled laboriously back up the creek, hugging the left bank.

"Let's do it again," said Camilla.

"It's getting late," I said, for already a murky twilight was falling. But Oren started easing the boat out into the stream. I hated Oren then. Why hadn't he gone home with the others? This was my date, wasn't it?

Well, we went down that time and returned. Then Camilla pleaded for one last trip. Sitting there in her raincoat, with her golden hair wet across her forehead, she was too lovely to be refused. So we went down again—and this time Oren's cracked paddle snapped in two and the main current got us. It happened before you could think. Oren and I had started to swing the boat at the right instant. Then the paddle had snapped. The bow sluiced around. The current reached out and snatched us into its roaring maw.

And there we were, shooting out into the middle of the brawling James. Camilla screamed. Oren stood up and shouted, but the rest of our party were long since out of hearing. As for me, I had my work cut out. It was up to me to avoid being capsized.

"Oh, heavens!" Camilla wailed. "Aren't you going to do *something*!"

"Sit still!" I shouted.

"Can't you cut her back and work gradually to the bank?" Oren demanded, and it was the first time he had really spoken to me for weeks.

"No," I said. "If I try to cut back, we'll turn over."

Oren saw the truth of that. He said something in a soothing voice to Camilla, but his eyes looked into mine. "It's up to you, kid," said those eyes. And it was up to me. I worked like a maniac, dipping the paddle this way and that furiously, somehow managing to keep us afloat. The rain came down hard now, and it was getting dark on the river. All around us was debris—floating logs, half a cabin roof, now and then a bundle of fodder.

CAMILLA wept pitifully, her terrified eyes swimming in tears. Oren put out his hand and touched her shoulder, but she sort of shrugged away, as if nothing in the world could comfort her.

Then in the gloom, directly ahead of us, I saw something, and I didn't need any book of instructions to inform me that our time had come. We were heading straight for that little lump of ground we called Pat's Island, a little strip of sand thirty feet wide and about a hundred long. The ground was covered with water, but right in the middle of the island was a big rock with its head still above water.

I tried with all my might to swing the boat past the rock. But it wasn't any use. We crashed. I went over the side headfirst. My hands touched something soft. It was Camilla. My feet touched something hard, and that was the sand bar. I was in water up to my chest, but I lifted Camilla over my head and began to fight my way toward the rock. Keeping upright in that rush of water, even with my feet on solid ground, was the hardest thing I ever tried, and I wouldn't have managed it if Oren hadn't floundered up to me. He kept me steady, and together we got Camilla up over the hummock onto the rock. Then we clambered up behind her.

I flopped face down on the rock, and it was five minutes before I could move a muscle. Then I heard Camilla saying, "What fools we were—what utter, absolute fools! But you and Mark should have known better."

I have never seen anything so pitiful as her poor little drenched face. Oren put his arm around her briefly, then stood up and began to shout.

"That's no good," I said. "You couldn't be heard a hundred feet away."

Oren dropped to his knees, his face haggard. I pulled myself up to a sitting position. I looked at the water. Another two inches and it would cover the rock. I guess my whole soul stood out in my eyes, because Oren, looking at me, said, "Yes, it won't be long before we're washed away."

"There's one chance," I said. "You and I got Camilla into this—we've got to get her out."

"What's the chance?" Oren shouted.

"For me to swim to shore and get Walt Kemper and his motorboat."

"You'd never make it to shore."

"It's the only chance, Oren."

"Yes, it's the only chance, but—" He stopped, an awful stare in his eyes. "Still, a man might swim diagonally, being careful not—to fight the water too hard—and come out a mile or so below here. If—if that would work—but you'd be drowned in a hundred yards."

"We're all going to be drowned, anyway!" Camilla wailed.

"Not without fighting," I said, and I got to my feet and tore off my coat.

Then Oren said, "It's me that's going and you that's staying here."

"No!" I shouted. "No! I thought of it first. I'm a better swimmer than you are."

"You're a liar!"

"We'll both go, then."

"And leave Camilla alone?" Oren yelled.

"It'll be a double chance that way. One of us may get through. We can't—"

"That's right," Camilla said. "One of you may get through. Oh, hurry up, will you!"

Camilla turned her back. We stripped. I don't think we even said good-by; just stepped out into the river. I went down like a bullet. But I didn't lose my head, I didn't fight the water. Coming up, I began to make long, even strokes, and presently I found I could swim even in this hurtling current. You went downstream fast, but you went across a little, too.

Oren's head bobbed up beside me. We swam even, Oren on the downriver side. I turned a little more against the current.

But it was awful swimming there in the dark. Once a log shot past so close that it brushed my head. I couldn't see Oren now—it was too dark. Alternately I swam furiously for a brief space, then relaxed. The left bank of the river was little more than a quarter-mile from the island and that counted the overflow, too. Suddenly I knew I was going to make it!

A LIGHT gleamed through the dark on a hillside. That would be Rowdy Martin's place. By that light I could tell I was more than halfway across the river. And suddenly Oren's head bobbed up beside me. I turned my head again, and then I saw the log. I yelled, "Look out!" and dived. I felt the log scrape my back as it rushed over me. Then it smashed Oren.

He was floundering in the water. He gasped out, "Got me—in the—ribs." Then he was yelling, "Go on, you fool! Don't stop for me. You've got to get through for Camilla!"

But I got my right arm sort of around his shoulders. I paddled with the left. It wasn't any use; I couldn't make headway with one hand. We both went down. The river swirled over us. I came up. Oren was drifting with the current, agony betrayed in his white face. I made for him again. Oren screamed out that I must remember Camilla. I yelled at him to turn on his back and let me get my elbow hooked under his chin.

"I'm not leaving you!" I shouted.

Then Oren sluiced around. I saw his fist coming, and I dodged it. He hit at me twice, missing both times. He wanted to scare me off, wanted me to leave him to drown alone. I saw what I'd have to do.

I caught his hair in one hand, beat furiously with my feet to keep on top, and landed one on his chin that knocked him dizzy. After that it wasn't any trouble to roll him on his back and get my elbow where I wanted it.

"If you go down," I said, "we both go. I'm sorry, Oren—about everything."

And I knew I had spoken the truth about our going down together. Somewhere far away a girl waited in terror upon a rock, but here—here was Oren.

A long time later, when I knew at last we weren't going to make it, when the river seemed pounding me to pieces and I should have been saying my prayers, I heard a *putt-putt-putt* sound, and suddenly there was a light where there had been darkness. . . . Somehow Walt Kemper and I got Oren into the motorboat. Then I crawled over the side. Camilla sat huddled in the bow. She turned her back and I drew on the clothes Walt had brought along from the island. After that I helped Oren dress.

Walt said, "A colored boy saw you three swept out into the current. He ran hotfoot for me. I came down the river with my searchlight, and spotted Camilla on the rock. Got there, she says, about twenty minutes after you and Oren pulled out. Been cruising around looking for you ever since."

"So you see there wasn't any danger, after all," said Camilla. "The little colored boy is the hero."

"Yes," I said, "the little colored boy is the hero." I looked at Oren.

At the bend of the river Walt cut his boat diagonally and we managed to land. Oren had some broken ribs and we had to get him to a doctor. We walked up the hill to Tilman Scott's place, and Tilman took us to town. As we halted in front of Doc Cobb's office, Camilla began to laugh.

"It was the funniest thing, Walt. Honestly. You should have seen them. I thought they were going to fight about who tried to swim across." Walt looked uncomfortable, but Camilla rattled on: "So finally nothing would do but for both of them to go and leave little me sitting there on the rock. And all the time there wasn't any danger. A lot of dramatics just went to waste."

I SUPPOSE she thought she was teasing us, but I remembered that log which might have got Oren's head instead of his ribs. I looked at him; he looked at me. We understood Camilla now, but best of all we understood each other.

Oren said, "Yes, just a lot of dramatics gone to waste." Then: "You coming with me to the doctor, kid?"

"You bet," I said.

Well, the doctor patched Oren up and we went home. At last we got up to Oren's room, and I helped him undress and watched him climb gingerly into bed. He looked at me. I looked back.

"Sally was right," he said at last. Then: "Say, the next time we fall in love, let's make it different girls."

"Suits," I said. "And, by the way, let's try Stark's Pond soon as the water clears."

"Gosh!" said Oren. "You'll never make a fisherman."

Then he shut his eyes, and I tiptoed out, feeling once again like a two-year-old in clover.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"Maybe I'll have
to come to it"

For the children's sake, we hope Santa Claus resists the temptation to use a Schick Shaver.

But every other male of shaving age should have someone to give him a Schick Shaver for a Christmas gift. It will bring such sheer joy and pleasure into the morning shave that he will remember as long as he lives and be everlastingly grateful.

Never again will he fuss with soap-and-water lather, brush, cream, powder or lotions. Never again will he cut or scrape himself.

Let his first happy shave be on Christmas morning, assuring him of "a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

**Ask any
authorized dealer**

He will show you the Schick and explain how simply it gives a quick close shave. If the receiver of your gift would like a demonstration or explanation of the Schick after he owns it, any one of our dealers will be happy to answer any questions, or help the owner to learn the simple knack of using the Schick. **\$15**

SCHICK DRY SHAVES, INC., STAMFORD, CONN. Western Distributor: Edises, Inc., San Francisco
In Canada: Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd., and other leading stores

SCHICK  SHAVES

"What's all this talk about a DRY whiskey?"



MORE AND MORE, you'll hear men who *know* liquor calling for a *dry* whiskey. A whiskey without even a trace of sweetness. In other words, for Paul Jones.

No wonder! Such men have always preferred *dry* champagne, *dry* sherry, and *dry* cocktails. So it's only natural that they should favor a *dry* whiskey, too.

And Paul Jones is truly *dry*—gloriously

rich and mellow, yet utterly without sweetness. And it's ALL whiskey—whiskey every drop!

This quality of *dryness* is one of the chief reasons why Paul Jones has been known as "A Gentleman's Whiskey" since 1865.

Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore, also make Four Roses, Old Oscar Pepper brand and Mattingly & Moore—all 90 proof, all blends of straight whiskies—and that means *all* whiskey.



STORK...

DON'T be surprised to see a little girl rocking a doll that looks exactly like her. Dewees Cochran, portrait sculptress, has originated a vogue—modeling dolls to favor their mothers. When she found that fine art didn't pay, Miss Cochran took her talent to children, and found a ready market. These miniatures are so lifelike that owners say parents will soon put their children on the shelf and kiss the dolls good night. In her New York studio Miss Cochran has made 200 chips from young blocks in the last 2 years. They are bought both for children and as sentimental reminders for doting parents.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VAN NISS-DE VOS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

DAZZLER...

FIVE years ago this bright young man from Alabama was earning \$30 a week. Today, at 27, Douglas Leigh, now of New York, is dazzling Broadway with huge, animated electric signs, produced by a half-million-dollar company which he founded and owns. Across his vast screens of light bulbs flit life-sized elephants, railroad trains, and troupes of dancing girls, and 200,000 miles of wire feed the illusion. Each gigantic skyblazer produces an 8-minute show, free to the crowds, and the performance is continuous. The signs are called "spectaculars."



PHOTOGRAPH BY HESSE STUDIO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

GATE CRASHER...

EDWARD HYDEMAN, of New York, is proxy for every child who has to sneak under the canvas to see a circus, or peek through a knothole to see a baseball game. A retired merchant, he spends all of his time arranging free entertainment for underprivileged children. New York's 250 charities for juveniles have designated him their official beggar for complimentary tickets. In the last 11 years Hydeman has obtained \$250,000 worth of passes to rodeos, circuses, hockey and baseball games, and theaters, and has distributed them among 50,000 deserving urchins. And he doesn't get a thing out of it himself.



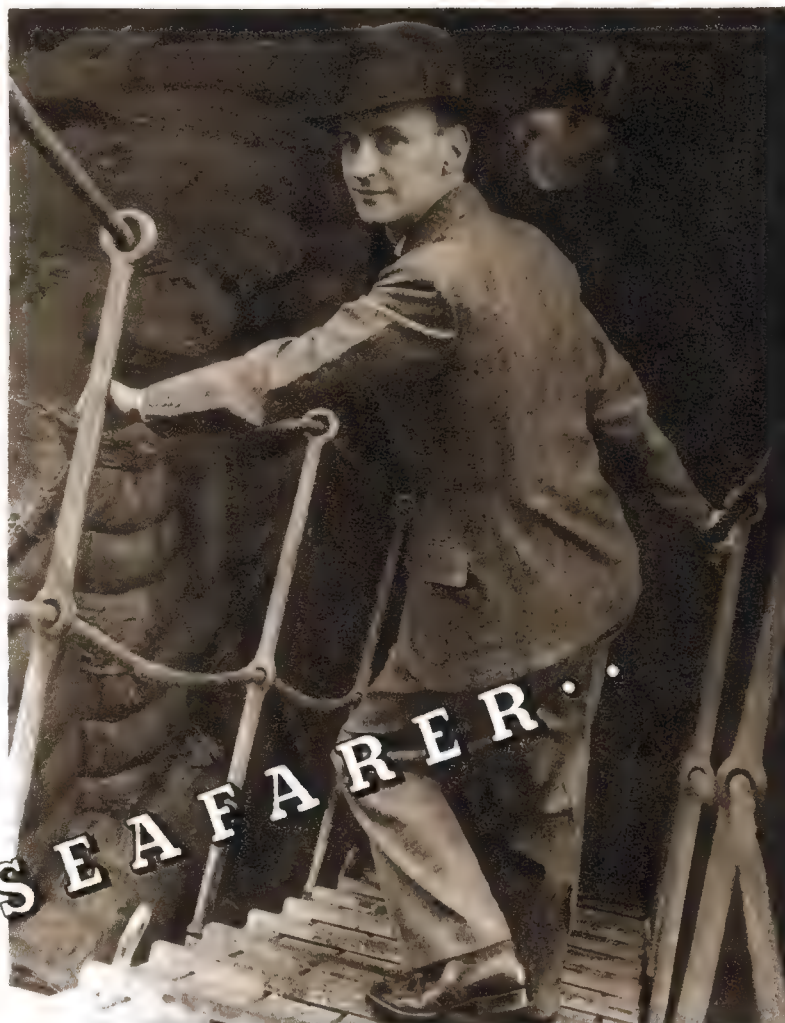
PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MOLIND FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



TWIGS...

TWO Philadelphia socialites, Miss Clarissa Gross (left) and Mrs. Howard M. Stuckert, Jr. (right), concluding that society paid no dividends, recently invented a new business, called "The Twig," because it is "a little branch of any service." They mind children and dogs, rent raincoats, and provide dressing-rooms for one-day visitors.

FOUR years ago Thaddeus Hyatt was selling baby buggy wheels in New York. They didn't take him far enough, so he got the idea of selling globe-trotting adventure at cut rates. Persuaded owners of freighters to spruce up their ships, offer cheaper fares. Now he does a rushing business, with school-teachers and grandmothers his best customers.



SEAFARER...

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



JUDGE..

SHE sees more motion pictures than any other woman in America. Besa Short, of Dallas, Texas, arranges 500 programs a week for 145 movie theaters in Texas and New Mexico. Has to sit through 3,000 pictures a year. An audience of one, she spends every morning in her company's little theater. Centers her programs around the "shorts," and insists she isn't punning on her name. Never steps out to a movie, and doesn't wear glasses.

PHOTOGRAPH BY L. J. HIGGENBOTHAM FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WHILE other planes scurry for shelter from an approaching storm, Herbert Hucke, of Chicago, takes off in his air liner and plunges head-on into its midst. Almost daily for 3 months he and 12 assistants have roared through the blackest clouds, seeking the cause of airplane radio static. Already their studies have resulted in the installation of static-dischargers in all air liners, greatly clarifying radio reception.

ROUGH RIDER..



ICEBREAKER..

BEULAH KUH is America's busiest party girl. In the last 9 years she's organized 10,000 private parties in virtually every big city from New York, her headquarters, to Los Angeles, and hasn't paid for one of them. Her motto is, "From invite to good-night," and the host foots the bill. The graceful icebreaker is what counts, she says, whether it be caricature place cards or an organ grinder with his monkey. Believes the best parties are always on Wednesdays.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT LEAVITT FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



MATCHMAKER...

JANET MACK is making a career of introducing the right masters to the right dogs. If you want a dog, you call at her New York office and submit to a personality analysis. Then she analyzes dogs all over the nation until she finds the one that is suited to your temperament. If you're a brute, you'll probably draw a boxer, a ferocious dog well able to put you in your place. If you are timid, you may get a cocker spaniel. Miss Mack psychoanalyzes neurotic pups, and advises on all domestic difficulties between owners and dogs. Conducts a vacation clinic in the Adirondacks to iron out disputes. "Rusty" and "Topsy," shown in the picture, boss the camp when she's not around.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROLA RUST FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

IN his "Lovers'" Church in Oklahoma City, Okla., Dr. W. A. McKeever preaches the blessings of love and seeks to bring single men and women parishioners together in matrimony. Get-togethers follow each service. Here he is offering advice to a couple who met in church.

CUPID



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALPHIA HART FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



RUMMAGER

HARRY LaFETRA makes \$250,000 a year out of the things that 7,000,000 people throw away. But the city of New York gets the money. As dictator of dumps for Manhattan, LaFetra rummages through mountains of trash for rusty radiators, uprooted trolley tracks, bones, bottles, egg crates, and discarded fire trucks. He cashes in even on the contents of wastebaskets. "If you have enough of anything," he says, "you can always get a good price for it."

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIP ROSS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

America's **INTERESTING PEOPLE**



PHOTOGRAPH BY CYKO ART STUDIOS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

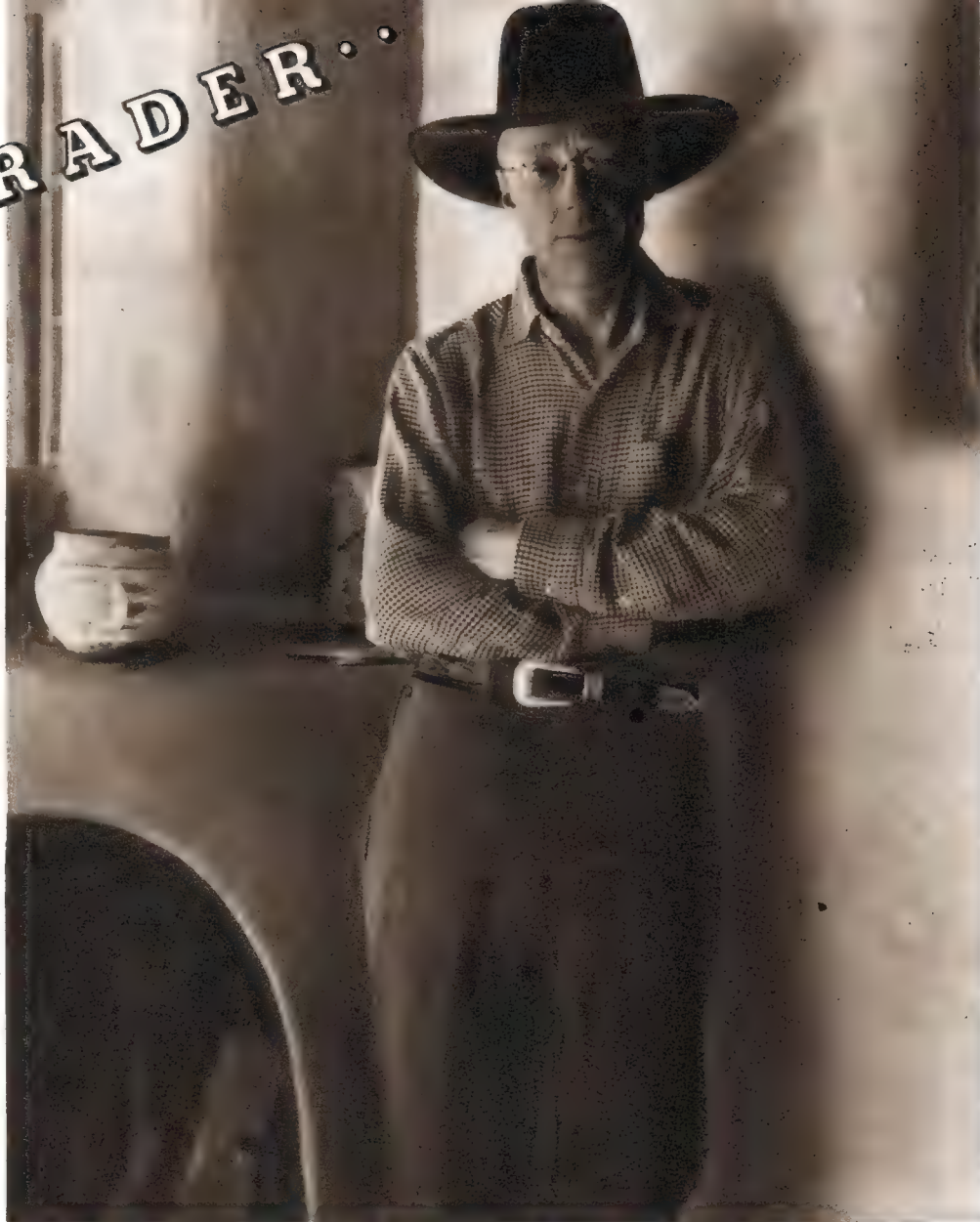
PORTER

MARIE SARKIPATO, 19, looks like a blond movie star on location, but she's really the nation's No. 1 woods-girl, preparing to conquer one of the densest and most treacherous sections of America's border country, northern Minnesota. At 13 her amateur standing as a guide was tops; now, as a professional, she can show a lost Indian the way home. Followed by three or four canoes, she'll

lead parties of men or women through forests, across inland waters, down boiling rapids. A circuit of 300 miles is just a jaunt for Marie. It is easiest to travel by canoe, and her steady feet and sturdy arms come in handy when a portage is necessary—sometimes 12 or 15 of them a day. On the proceeds of her summer's work, she's attending Junior College in her own home town of Ely, Minn.

MASQUERADER...

DISGUISED as a mountain goat, a cactus plant, or a caribou, Arthur Newton Pack, of Abiquiu, N. Mex., roams the wilds of America, fooling ferocious animals into posing for his camera. Wanders from the deserts of Arizona to the wastes of Alaska in quest of pictorial prey. Made the finest known collection of photographs of the Alaskan great brown bear. Pack has proved most tales of animal aggression false. Knows of only one instance where the savage mountain lion attacked a human: A 4-year-old girl was killed by a starving, toothless cat that couldn't get his food in the usual way. Off duty, Pack runs his own 35,000-acre dude ranch.



PHOTOGRAPH BY T. HARRISON PARKHURST FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



CLICKER...

IVORY spheres and silver dollars take their cues from Charles Peterson, of Chicago, world's champion trick billiard shot. He's been head man at the fancy tables since 1912. Recently won a 100-to-1 bet that he could complete a dollar shot. Try it some time. Place an upright silver dollar on a billiard table between 2 pieces of chalk, so that the edge faces you (see inset). Bounce the coin with a cue against the nearest cushion, so that it banks and spins back to its original position. Didn't it? Peterson fathered intercollegiate billiards, now played by 19 universities.



PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

SURGEON.

GIVE S. N. Rosenthal, of New York, a handful of kindling wood, and it's a safe bet he'll turn it into a concert violin. The greatest violinists go to him when their instruments get smashed—by accident or in a fit of temperament. The Rosenthal touch makes cracks invisible and tone richer. Has restored antique fiddles for Zimbalist, Kreisler, and many other famous musicians, and has made 109 new violins entirely by hand. Many are already collectors' items. Mischa Elman, Jascha Heifetz, and Eddie Brown own and play Rosenthal products. He is also the foremost creator of handmade bows in the world, his finest being worth \$2,500. He can't play a note of music himself, and hates jigsaw puzzles.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINO SARRA FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

MRS. E. H. MILLER, of Chicago, travels 25,000 miles a year just to poke around the cornstalks and wheat fields of the nation. If she finds cutworms, grasshoppers, or black rust, repercussions may be heard in Wall Street. She's America's only woman crop forecaster, employed by a large brokerage house.

KING.

JOE MARSHALL, Idaho potato king, helps put starch in American politics. Reputed to grow the largest, mealiest potatoes in the country, he's chief purveyor of spuds to President Roosevelt, Mayor LaGuardia, and other celebrities. Grows his seed in mountains 7,000 feet above his potato hills.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JACOBY STUDIO FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



No Model

J. C. BOYLE.
SALUTING DEVICE.

2 Sheets—Sheet 1

No. 556,248

Patented Mar. 10, 1896.

Fig. 1.

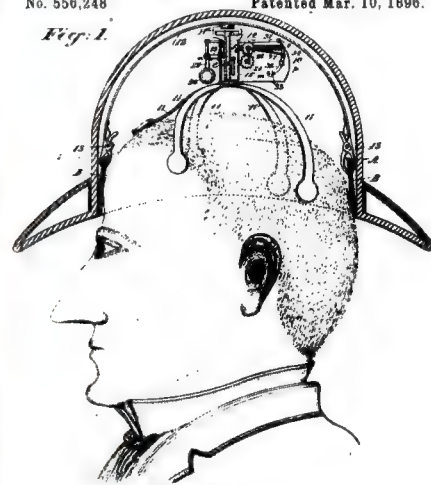


Fig. 2.

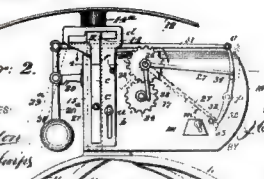
WITNESSES:

Wm. P. Hutton
Kirkland & Hoopes

INVENTOR

J. C. Boyle

ATTORNEYS



No Model

S. ANDERSON.

MOUTHPIECE FOR PREVENTING SNORING.

No. 587,358.

Patented Aug. 3, 1897.

Fig. 1.

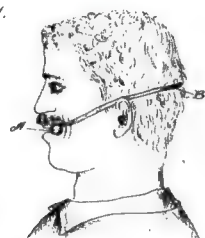


Fig. 2.

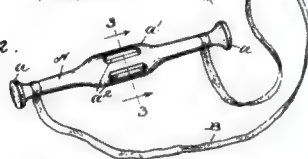


Fig. 3.



Witnesses:

Wm. P. Hutton
Kirkland & Hoopes

Inventor:

S. Anderson

By Chas. C. G. Elmer
Att'y.

GOOFOLOGIST

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE P. HIGGINS FOR THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

WHENEVER an inventor patents a brainstorm like an egg dater, to be strapped to a hen, or a whisker scythe, J. C. Wobensmith rushes out to get the details. A Philadelphia lawyer, he collects "goofy" inventions. Among freaks he has found in the last 27 years are a plant irrigator and a hair planter for bald heads. Designs for a self-tipping hat, snore muffler, and mustache holder are shown in the picture.

*You shave again
or I don't go!*



DON'T LET

"5 O'clock Shadow"

SPOIL YOUR EVENING...AND HERS



Avoid "5 O'clock Shadow"—that premature beard growth which crops up at 5 P. M. because inefficient shaving instruments have merely "topped" your beard.

Stay clean with Gem! Gem keeps your face neat to the end of the longest day... because Gem is scientifically designed to shave you *clean* at the dermal line! No other razor has Gem's face-fitting bevel, which compels you to use the long, gliding stroke, of the master barber. No other razor has dual-alignment which locks the blade rigid at 5 points! No other razor uses the fine Gem Micromatic Blade—stropped 4840 times to a super-keen, longer-lasting edge!

End "5 O'clock Shadow" today! Get a Gem Razor and 5 Gem Blades from your dealer for \$1.00. Or send coupon below and 25¢ for special convincing "PROOF" offer!



-SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER-

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Dept. A47, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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GEM MICROMATIC
RAZOR and
BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

Young Man's FANCY



(Continued from page 19)

work, Ben," she said. "He'll appreciate this opportunity."

He wished they'd stop. Something about what they said made him uncomfortable; he didn't like to hear it.

"I want him to have the chances I didn't have." It was as though his father were talking straight at his mother, forgetting he was there, too.

But with the veal chops his father came back to him: "Made up your mind what you want to major in?"

If Dad had been one of the fellows, Kneehi would have said, "Football." But he couldn't very well say that to his old man. "I thought I'd wait till I was there a while before I see what I want to be."

HE STARTED to help his mother clear the table so they could get away on time, but she urged them into the living-room, shooing them both as though they were chickens. "Go on in the living-room with your father. He wants to talk to you."

"It can wait . . ." His father looked uncomfortable, he thought.

"No, it can't!" said his mother mysteriously, "This is just the opportunity you've been looking for."

It was funny how his father walked back and forth from the radio to the couch. It was funny how Kneehi knew what he wanted to talk about.

"Melva is getting married tonight. The first of your friends," said his father. "And you're going away to school this fall. Looks to me as though you're almost grown up. Almost."

"Sure," said Kneehi, lounging down on the sofa and lighting a cigarette. He had official privilege but his father didn't ever offer him one.

"I'd feel more comfortable if you'd sit off your neck. . . . Well, a man has a great many responsibilities. He can take them or leave them . . . and if he leaves them he ends up asking handouts."

"Sure; I know," agreed Kneehi.

"You do? Well, school will teach you some of those responsibilities, I hope. But one of them is my job. Little as I like it."

Kneehi wasn't sure he had actually heard those last few words. "I know. Sure," he said.

"Seems to me you know everything. I remember myself at your age. I've never been as smart since, as I was at eighteen."

Kneehi thought, "If he'd only get it off his chest."

"Well," said his father, "your responsibility to women. Not the kind this young man who's marrying Melva is undertaking tonight. Not that for a while. But these young things you run about with—Jannie Sinclair and the rest. Say! Am I talking to myself or will you show some signs of intelligence?"

"Sure," said Kneehi, getting up; not being able to stand it any longer. He was sure a heck of a lot taller than his father. Was it just that he was growing? Or was the old man shrinking? Might as well finish the agony.

"Dad," he said, "spare yourself the trouble. I've known all the answers since I was fifteen."

"Writing-on-the-wall stuff? All kids learn that at fifteen and they don't get the answers straight. As long as I've started, I'd like to discuss it with you."

THE telephone bell struck up and Kneehi made a dive for the receiver. It was Bud. "Kneehi?" his voice rode over the wires. "I got the folks' car fixed up for tonight. We'll take care of those guys."

His mother came in. She already had her good white gloves on. "I just stacked the dishes. Are my boys finished?"

His father groaned. "It's taken centuries to get the subject straight, if it is yet. And you allow me fifteen minutes."

"Sure," said Kneehi. "We're all done."

"I guess so," said his father resignedly. "I got to first base and Archer ran the plates for me. We're finished."

"Dad and I understand each other."

"I'm glad you understand me, anyhow," said his father, and he slapped his hat on his head. "Let's go to this wedding."

They had taken the furniture out of a room at Melva's and set up long plank tables covered with sheets. There were the presents, showing off.

Kneehi nosed about until he found his family's present to Melva. It was a sort of

a sugar bowl. Too bad the folks couldn't have bought something a little sweller, considering Melva was one of his gang. He'd have thought they'd have more consideration. Bud's folks had given a tablecloth and napkins to match. He was wondering whether the room was holy so he couldn't smoke, when Jannie came in.

She looked stiff and delicate in her bridesmaid dress. Her hair shimmered as though it were burning. He had never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

"I've got to talk to you, Kneehi," and she tugged him after her, through the guests, into the upper hall. "Something's happened. The other fellow Jack brought down from Omaha to be an usher got a wire to go home right away. Melva wants to know will you fill in?"

"Is your guy Herb here?"

"Mr. Herb Moore is here and he's not my guy. Are you going to be in the wedding party or aren't you?"

He knew darned well he would, but somehow his pride demanded a stall. "I don't know about that. I'm not one of the Older Fellows."

JANNIE didn't smile even a little smile. "I know. But you're the biggest of the boys. Come on, will you?"

Yeah, they were picking him for his size, as though he were a grapefruit.

"It's very simple, Kneehi, and I'll explain it to you. But none of your making funny faces at Bud or anybody. This is a wedding, don't forget. And solemn."

"I don't see anything so wonderful about a wedding."

"Oh, I do. I think it's thrilling." Her lips and eyes shone as though she saw fairies over his shoulder. "Melva looks beautiful. I hope I look that sweet when I'm a bride."

The way she talked about it, you'd have thought she was getting married next week. He felt as though he had stubbed his toe on a big, invisible rock. He had never thought of Jannie as getting married, except maybe after years and years . . . and then, probably, to him, if he ever decided to get married, which he probably wouldn't. Suddenly he felt left out.

"Oh, you won't get married for a long time."

"Won't I?" Jannie's smile was pitying, and something like his mother's. "Well, now come on to the garden and I'll show you where you belong."

The fellows, it seemed, were useful at weddings but not very ornamental. They were supposed to shove in through the bushes and stand at attention, waiting for the girls to come down to the end of the garden to the little altar which had been constructed there.

It didn't look like Melva's yard. They must have planted green velvet instead of lawn, and printed it with hoops of light from the lanterns.

The groom and Kneehi had just given each other a man-to-man handshake, brisk and businesslike. We have to get this job done with before we can get acquainted, Kneehi thought. He felt sorry for the guy. He looked miserable.

But now, that Herb. A big, dark guy. He acted like he was the business manager: "Here's the ring, Jack; don't worry about

it. I'll give it to you when the time comes. I've got your tickets for the train, Jack. Don't worry about a thing. I've got everything under control." As though it was his show.

Kneehi's heart shook a little as somebody's violin cleared a nervous throat like a lady soprano, and sent the thin notes of *I Love You Truly* spiraling over the people.

But when the girls drifted down the lawn in languid, religious time to *Here Comes the Bride*, Kneehi knew why he hated Herb. Jannie was lovely as a burning candle, and, when he spotted her, Herb said "M-m-m-m" in a hungry murmur, trailing her with his eyes to the altar.

"Keep off my girl," Kneehi thought angrily, and then a terrible thing happened. As though Herb's stare had been a hand to touch her, Jannie lifted her head and her eyes from whatever beautiful thoughts had held her, and gave him a twinkle of a smile. The smile had not been meant for Kneehi and he was sore, looking deliberately beyond her.

Well, that couldn't be Melva . . . that white cloud faltering along, hanging on to a wobbly bunch of flowers. Melva was plenty tough, she could handle her fists almost as well as a fellow, but darned if all that veil didn't make her seem like something that needed taking care of. If Melva could turn out like that, then Jannie, being little and white to begin with . . . Nuts! he told himself. Fancy-dress stuff.

Jack looked as though he'd have fallen down if she hadn't got there just when she did. The music stopped. The minister talked, and the thing had started.

KNEEHI didn't listen to the words. He looked around as much as he could. There were his mother and father within the stiff-headed slant of his eye-range. Mom started to cry right away. Melva's mother was crying, too. Why the heck did women cry? There wasn't anything to be sad about, like somebody dying, was there? At the same time he wasn't as hard as he wanted to be; there was something important about all this; he wasn't sure what. All they were doing was getting married the same thing his father and mother and everybody did sooner or later.

The ceremony built up to the final smack, when Melva pushed her veil back and Jack put his ring on her finger. What a kiss, right there in front of everybody! Kneehi, with Jannie in the parked car, had always been wary lest somebody come along and see them holding each other. But Melva and Jack were married. They didn't have to be scared.

The tension broke, the way the frosting on a cake cracks with the first cut slice, and Jannie and Helen, the other bridesmaid, kissed the bride, and, bashfully, the groom.

What a good guy that Jack was. He found time, shaking hands with Kneehi, to say, "Heard a lot about you from Melva. I've been wanting to get acquainted with her friends. Hope you'll find time to come to Omaha to visit us." Just as though he wasn't five years older.

Kneehi said, "Wish you lots of luck."

"Thanks. Darn' decent of you to fill in."

Then all the people flew at them, and Kneehi was shoved to the rim of the crowd. There Bud found him. "Everything's fixed," said Bud.

Kneehi had a pinch of doubt. In the un-



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Give gloriously this Christmas—give Community Plate, cherished for its beauty of design, its enduring quality ★ ★ A truly magnificent service has been assembled—a 62-piece service for eight—in your choice of six distinguished designs, and complete with a free tarnish-proof Holiday Chest as illustrated. Our special holiday offer permits you to select this service for only \$59.75—a saving of \$11.75 over open-stock prices ★ ★ Community Plate—in services from \$32.50, and individual pieces for as little as \$1.50—is available on terms convenient to your budget, wherever fine silverware is sold.

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expectedness of being an usher he had forgotten the plan. "Yeah? Well, maybe..."

"Go on. What's the matter? Softening up?"

He saw Jannie shaking hands with Herb. Holding hands, was more like it.

Bud said, "Tell you what, Kneehi, Petey'll help me. You stick around here and play society."

His mother snatched him and kissed him. "I was proud of you up there," she whispered. "You looked just fine."

With his unsmothered ear he heard someone else say, "I approve of early marriages. Sweet couple, aren't they? They can grow up together." His mother patted him as though she wanted to be sure he heard that. . . .

THEY must have taken Jack while he wasn't looking. Because, by the time the music whipped into jazz and he went to claim his dance with Melva, she was a little nervous. "You haven't seen Jack anywhere, have you, Kneehi?"

He guided Melva respectfully over the specially built outdoor platform, trying to dance as smooth as sirup. They had stepped plenty together, but now she was somebody else's valuable property.

He felt like a dirty bum. But a little pleased, too, because that Herb would be locked in a dirty tool shed. "No, I haven't. Did anybody look in the house for him?"

He was glad when the dance ended. Everything was going to be all right; and Herb would be whittled down to his size, for Jannie to see he wasn't so hot.

She had promised him the next dance. And his feeling of well-being was short-lived. Herb was very much on the scene, drinking punch with Jannie by the hedge.

"This is ours," Kneehi interrupted. He thought the way she left Herb promised him she'd be right back as soon as she'd taken her castor oil.

"Sorry to trouble you, making you dance with me."

"My goodness, Kneehi, what's the matter with you?"

"Well, are you happy? You've got one of your old Older Fellows."

"That's what I mean. Talking like that is what makes you so young." She became brittle as a piece of stick-candy in his arms.

He released her and hoped she'd make him finish the dance with her. But she walked right back to Herb.

Bud and Petey were back in the garden. Kneehi went over to them.

"We just took Jack," said Bud. "The other guy was too big for us to handle without you."

"For my dough," said Kneehi, "you took the wrong one."

"Bet nobody misses Jack yet. A heck of a lot a guy counts for at his own wedding."

Kneehi sifted the guests till he saw Melva. She was still dancing, but she had her head turned, looking for Jack. Kneehi thought she was going to cry. Heck! It wasn't her fault that he was sore at Jannie and had wanted to pull a fast one on Herb.

"We got to get him back," he said. "Gimme the keys to your dad's car and the tool house, Bud. I'll go after him."

He touched Melva on her sleeve, reverently. "Don't worry. I know where Jack is. I'll bring him back to you."

It was Herb she was dancing with. He turned up every place.

"Funny stuff, huh?" said Herb. "I'll go along with you, kid."

Kneehi threw his chin out. "You don't need to; I know the way."

"I feel a responsibility. I'll take care of everything," he assured Melva, and there was nothing to do but let him go along.

"You didn't seem worried about Jack before," Kneehi thought at Herb, ramming the car immediately into third. "And you could have waited for an invitation. But if you got to be a hero, I guess I can't stop you."

They rode into the cold air of the mountains. The car took the angles of the canyon easily. Kneehi's hands were experienced. He and Herb didn't talk; antagonism, like a third, sat between them on the front seat.

The tool house was built of cement-chinked logs, and under the riding moon it squatted sullen as an Indian fort. Kneehi used the key and uncorked Jack, who had been leaning against the door. He grinned at them and climbed into the back seat of the car. "Fun is fun," he said, "but I couldn't find a place to sit down."

"Swell sport," Kneehi thought approvingly and turned the engine over right away. He probably wanted to get right back to his . . . his wife. Herb sat in the front again.

"Who's idea was that, anyway?" Jack asked amiably.

"Some of that small-town, small-boy stuff," Herb said. "They don't realize how serious it is."

"Never mind making any apologies for me," Kneehi thought. He tucked his chin down and drove like hell. First he gave Herb a dirty look that should have shut him up.

But it didn't. "Keep your eyes on the road, kid. Or let me drive. I want to get Jack back safe and sound."

For answer Kneehi stomped on the gas. He could drive this canyon with his teeth. But Herb put a hand on the wheel. And three hands were one too many.

THEY were lucky that it happened in a place where a ditch broke the fall into the canyon.

The car was still groaning in its springs, the wheels spinning like roulette. Kneehi was the first out, by way of the side window. He thought he wasn't broken any place and fished back for the others.

Herb only seemed to have a little cut on his chin, but he was shaky and mad. "I knew you'd murder us."

Kneehi just went on hauling Jack out; he didn't say anything about Herb's grabbing the wheel. What was the sense of blame, after it was done, anyhow?

Jack had a twisted ankle. They were all alive. Kneehi thanked God or whatever IT was. But the car had taken punishment. Every inch of it was pleated like an accordion.

The corpse of the car, the sharp-tipped pines, were washed alike by the uncaring moon's white light. The canyon below was as dark as the end of everything.

"We got to get to town," Herb said. "Jack and Melva mustn't miss their train."

"I hope she won't be worried about me," Jack said. His ankle probably hurt him. He sat on the wheel and held it like an egg. "That's all that bothers me . . . Melva. There are plenty of trains."

"Well." Herb was holding his handkerchief to his face and taking it down again to see how much blood was coming out. "What are you going to do about getting us back?"

Kneehi looked up the road. It was so empty and peaceful mountain sheep could have pastured on it. "We could wait for a lift, but we might wait three weeks." He could feel every aching bone in his body as though he were an X-ray. "I'd walk down the road till I find a cabin with a phone. I'll let Melva know you're okay, Jack."

"Anything we ought to watch out for?" Herb was sure nervous. "Mountain lions or anything?"

"Yeah," said Kneehi, sloping up the grade toward the road. "Just be careful that wreck don't bite you where you sit down."

HE HAD his black angular shadow for company as he walked down the silent road. He had nothing to do but think, and he began to do some of that. Somebody would have to pay for the damage done to the car. Did Bud's dad have insurance? Yeah, most people have liability insurance, but they pay for wrecking their own cars. Oh, sure, his old man could afford to pay for it, but he'd be sore.

It was peculiar, but some time between his right leg's leaving the ground and reaching forward for it again, it occurred to Kneehi that he didn't know how much money his dad did have. A gang of ideas fitted together like the parts of a clock, and they all ticked. His mother's old dress, the sugar bowl for a wedding present, no maid in their house, the warning about spending his college check.

"We're poor," he realized, with surprise rather than unhappiness. "I never knew it, because the folks wanted me to . . . what is it Dad's always saying? . . . have all the things he never had."

Step by aching step, till he reached a lonely, huddled cabin, he computed the cost of paying for repairs on the car—if it could be fixed, in the first place. And towage back to town. It was going to be a fortune.

He rattled at the cottage door and was admitted by the sleepy summer residents. The telephone had a crank on it, mountain-style, and it took him three tries to get Melva. "We ran out of gas," he told her. "Just riding down the hills and we ran out of gas."

"Oh," said Melva, and it was a wonder the wires didn't sag with the tears in her voice. "I'm so glad he's all right. Kiss him for me."

He hung up like a perfect gentleman, but he guessed she could do that for herself.

The cottage owner put on some clothes and offered Kneehi a lift back to the wreck to pick up the others. "I'll take you back to town, too," he grumbled, shifting out of the log garage. "But only if I find you young scamps haven't been doing any one-armed driving or drinking."

He changed his tune when he heard it had something to do with a wedding. All anybody had to do was mention "wedding" and most people softened up like toast in coffee.

Jack kept on being game as they rode back, but Herb griped all the way. With his eyes Kneehi traveled the road as faithfully as the wheels. He sat in front and

kicked himself silently all the way down the mountains and over the flat road into town.

His father didn't have the dough, and this damn-fool stunt would probably break him. "Herb would never take any of the responsibility . . . yeah! There was that word again. Well, all it really meant was that somebody had to pay for the car. I wish I had money of my own. I'd rather jump out of the car than face Dad."

Everyone was so glad to see them, swarming around with kisses and exclamations, that none of the people who were still at the wedding asked any questions or gave any blame. Kneehi, feeling blue, sat on the steps of the back porch and let the joy go on without him.

After a while his father came along and sat down beside him. Kneehi pulled a splinter off the step and crisped it up.

"So it was an accident?" said his father. "Nobody's mentioned it, but your eye's black."

"Ran off the road," Kneehi said.

"Are you much hurt?"

Sure, his dad wouldn't ask how much damage was done to the car. "It's me he's interested in, and a heck of a lot I deserve it."

"Dad, I don't think I'll go to college this fall."

"No?" He tied his shoelace. "What's the matter?"

"I think I'll get a job. I'm going to need the money."

"Seems to me I told you it's waiting for you at school."

He rinsed himself, gratefully, of the story, then. That it was his mess from beginning to end. His idea to kidnap Herb, and how it had gone wrong. How much the car would probably cost.

His father let him get all finished and then he offered Kneehi a cigarette. The single match pointed its flame as they both ducked to get a light.

"I think, son, that Bud's dad and I can come to terms. You can go to school or not, just as you like, but I want you to know that tonight must not influence your decision. I can manage."

HIS father was . . . okay. He didn't know what to say to him, so maybe it was just as lucky that Jannie came by. His father stood up.

"Dad," said Kneehi as his father walked away, "tell Mom I might cut the lawn tonight. Might as well get it off my mind."

He put down a handkerchief for Jannie to sit on.

"Jack told me it was Herb who threw you off the road. But he's going around spreading it that it's your fault. I . . . I don't really think I like him much. I'm on your side, Kneehi. Maybe it was just that he comes from Omaha."

Her hand was little and alive as a bird when she put it over his. Creakily he lifted an arm across her shoulder.

"Don't mention it," he said.

But he knew it was only a temporary reprieve. She'd meet more Older Fellows, and the next one might be swell, like Jack. And Jannie would be gone from him. She was ready and he was not.

"Hell!" he thought, his cheek on her curly hair. "Life is so nuts that I bet about the time I get used to being young. I'll start to get old!"

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Do you favor a

GOVERNMENT LOTTERY?

AMERICAN people are gambling away something like \$10,000,000,000 a year, while the government is spending millions in tax money for relief. An increasing number of men and women are suggesting that the two activities be combined—that the government sponsor a lottery, something like the Irish Sweepstakes, to lighten the burden of taxation. Mrs. Oliver Harriman, New York society woman, is one of those fighting for such a plan, and various economists have endorsed it. However, the agitation has been a minority one. It has never been submitted to the American people.

This month our correspondents all over the nation have asked representative citizens what they think of the idea. Here are the answers:

KIRK W. MARSH, banker, Boston, Mass.: A national lottery would be in every way consonant with the spirit of the age. Instead of the money's being directed into private channels, it would benefit all the people. It would draw contributions from a great army which now escapes taxation. Mind you, even in puritanical New England, Harvard College engaged in lotteries for worthy objects.

DR. SAMUEL B. ROSS, economist, Pittsburgh, Pa.: I do not favor government lotteries as a method of lightening taxation, for the reason that it is taxation by subterfuge. The most desirable type of taxation is one that makes the citizen conscious of a burden and, consequently, interested in the efficient use of government revenue.

DAVE MCKAY, 30, artist, Seattle, Wash.: The chain-letter craze indicated to what extent people will go to get something for nothing. If the same motive can be applied to get the government out of debt, I say go to it.

WESSEL H. SMITTER, 40, writer, Eagle Rock, Calif.: Gambling seems to be an ineradicable instinct. Many millions are being poured through totalizator boards and bookie dives throughout the country. I believe it would be a smart move for the government to get its share of "adventure money" and relieve business and the property owners of some of their burdens.

MRS. LETTIE SILVER, about 32, housewife, Malba, L. I., N. Y.: The idea of a government lottery appeals to me. I'm willing to take a long chance just in the hope of getting more for my tax investment than a WPA project.

MRS. C. T. BETHEL, telegraph clerk, Miami, Fla.: I think the evils of inexpensive gambling—such as small shares

in lottery tickets—have been acutely demonstrated in Florida in the last two years, where slot machines have stolen millions from low-salaried classes. Corrupt politicians would swallow our nickels in a government lottery just as the slot-machine barons have done.

JOHN DEMOS, restaurant proprietor, Detroit, Mich.: I'm for it. Why should America build all of Ireland's hospitals? Let's have a sweepstakes of our own, based on the Kentucky Derby, and build Louisville, Ky., a floodproof levee with the proceeds.

JACK LANDMAN, 22, student, New York, N. Y.: No. A government lottery sooner or later would be a form of extortion, like the present system of taxation, or a pseudo-patriotic proposition in which all who didn't contribute would be slackers.

GRAHAM MILLER, 42, civil engineer, Hollywood, Calif.: A government lottery as a means of raising taxes is unsound economically. It would require a vast machinery and the handling of large sums for relatively small returns. One half to two thirds of the millions collected would have to be paid back in prizes. Expenses run 10 per cent or better, leaving only from 24 per cent to 40 per cent for the government.

MRS. ESTHER NEWTON, hairdresser, Portland, Ore.: A lottery is a chance, but a losing chance for business. Lotteries make people and businesses poorer, even though they may make the government richer.

MARIO RADAELLI, 32, bartender, and, since a recent sweepstakes, a wealthy one, St. Louis, Mo.: I took a chance and won \$74,000. I'm going to take some more chances. If we have a government lottery I'll take some more, even.

MISS HELEN DUMESTRE, schoolteacher, New Orleans, La.: No. If lotteries are legalized, they will lose their fascination and would therefore prove not so remunerative as expected.

WAYNE STEDMAN, maintenance superintendent, Des Moines, Iowa: Yes. Look at the bank-night crowds. Women with little babies standing for hours just to hear

a number called. We like that sort of thing. And why shouldn't the government get the profits? Most of our lottery money is going to Ireland.

R. E. OVERMAN, Mayor of Little Rock, Ark.: No. It would encourage gambling among youth. It would probably cause so much gambling that we would have to call for new legislation to control it.

MRS. ETHEL DEARMORE, business woman, Mountain Home, Ark.: Yes. Let the suckers pay the taxes.

JOHN J. BECKMAN, about 51, lawyer, Portland, Ore.: I'm absolutely against a lottery of any kind. It is one of the worst forms of gambling. Government exists for the benefit of the people who constitute it, and should not be made an instrument to encourage vice or take advantage of the people's weaknesses, under the guise of raising revenue.

MISS LOTTIE BURR, schoolteacher, Dallas, Texas: It would undermine the principle that hard work brings reward, the philosophy upon which this nation was built. I am against it.

DAN DORIS, 40, sportsman, Denver, Colo.: Fine idea! Put the WPA boys to work peddling tickets. A government lottery will not only make relief self-supporting, but show a profit as well.

RAE CHADWELL, 32, state pension investigator, Columbus, Ohio: We have put up with gambling all these years. Why shouldn't we recognize it in the form of a government lottery? The distribution system is already established. Simply sell the tickets at the post offices.

MRS. FLOYD FISHER, 31, housewife, Jefferson, Wis.: Certainly not. Our great country still has such wealth that it need not be driven to so undignified a means of raising its funds. The United States should not resort to such a plan, no matter how great the tax burden.

IN the August issue we offered to pay \$10 for the best "Question of the Month" to be submitted. This offer was for one month only. The winner is Georgene B. Lemon, of Lynchburg, Ohio.

TELL PATHS

to Fame and Fortune

(Continued from page 15)

in connection with the air conditioning of houses.

Two chief things have held back the air conditioning of homes. First, lack of a suitable, economical power plant. Second, the fact that the queer build and defective insulation of our houses were developed before we thought of air conditioning.

Now, if we can solve the power-plant problem, as I hope we may, then the second problem will solve itself.

How? By the rebuilding of two thirds of the homes of America within the next ten or fifteen years. By 1950 people will be no more willing to live in a 1937 house than they are willing, today, to drive a 1925 model car.

America is going to be rebuilt, make no question about it. The unemployed? We shall need more extra men for the job than all the millions now on the relief rolls.

WHAT is a house? From the engineering standpoint, it is simply an insulated box. And the present-day house presents a mighty poor insulating job.

For just one example, consider the windows. A single windowpane is simply no good for a properly air-conditioned house. The new windows will have double panes, but so made as to be hardly thicker than our present single panes. Window sashes, of course, will have to be developed along new lines.

We hear a lot about prefabricated houses. Make them complete in the factory, ship them to your lot, and put them up in a few days or hours.

That does not appeal to me much, and I don't think it will appeal to the public. A motorcar is different. You buy a car to travel in, and you don't care if it looks like the cars of a dozen of your neighbors. But your house—where you live—you want that to be entirely your own. You want it just so, to express your own individuality.

But I do think a house could be standardized so far as its essential services are concerned. You might turn out by mass production the entire system of heat, light, power, water-flow, drainage, ventilation, and cooling. You (Continued on page 120)

"I don't like housework!"

"I am an enthusiastic user of Bon Ami because... *I don't like housework.*"

writes MRS. BEACH of MONTCLAIR, N.J.

... she continues, "I like Bon Ami for the kitchen sink, not only because it cleans better and quicker but because I can clean the rest of the kitchen with it at the same time. With very few extra motions the stove is shining, the tables are clean, the window sills free from dust, and the windows gleaming—all because I started using Bon Ami in the first messy job of cleaning the pans and sink and just kept right on going."

* * *
See for yourself what a thorough worker Bon Ami is. How it leaves bathrooms as well as kitchens gleaming. How it saves time because it *polishes as it cleans*. How it saves your hands—nothing harmful in this scratchless cleanser! These are the reasons why so many women use *only* Bon Ami.



Bon Ami

saves time... saves work "hasn't scratched yet!"



The HOUSE Detective

BY ROGER B. WHITMAN



EACH month Mr. Whitman, the household Sherlock Holmes, tracks down elusive solutions of homeowners' problems. Here are typical questions he has answered recently for readers. If you need his advice, write Mr. Whitman in care of this magazine, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope. He cannot, however, undertake to answer legal or financial questions.

QUESTION: For a month before our heater went out last spring, the fire did not burn well. It was slow coming up when the draft was turned on, and it did not give much heat. I want to fix whatever was wrong before winter comes. What do you think was the matter?—C. T. C., Chicago.

Answer: Something has happened to clog or to weaken the draft. The chimney flue may need cleaning. The inside passages of the heater, especially if it is a boiler, may be clogged with ashes and soot. There may be leaks into the heater or chimney that weaken the draft by admitting air. The heater doors may not close tightly. The chimney connection of the smoke pipe may be loose; mortar may have fallen out of the joints of the chimney masonry. You may have connected a second fire to the chimney flue of the heater; there should be a separate flue for each fire. Check on all of these possibilities.

QUESTION: Is it safe to burn off old paint with a blowtorch in preparing to repaint?—T. S. F., Syracuse, N. Y.

Answer: If proper precautions are taken, yes. Do not apply the flame for longer than is necessary to soften the paint. Direct the flame downward; if you turn it up it may go through cracks between the weatherboards and set fire to something inside. Keep the flame away from splintered and cracked places; look out for the remains of birds' nests. When you set the blowtorch down, turn the flame away from anything burnable. Have a bucket of water handy.

QUESTION: I have two beds that I want to repaint. One is brass, badly tarnished. Paint on the other, which is iron, is badly chipped. How should I go about it?—Mrs. I. F. H., Valparaiso, Ind.

Answer: Go over the brass bed with steel wool and sandpaper to make the metal bright and to roughen the surface slightly. Prepare the iron bed by taking off the paint, which you can do with washing soda dissolved in water, in the proportion of 3 pounds to the gallon. This will soften the paint, which can be wiped off. Then brighten the metal with steel wool. Wipe both beds with benzine. You can get quick-drying enamel that will give a good finish over one coat of enamel undercoater or of flat wall paint.

QUESTION: A heavy candlestick fell, and made a dent in the top of a mahogany table. The dent is quite deep, but the wood does not seem to be broken. How can I take it out?—F. P. C., Omaha, Nebr.

Answer: Lay a cloth damp with water over the dent and press with a warm iron. The moist heat will swell the fibers of the wood and bring them back to where they were. This treatment may mar the finish, although probably not enough to be serious.

There are materials on the market—and also equipment—that homeowners should know about, for they save time and effort. For instance: Portland cement, which gives concrete full hardness and density in 24 hours; a driveway made with it one day can carry a heavy truck the following day without harm. Electric garage door workers; press a button on a post alongside the drive to open the door. Paint for plaster walls that have hardened but are not dry. Apparatus to connect to the water-supply pipe where it enters the house, which removes hardness and makes the hardest of water as soft as rain water. Paint that does a first-rate outside job in two coats. . . . These are well worth looking into. I shall be glad to send the names of manufacturers to homeowners who are interested.

QUESTION: My small boy scribbled crayons on the wallpaper. How can I clean it?—W. F., Boston, Mass.

Answer: Those marks come out by sponging with carbon tetrachloride—get it at a drugstore. When the time comes to redecorate, use wallpaper of a kind that is washable. It looks like ordinary wallpaper, but can be scrubbed, which is a great asset with children around.

(Continued from page 119) could buy that system from the factory, set it up, and build your house around it exactly as you pleased. Connect up your sockets and outlets, push a switch, and turn on all your smoothly running modern comfort accessories.

Such are some of the things ahead, and yet youngsters complain that all the work has been done, all the inventions made. For the young man with imagination there are far more opportunities for achievement than when I was a kid. . . .

THERE'S an old story about a fellow who was walking along the road on his way to church. He was all shined up, with his best clothes and new shoes, because he was going to pass the collection box.

He passed a deep mudhole, and heard a poor frog croaking for help. "Please help me out," said the frog. "I'm down here, I haven't had a thing to eat for three days, and I'm going to die!"

Well, the churchgoer was a sympathetic soul, but he allowed he would have to do a lot of explaining if he passed the collection box in muddy clothes. So he said, "Now, I will tell you, Frog, if you will wait until church is out, I will put on some old clothes and come to help you. That's the best I can do for you."

So after church he was hurrying home to change his clothes, when he saw a frog hopping along the road. He said, "Hello! Aren't you the frog that was in the mudhole?"

"Yes," said the frog.

"Well," said the man, "who helped you out?"

The frog said, "Nobody. I got myself out."

"But you told me," said the man, "that you had been trying to get out for three days and couldn't make it, and you were getting weaker from hunger all the time."

"Yes," said the frog, "but, after you left, a snake started to come after me."

Many a businessman is like that frog. When that old snake, the sheriff, starts after him, he learns he wasn't half trying before. The sheriff makes him think, makes him discard old methods, opens up his mind. A great apostle of open-mindedness, the sheriff. We have had more open-mindedness in this country since 1929 than I ever saw before in my life. . . .

MOST businessmen say they are keen for research, but they don't know the first thing about it.

Some businessmen believe that if you build a beautiful laboratory, and fill it with expensive equipment, and hire a number of high-salaried men with lots of scientific degrees, you will have a fine research organization.

Maybe. But it reminds me of the artist who decided to be like Michael Angelo. So he spent years studying every detail of the great artist's life. He got himself the same kind of studio, same paints and brushes and canvas and clothes. Then he settled down to paint. "I can't understand," he said, "why the pictures turn out so rotten."

No. Facilities are all right in a laboratory. But it's the men that count. Just as in a studio it is the artist who counts. And the good research man, by the way, is an artist. Work in a laboratory may be weeks and months of drudgery. Some of that can be done by ordinary workers. But when you break through into new territory,

enter an unknown door, go down that lone-some road, it is the artist's power of creative imagination which carries you.

That is why it is so hard to pick good men for a research laboratory. You may pick the top men from the finest engineering and scientific schools. But if they haven't got the inner spark, the curiosity, the wonder, the *feel* of things, they are no good. Some of our best men were mediocre or lazy in their college days, until the swing and grip of some line of research brought out their enthusiasm and latent powers.

I have no fuss with our engineering colleges. Doubtless they are the best in the world. They cram the boys to the gills with knowledge. But I wish the professors would do one more thing. I wish they would teach the boys how *little* our present knowledge is; how much of that knowledge, which seems true today, will have to be thrown out of the window tomorrow; how many things, which can be proved *impossible* today, with two slips of a slide rule, will be possible, and *in operation*, ten years hence.

I remember a college laboratory which had a sign on the wall: "All the fundamental laws of physics have been discovered." That was about 1904! . . .

WHAT do I consider the most important research problem in the world today? My answer to that is simple:

"To find out why grass is green."

It seems so simple that people think I am joking. But I am perfectly serious. So serious that I have put my own time and money into organizing such a research. It has been going on for many years at Antioch College. I don't expect it to be solved in my lifetime, but I expect it to be solved some time, because it is the fundamental problem of man's existence on earth.

It is the green in grass, in leaves, and in plants which has brought to us, from the sun, all the energy we have. Some little engine in the green of grass and leaf has the gift, unknown to man, of capturing energy from the sun's rays, storing that energy, building with it. Thence came, in ages past, all the heat and power now stored in coal, in wood, in oil, in natural gas. Solve that secret, and we shall know how to take power from the sun. If we knew that secret we could build engines to transform enough radiation from the sun into heat or chemical energy or electricity to run our machinery. Then the conservation of our natural resources would not be so important as it is now.

Incidentally, our study of "Why is grass green?" has already led us off on so many bypaths that it is hard to stick to the main road. With the information at hand it is possible to make at least 10,000 new organic compounds. If we had time to make all these, how many new things would be discovered!

IN RESEARCH you need a lot of intelligent ignorance. Whenever you begin to think you know all about any subject, it stops your progress dead in that subject. As the old colored fellow said: "It ain't the things you *don't* know that hurts you. It's the things you *think* you know for sure that ain't so." The electrical people, thirty years ago, *knew* that you couldn't develop an electrical self-starter. . . . That was my good luck.

Well, when the closed motorcars were

Envy the savage? Yes!

This ancient savage had to work hard to get a fire — and his cookery wasn't expert. But his rough, primitive fare exercised his teeth — kept them strong and healthy. We moderns eat soft, civilized foods — our teeth get too little healthful exercise.



DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH SOUNDER, WHITER. You find yourself chewing more vigorously because of Dentyne's specially firm consistency. Mouth and teeth get wholesome exercise, salivary glands are stimulated, promoting natural self-cleansing. Dentyne's approved



HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE

aid to stronger, whiter teeth! **THE FLAVOR'S A JOY!** Spicy, smooth-tasting, delicious! You'll welcome Dentyne for its flavor alone—and you'll find the Dentyne package specially convenient to carry in pocket or purse (its smartly flat shape is an exclusive Dentyne feature.)

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

first coming in, and mass production was moving faster all the time, painting the cars became quite a problem. It took 17 days to paint a car, and when you multiplied that by 4,000 cars a day, you had to have an awfully big paint shop. So I tried to see whether we couldn't reduce the time it took to finish an automobile.

Naturally, the first thing we did was call in the experts. That is the first thing to do, and the last thing to pay any attention to.

I put the problem up to the paint manufacturers and the paint chemists. They wrangled all day, and finally agreed we might be able to cut the time down from 17 days to 15 days. I said, "That isn't good enough." And the paint fellows said, "How long do you think it ought to take to paint a car?"

In order to really shake them up to what the problem was, I said, "About one hour." They all jumped on me at once and put me in my place. But their explaining what a fool I was didn't solve the problem.

A little later I happened to be in New York, walking along Fifth Avenue. I looked into a show window and saw some pin trays with a curious kind of lacquer on them. I went in and bought a 75-cent tray for the usual New York price of \$12.50, and I asked the fellow how it was finished. He said, "It's some new kind of lacquer a man makes over in New Jersey." I went over and found the little shop in New Jersey. I told the fellow I would like to buy a quart of that lacquer.

"I never made a quart at one time," he said. "What do you want with it?" I said I wanted to finish an automobile door. "You'll never do it," he said. "This stuff dries too damn' quick. If you put it in one of your spray guns, it will dry before it ever hits the car door."

"Can't you make it dry slower?" I asked. "Impossible," he said.

Then I remembered what the paint experts said about their paint. When I said, "Can't you make it dry quicker?" they said, "Impossible."

So our research laboratories got together with the research staff of E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company to find a lacquer which had the qualities necessary for application to automobiles. Some other people were experimenting with a lacquer which was quite satisfactory, but you had to apply about 30 coats to get a finish thick enough to stand up under the conditions encountered by an automobile.

The story of our research on this problem is a long one, but in less than two years an answer had been found. The discovery that cellulose nitrate, used for making smokeless powder, could be developed into "low-viscosity cellulose nitrate" as the basis for making lacquer, was the starting point. This permitted a thicker coat to be applied and thus reduced the number of coats necessary. Then we had to find out what to do to make it stick to the metal. We managed to solve that one too, and when we were through we had a finish that could be applied in a few hours, one that was more durable than varnish or black enamel, more easily applied, and far more beautiful. Today, practically every car has a lacquer finish, a finish which all the experts said was impossible. . . .

THERE'S nothing a research man enjoys more than having the laugh on the no-can-do experts. But sometimes the ex-

perts tell a joke on the researchers. They tell of two research fellows who decided that it would be a wonderful thing if they could discover a "universal solvent," a liquid that would dissolve anything it touched.

So they raised some money from a banker, built a lab out in the country, and set to work. They worked a couple of years. Then one cold day a farmer dropped into the lab to get warm. He asked them what they were doing. They explained that they were developing a liquid which would dissolve anything it touched.

"By golly, that's great!" said the farmer. "But what are you going to *keep* the danged stuff in?" . . .

THE chief thing we ought to do is quit being afraid of the future. Change is the law of life. We should work *with* change instead of being forced into it. If you refuse to change, if you just want to sit down and rest, the best place to sit down is in front of the undertaker's office.

All our education teaches *finality*.

Business clamors for *stability*.

We are teaching and demanding what the world *ain't*.

Our thinking is conventionalized. Anything new is cuckoo. You can say "cuckoo" as much as you want, like the little bird in the clock, but the clock moves onward, and the business of the world moves with it.

We have some great libraries in the world, containing millions of books. In those you can find most of human knowledge.

I should like to see another kind of library. It would contain shelves for volumes describing all that we *don't* know. That building would have to be bigger than all the other libraries of the world put together. . . .

IT HAS been said that depressions and unemployment are caused by "too much science and invention." Some people can prove it to you. Others can prove that inventions make more jobs than they destroy. It all seems most confusing.

Actually, it is rather simple, if you remember that there are two kinds of inventions: *labor-saving* inventions and *labor-creating* inventions.

Probably a quarter of the workers in America today are employed in industries which were mere infants, or did not exist at all, in 1900. The automobile industry alone gives direct and indirect employment to nearly 5,000,000 workers. The American chemical industry has grown tenfold in that time. And so with the motion picture, the electrical, the radio, the telephone and telegraph, the airplane industries, and all their auxiliaries.

Right there you have 10,000,000 or so jobs which would not exist had they not been *created* by research and invention.

Meanwhile, *labor-saving* inventors have also been at work. They have produced automatic machinery, standardized assembly lines, and all the rest which enables one man to do the work of two. That is fine. It has made products cheaper, so that they can be enjoyed by all, and in so doing has broadened markets and contributed to human happiness.

So many people, when they speak of scientific development, have in mind only

the labor-saving variety. They say it has gone ahead too fast, that we have not been able to absorb it. Now, my idea is just the opposite. The trouble is that technological development is behind the procession. We haven't had enough of it in recent years; haven't created enough new industries. As a research man, I'm willing to take part of the blame for this. But not all. The bankers and businessmen cannot escape their responsibility.

It works this way: Suppose the research man has a labor-saving idea. He takes it to the head of the company, and says, "This new process will cost \$1,000,000 to install, but it will save you \$400,000 a year in annual pay roll."

The president of the company and the bankers can see that. They understand bookkeeping. They appreciate balance sheets. And it is proper that they should.

But now our research man has another idea, a labor-creating idea. He goes to the boss again. "If we put \$1,000,000 into research," he says, "I think we can develop a brand-new product, possibly a new industry running into millions a year. It's a good chance. But, of course, we may fail entirely."

The businessman and the bankers are aghast. Why, this research fellow hasn't even a blueprint of what he is going to do, and he wants us to give him \$1,000,000 to throw down the sewer!

Any bookkeeper can understand a labor-saving invention; only a man of imagination can understand a labor-creating invention. And not all men who hold the purse strings have the right kind of imagination.

That's one reason labor-creating has not gone farther ahead of labor-saving. That's one reason for the depression. Nobody knows how much money the depression has cost us. Billions of dollars, we are told, and yet a billion dollars a year would keep five or six hundred research laboratories going full time, laboratories turning out ideas which would develop into new industries to stave off depression.

I do not say that there would have been no depression had this amount of money been spent on research, for the success of the whole plan is predicated on there being enough trained men to fill these laboratories and enough men of the proper type to manage them. There must be someone to co-ordinate the work, to pick the problems that we are going to tackle. Of course, we haven't yet enough trained men to do this, but if we had them and this plan was carried on for a few years, there would be "HELP WANTED" signs on every door of every factory in America.

I do think, however, that more businessmen are waking up to the fact that a well-run research division is the best insurance policy a company can take out. . . .

THE Diesel engine, as you know, burns furnace oil instead of gasoline. The explosion in the cylinder is caused by compression instead of by a spark.

In the old days Diesels were large and terribly heavy. They used to say a Diesel was "a mountain of iron with a rivulet of power." Also, it made a lot of noise and a bad smell.

One trouble was that for the first twenty years, because they put Diesels in boats, they tried to make them like steam engines. Then, putting Diesels in tractors, they tried to make them like gasoline engines.

Now we are trying to make them like Diesel engines.

So, with constantly better alloys and knowledge of combustion, we are steadily taking metal, and noise, and smell out of the Diesel.

There have been some spectacular publicity demonstrations of how cheaply Diesels operate. But that has been chiefly because the fuel oil used was so cheap. If Diesels come into general use we have got to figure on fuel oil costing as much and being taxed as heavily as gasoline.

Even at that, I believe the Diesel can be developed so that, with the same size and weight, it will show an economy of forty per cent better than the gasoline engine.

Will it, then, replace the gasoline engine?

I don't know. All I can say is that it has progressed to a point where it is entering new fields of usefulness entirely unsuspected just a few short years ago. We are coming down a brand-new alley, and no one can say whether it will open into a small road or into a six-lane concrete highway. . . .

A FELLOW asked me the other day, "Can we ever learn to transmit power by radio?"

"I don't know whether we can ever learn to do it," I said. "But all the power we have here on earth came that way—by radio waves from the sun." . . .

ONE day in Dayton, when I was on my way home, I ran into some doctors I know and stopped to have lunch with them. We were talking about how fast all kinds of research are moving. I said, "You fellows have the same problem I have: how to keep up with research and at the same time earn a living."

They agreed. I explained how, in the research laboratories, about twenty of us workers in different lines keep up with each other. Each of us knows in a general way what the others are doing. Then we got to wondering how the doctors in Dayton, each busy with his own practice, could keep pace with the front lines of medical research all over the country. It seemed so important to me for the welfare of my home town, that I decided to set up an endowment to pay a first-class medical research man, whose duty it would be to keep up with the best and explain it to the Dayton doctors in weekly meetings.

We did that. We got a first-class man. The doctors keep up with those meetings enthusiastically.

A great many things have come out of that. For one thing, we got together and developed an artificial fever machine. Fever used to be considered a disease. Now we know it is nature's remedy for disease.

With this machine we can give you a real fever. We can give you 106 degrees for five hours. When we first started that, a patient had to spend three or four days in a hospital after a treatment. Everybody said that was right, a natural weakness resulting from the fever. But we kept hunting around, and found it was not "natural weakness." It was because the patient sweated all the salt out of his body.

So we gave the patient salt water the next time. After the treatment he got into his car and drove home.

Thus it is in research. As you work on one thing you find out others. Originally we were aiming that fever machine at a specific disease. Now we know it cures or



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SUCCESS, to a few, means nothing less than millions, and yachts, and palaces.

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alleviates a number of different diseases. The machines are now in many hospitals throughout the United States and abroad. At a recent International Fever Therapy meeting, they said the new treatment is going to revolutionize a lot of the practice of medicine.

(One word of caution: Don't go to a quack for fever treatments. It's a delicate business, dangerous if misapplied.) . . .

BECAUSE I have had some success along research lines my opinion is sometimes asked on questions of politics,

legislation, government, and economics. I should like very much to oblige, but I cannot.

I must stick to the things I know something about. I try to be a good ragweed, and don't aspire to be a rose. The fact that I can play the violin doesn't make me a piccolo player.

But this I can say: However large our troubles may loom, from time to time, nothing can stop the progress of this country.

I think the next ten years are going to see a complete renaissance in engineering and

scientific development, in labor-creating invention. It is all ahead of us. At every period in time there is somebody to say, "I don't see what there is new to be done." Go out and look.

Take any book that gives you the history of an industry. Tear out the back half of it; read up to there; and you will think that industry is finished.

If we can cast off the bugaboo of "Your world is finished," and put in its place, "The world is begun," we have a marvelous place to live and a marvelous future ahead of us.

Fun FOR LIFE

(Continued from page 13)

despair were momentarily in Dorrie's eyes.

"You can't!" He turned. "Why, darling. It's the Sabbath."

"It's the fourth Sunday morning you promised to ride with me." Riding in the park was like asking for bread and being given a stone, but it was something. "Please, Scott."

"But Monday I have to dig on the Stagg case all day. Got to get some sleep."

"We'll sleep all afternoon, all evening. I won't so much as rustle a paper." It was too important, or she was too tired. She turned away to hide her lips' queer trembling.

"We're to be at the Royces'," he reminded her. "Cocktails and a buffet supper and so on. Did you forget?"

"Forget? I didn't know." Dorrie's voice snapped. Not quiet or controlled sobs, but wild and lost spasms of grief caught and twisted her, and Scott was out of his burrow in fear.

"Dorrie," he pleaded. "What is it?"

ONLY broken sound escaped her and she shook in his arms. Not in two years of marriage had Scott seen anything like this, and if she had been able to look she'd have seen that his gay world had fallen in.

"Listen, Dorrie," he fumbled. "Please listen, won't you? Shall we go down there to old Brewster's place, wherever it is, and shoot—shoot stuff? Would you like that?" He held her closer. He was hopeful. "I don't care about the cruise."



She was still from exhaustion finally. Scott, looking like a man who's had a reprieve from the electric chair and doesn't yet know what it's all about, placed her back on the pillow carefully.

"You wouldn't enjoy it, Scott." Her voice was another reprieve, saying actual words, and not damaged.

"Wouldn't enjoy what, sweetheart?"

"Going down for the duck shooting."

"Sure. Sure, I would." He'd have said anything. "I'll get me some shootin' irons. You go to sleep now." . . .

"If you win you lose," Dorrie thought, driving down through November bleakness. Not that Scott wasn't being nice about it. He was being too nice. It was just that his effervescence wasn't up to normal. Take last year, for instance, driving to the boat. Take that and compare it with this year, and then stop to think how hard Scott worked and how he really rated his own sort of time . . .

But she mustn't follow that train of thought. Dorrie sighed and looked out. Her heart gave a bound then that had nothing to do with Scott or with being married to him but was a part of something else. These sights and sounds and smells weren't in his blood; he had no passport into this country.

"I'll be a fine dub," Scott predicted.

"Not you." She was serene. "Johnny will give you into Gus Edwards' care."

"Who's Gus Edwards?"

"He's a guide. One of the old-timers." Dorrie smiled. "Looks rather like he'd been left out in a marsh half his life. Better at duck talk than human talk. He can read a duck's mind."

"Oho! So a duck has a mind." Scott's grin was patient. "Gus seems somehow to complete the picture."

Dorrie was sniffing the air and craning to peer at the sky. "It looks," she exulted, "like a redhead blow." He merely looked at her, still patient.

On the dirt road leading to the Brewster place they passed a girl on horseback and Dorrie's heart went into another one of those helpless spins; the girl might have been herself some years ago.

"She's galloping after us," Scott discovered a moment later. He slowed, and horse and rider came abreast of them. The girl had whipped her hat off, releasing red-gold hair. "Dorrie Chase!" Her voice rang in protest. "Pass me up like a—like a—" Her laughter broke in. "It's Peg Brewster," she prompted.

The car window was down and Dorrie had her hand. "It's Johnny's little sister," she told Scott. "Good heavens, Peg! You're all grown up and lovely and everything. No wonder I didn't—"

"You might at least have known Colonel." At his name the horse curveted and the girl's burnished hair blew across her face. She brushed it back and "See you at the house," she called. . . .

DORRIE—"Scott came out of the bath that adjoined their room at the Brewsters' before dinner. "What was it you said about a redhead, back there?"

Dorrie gave over frowning at her lipstick and frowned at him for a moment. "Oh," she remembered. "I said it looked like redhead weather."

"I still don't get it." He chuckled softly. "But she blew along, sure enough. Did you ever see anything like it, after fifty miles of Godforsaken trees and fields?"

Dorrie's moment of stillness was broken up in laughter. "A redhead is a duck, darling," she advised him pityingly. "He comes in on a southwest wind. He comes in, with any luck, till the skies are darkened."

"And the earth trembles, I suppose. You'll still have to admit she looked darned cute."

"Cute, nothing. She looked beautiful. She's the Brewster baby." Dorrie's stillness descended again and she was a little more painstaking with the lipstick than she'd been before. Even here, she thought a little sadly. But then Scott knew his girls. He'd never in the world miss seeing that Peg Brewster wasn't, could never be, a Ross girl.

"You look somewhat beautiful yourself," Scott mused, advancing.

"Not now," she warned. "I worked on these lips for three long minutes. Scott—" She searched his eyes. "You are glad you came, aren't you?"

"Why not?" His mood had turned teasing. "The Scotch is right and the house lovely. We are amused, my sweet. We wait for the first intelligible English sentence and when we hear it, be warned, we mean to whoop. Redhead weather!" he jibed on the stairs. "Beautiful stool! High-ball call! Mixed doubles—"

"It's you who are slightly mixed, darling. A double is a—" But no, she let it go. She was caught in a swift rush of her love for him and it held her silent.

It was a short journey from their room to the long dining table of the Brewsters', but it had taken two years to traverse it. Dorrie looked around at Johnny's white-haired and lovely mother, at his red-haired and lovely sister, at the only other guests, Dave Hewitt and his son. It was like slipping into an old and loved garment, and her stillness grew, savoring it. Scott, too, was responding to the charm of the place. They sat long over dinner. Dave Hewitt was a veteran gunner and he held his audience. Only at rare intervals did Scott's eyes meet Dorrie's with a droll something momentarily revealed.

DORRIE sat and let the familiar talk drift about her. It was feast after famine; it was the alien's return to his own shores. Her cheeks and eyes glowed with more than the firelight, back in the living-room.

"Well, what do you think of her?" It was the first time Johnny's eyes had had an opportunity to really welcome her. She followed his glance and "She's lovely," she said. Peg's hair was catching all the light in the room. She was slim and strong and young, her movements a joy to watch.

"—and sweet and right," Johnny said. "Dorrie, do you remember the time you brought the college hero down to shoot Old Hickory?" They were off.

At least, Old Hickory had been a duck, Dorrie told him, her laughter spurring. "What about the time your blond co-ed winged poor old Gem?" she countered.

"I brought her down for no other reason than to make you jealous, and if she'd really hurt Gem I'd have winged her. Bringing the blond co-ed down was one of the things I did." Johnny had said too much and he got up to stir the fire. Dorrie looked from him to Scott and realized rather uncomfortably that she hadn't told Scott the whole truth about Johnny. If she had married Johnny all these old ways of living would have been hers. But there was no question. It needed only Scott's keen face to tell her that. Johnny came back then, his eyes more steady, and the next time she looked for Scott he was gone. When he came up to their room at eleven and switched a dim light on, there was a look of wondering amusement on his face.

"Believe it or not," he said, "everyone's in bed but that kid Peg, and where do you think she is?—Out in the barn playing nurse to a sick horse, or, rather, helping the darky do it. She took me out with a lantern to see some pups and— Looks to me as though they expect to be there for hours. It's threatened with pneumonia or something. Imagine! A child like that—" Scott's

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voice was so struck with something that Dorrie raised her head to look at him.

"I often—" She bit her lip, for some reason, and stopped.

"And, believe it or not, I think she mid-wifed those pups into the world."

"I always—" Dorrie stopped again. "Good night, darling," she said. "Four o'clock comes early."

"Four!" Scott was struck now from a different direction. "You're not serious, are you?" He stared. . . .

THIS, Dorrie reflected rather shiveringly on Saturday morning, was what she had wanted. She was in a duckblind with Johnny Brewster and she was colder than even the slow November dawn warranted. Her heart was as leaden as the sky and the water; the day that was trying to break through wouldn't help. Nothing had helped since Wednesday, for it was Wednesday she'd first noticed that queer quiet in Scott's manner with Peg.

"You look tired, Dorrie." Johnny had scanned the sky and then Dorrie's face. "Anything wrong?" His voice was careful.

"No." If Johnny hadn't noticed it, then surely there was nothing wrong. But then Johnny hadn't seen Scott's way with scores of "Ross girls;" he wouldn't know that this was a frighteningly different way.

"From the left." It seemed a long time before Johnny whispered that, with quick caution. "Yours, Dorrie."

Dorrie's mind wrenched painfully, but not in time. "Yours," she corrected falteringly, too late. A thin vanguard of the morning flight had come their way. It had dipped, ghostlike in the mist, and had swung away again, led by a frantically calling leader.

"Slipped up on us that time," Johnny excused her. "That would be Peg," he observed with satisfaction an instant later. There'd been a sharp repeated crack of a gun to the north of them.

"I was too cold to move," Dorrie offered. She would never, she thought, be warm again. That would be Peg, three hundred yards away from them, shooting with Scott, and Scott watching her in that queer quiet. Scott had had but one morning's shooting with Gus Edwards before that worthy had taken to his bed with sciatica. Which meant that Scott had been shooting with Peg. Peg was a better guide than old Edwards, Scott claimed. The silly innocent—Dorrie's heart twisted into a new cold—not to know how his eyes were daily, hourly, giving him away to her. It was for this that her two years' experience with the casual Ross girls had prepared her—that she might know when someone had really got under Scott's skin. Dorrie could have laughed now, if she'd been able to laugh, at all the Ross girls in the world.

She could have laughed at something else, too, if her mouth hadn't stiffened at the thought of it. After her two years of masquerade it was the girl she had carefully submerged whom Scott was falling in love with. Peg Brewster was the Dorrie Chase of a few years ago. No doubt Dorrie Chase was dead.

Falling in love. Falling in love. The morning was drumming with it, suddenly, even as it was drumming with wings. Here, six days late, was the beginning of Dorrie's redhead blow, and after the scattered shooting of former mornings there seemed soon to be a delirium in the sky.

The birds kept coming and coming, and Dorrie went mechanically into action. She was terribly unsteady and Johnny wouldn't be able to help noticing how miserably she was doing. But Johnny was caught in a duck hunter's dream come true and he was oblivious of everything else. He did pour her a drink of brandy once, and after that things were better.

It was a shortage of shells that finally stopped them. She was glad it was over—Dorrie could stand off a space and look on at herself and be amazed at that. . . .

It was probably that her mouth wasn't ever again going to behave as a normal mouth should. It was too stiff and she was talking too much and lunch was an endless business. Peg, with all the excitement of the morning still crowding in on her, was too lovely for the light of day. Perhaps Peg had heard the beating of other wings, out there in the morning's deluge of birds.

"You can't go now," Peg was insisting. "This may last for three days or a week. And Scott's just beginning to—"

"You mustn't go, Dorrie." Mrs. Brewster placed a hand over Dorrie's trembling one. "We see nothing of you and now that you're here we mean to keep you."

It was up to Scott, Dorrie said, not looking at him. If he were looking at Peg now with that wondering and gentle something which had so completely shut her out she wouldn't be able to stand it.

"Three more days, then." She wasn't imagining it. Scott's voice was strained.

She took the car after lunch and drove out alone. She was running home, even if home wasn't there any more. She hadn't wanted to go there at all from the time her mother had sold the place, but she wanted to go now. The thirty-mile drive up and back, if it did nothing else, would give her a space of time in which to get hold of herself.

There was no comfort in the house and Dorrie drove slowly on. The new people had set their stamp upon the place and the girl who had lived there once was dead.

But the drive had helped her, she found. She was steadier, turning in at the Brewster place. She had determined to crowd into the next three days all the things she had meant to do down here, and hadn't done. Since Wednesday, when that paralyzing fear had descended, she'd been living in a state of suspended animation. She'd begin right now with looking over Gem's pups, and throw off this foolishness.

DORRIE knew her way about the Brewster place as well as she'd known her own home and she'd have no difficulty in finding Gem. Gem would be in the maternity wing, as usual. She pushed in the door of the stable ell and in a moment had her chin nuzzled in Gem's neck. Gem was pure Chesapeake and a honey, and so Dorrie murmured to her. She was stooping to give Gem a farewell pat when the low murmur of voices came to her from the other part of the stable. Perhaps they had been going on for some time. If it hadn't been Scott's voice, freeing itself suddenly, she wouldn't have taken the few steps that brought her to the opening.

She walked quietly out of old Gem's quarters then and on toward the house. She'd seen Scott release Peg from his arms. There'd been tears on Peg's face, and Scott had been talking to her in a low tone.

They'd come in from a ride, of course, Dorrie thought dumbly, and they'd brought

the horses in themselves. No doubt it was then that Scott's arms had gone about Peg and that tears had come to Peg's eyes. No doubt it had been the first time Scott had kissed her and—he hadn't been able to stop it. Dorrie was thinking it all out as though it was some problem and as though finding the solution would help.

The only sure thing was that if Scott had kissed Peg it hadn't been a Ross-girl kiss. The important thing was that she keep on walking until she had reached the house and that by the time she'd reached it she'd have formed some plan for getting away. She had to get away from Scott's voice and from the pain and grief on Peg Brewster's lovely young face. . . .

IT WAS so much easier than she had expected. In less than an hour Johnny was driving her to Baltimore, it having turned out he had some business in Washington which he'd been postponing until the end of the week. Dorrie had told Mrs. Brewster a rather incoherent story, something about having called her mother from the village, having found that her mother was ill. She would slip away without saying anything to Scott, she told them. She was quiet during the drive and Johnny said little. He glanced her way from time to time, and a little of the strain and misery she couldn't control communicated itself to him.

"You see, I'm a liar, Johnny." The elevator boy let them into the apartment. Her mother hadn't been home all that week, the boy reported. She was visiting her sister in Philadelphia, he thought.

It didn't matter, Johnny said, puzzled but loyal. "Sometimes it's good to be alone a bit," he said helplessly.

Dorrie couldn't have traced her movements of the next day or two very clearly. She went about like an automaton, fixing food that she barely touched and forcing herself out to walk. She was fleeing from something, and every time she returned to the apartment it was there. It would have been better, after all, with her mother home. She faced that conclusion eventually and on Monday afternoon was on a train bound for Philadelphia and her Aunt Charlotte's. With the family about she would be forced to keep up a front. She'd see things more clearly, and be able to plan.

She was off the train and in a taxi before she realized she couldn't, after all, keep up any front. There was nothing for it then but to turn back. She bought a ticket for New York without any very clear idea of what she was doing and waited for a train. The truth was she was running home, to Scott's home and hers, and what she was running from was Peg Brewster's grief-stricken face and Scott's dropping arms. At home, she thought, familiar things would close her in, and there'd be two more days before Scott was due. . . .

Scott looked up at her while she stood startled and motionless in the foyer and while the boy set her bags down. It was ten o'clock in the evening and there was something grotesque about seeing Scott at home in dressing gown and slippers. There was something grotesque about his face, too, pulled out of line and white under the lamp. He got to his feet slowly and tipped the boy and didn't touch her. They had no sort of greeting for each other.

She had her back safely to him when she spoke: "I thought you were staying on." "I came last night," he said.

"What happened?" She took a cigarette and Scott was up again, lighting it.

"I might ask you that."

"Mother—" she began.

"I know." Scott rubbed at his drawn face as though it hurt. "But please don't, Dorrie. I called your mother's Saturday night. They told me at the switchboard she hadn't been there since the beginning of the week."

"But I was there. Where else could I have been?"

"I don't know." His eyes met hers fully for the first time. "I don't know where they go in that neck of the woods."

"Where they go—" Dorrie stared at him.

"Don't tell me." Scott's face was whiter. "You went off with him, didn't you? And before that, all week—"

"Johnny and I?" She was bewildered.

"If I had, you—you cared—?"

"Cared! No one else knew. No one knew I had called your mother." He dragged tortured words out. "He didn't come back. Anyone could see he loved you. It was in his eyes, every minute. Lie to me, Dorrie—"

SHE had dropped into a chair now. "I'll tell you the truth," she said slowly. She told him. "I—I haven't seen Johnny since," she finished. "It was after I'd seen you and Peg—your arms around her and her crying. On top of all the week of spending every minute with her. It looked so real. You'll have to tell me now"—she forced her eyes up, wincing—"if it was real."

"Peg?" Scott had his moment of looking bewildered. "The horse died," he said then. "Lady. Peg's own horse." He was moving quietly toward her. "Don't tell me we have been such complete fools, and at the same time, Dorrie. It was the horse that had pneumonia, and Peg couldn't have been more broken up if it had been a member of the family. She's—a wonderful girl." He said it slowly and for a moment was still. "Queer, Dorrie." He had both her hands. "She reminded me, some way, of you. Of course I tried to comfort her. Where were you?"

"I was in looking at Gem's puppies."

It was odd that they didn't laugh but merely stood close to each other, Scott's arms tightening. It was a little like having been washed up from a shipwreck, standing together and safe, and not yet daring to talk.

"They answer it, usually, in plays." Dorrie said it at last, dreamily. The telephone was far into its third spasm of ringing.

"I'll answer it if you come with me," Scott offered. They moved, and he freed one hand. "No," he said absently into the phone, and bent to kiss Dorrie's cheek. "Not tonight. Just got in. Tired. Tomorrow? You'll have to wait until I ask my wife, Harry." He looked down at Dorrie for a long time. "Tomorrow night—the Gunnars'. What do you say?" His eyes held hers and a little of the fear and strain that had been there earlier came back. "I'd say no," he prompted.

"It's no, then."

"Look, Dorrie—" He was still holding her, in a big chair, minutes later. He was speaking awkwardly and there was a sincerity in his eyes that seemed to build a firm, safe bridge between them. "I did a

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lot of thinking down there. A duckblind is a good place to think—"

"What did you think, Scott?" Dorrie was taking tentative steps across that firm, safe bridge.

"All sorts of things. It was because I was afraid, I suppose. A guy like me has to be afraid before he thinks, and, well, every time I saw Brewster looking at you—They're real people. They'll have real marriages, when they have them. Things made ours look—look sort of shaky. We ought to get some roots down, is what I thought."

"How, Scott?" She'd let him say it, her heart beating an accompaniment.

"Take a place in the country." His words came with difficulty and his hands tightened until they hurt her arms. "Have a brace of kids." He was more awkward. "Well, you know. Cut away from the sort of people who—threaten something we want to keep. You do want to keep it, don't you? Dorrie, could you take it?"

Her face was fortunately hidden now. "I could try." Her voice was muffled.

"It seemed to me down there that we were on the sand, and not the rock. We

want to be on the rock, don't we?" He was still a little afraid.

"Yes."

"It's a pact, then?"

"It's a pact."

He was thinking of her and Johnny, perhaps. He may have been thinking, a little, of himself and Peg. It didn't matter now. She seemed to stir to a more comfortable position against his shoulder, but in reality she was spreading her wings in the sky. She was coming down to her own safe nesting place, and Scott was with her. It had been his choice. It had had to be his choice.

MIND *over* MATTER



(Continued from page 37)

come over," he said, "because there's a girl sits next me in Assyriology lectures and she said I really owed it to myself and the college to try for the squad."

"Ever play any football?" I said.

"Some," he said. "I was left half for the Zamboanga Teachers. We defeated Sulat Bible School for the championship of the Island of Samar."

"What line of gab is this?"

"Well," he told me, "my father is a missionary in the Philippine Islands and I was brought up over there."

"You don't grab many headlines playing for Zamboanga, I dare say," I told him, "but they've got the start of a great college yell. Strip down." . . .

WELL, sir, that boy was a honey. There was a hundred and eighty-eight pounds of him, distributed right and none of it wasted. I boxed him a couple of rounds to test his reactions, timing, and speed. Boy, he had 'em! I put him on a tackling dummy, and he showed that either he had a natural knack or some smart fellow had coached him. He learned signals overnight.

I detailed Percy in with the scrubs finally, hoping for the best, and the varsity quarterback called for a quick kick in mid-field. Now, my quick-kick formations are masterpieces of strategy and deception. Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when Percy diagnosed the play, dived straight for the kicker, and nailed him behind the scrimmage line.

"You had better reorganize the quick-kicking department," Mule said, nudging me. "The new boy got the hang of it the first try."

"It must have been a fluke," I said.

The varsity tried a short lateral-forward with a decoy on the weak side, another pet of mine usually good for a first down. Percy swarmed on the receiver and smeared him for a loss.

"Maybe that boy has really got something," Mule remarked grudgingly.

I said, "Blow your whistle and call off practice."

I got Percy alone and put it to him. "That was a nice play you made, Percy," I said, "on the varsity's quick kick."

"What happened was, the varsity quarterback told me what he was going to do."

"That's different. What'd he do that for?"

"Oh, he couldn't help it. I read his mind. You know, like I was doing at Professor Jeffries' house the other day. It seems like taking an unfair advantage, doesn't it?"

"Well, the rule book doesn't say anything about that. So you read his mind?"

"I did, yes, and, just to make sure, I read it again on that trick lateral."

"Yes," I said, "I noticed. So you can read their minds just like I read the newspaper?"

"Well, it's not just like that. The idea is that in a football game the conditions for mind reading are ideal because of the high degree of concentration on the part of the opposing quarterback."

"So the more a quarterback knows what he is doing, the more he is duck soup for you. Can you do that with everybody?"

"No," he said, "I can't. Remember the girl I told you about who sits next to me at the Assyriology lectures? Well, sir, Coach, I've tried like sixty to get a transference from her and I just can't."

"Maybe you like this girl, huh?"

"I do. In fact, I'm crazy about her. Look, Coach, I'm telling you these things in confidence—see?"

"Don't worry, boy. I'm a clam."

"This girl's father got me my job here at Wilberforce," Percy went on. "I'm janitor of the School of Archaeology. I've always been nuts about antiquities, and archaeology is Mr. Higgins's hobby—"

"And this girl who throws the static into your mind reading is Babe Higgins?"

"That's right. Helen is really not interested in archaeology at all but goes to the lectures just to please her father. Mr.

Higgins and my father are old friends, and when I graduate I'm to join an expedition financed by Mr. Higgins."

Babe Higgins! That quadruple-threat female!

"Listen, Percy," I told him; "you and I will just keep this mind-reading business quiet. Mum's the word. Next Saturday you can show your stuff against Johnsville. And remember this, boy: No matter how hifalutin a girl may be, they all listen when you let touchdowns do your talking."

"I've kind of noticed that myself," he said.

I summoned Mule into conference that night and we sat up late, chinning.

"A college," said Mule, "is the last place a co-ed has got any business to be."

"Why," I complained bitterly, "couldn't Percy have taken a dive for one of the waitresses at the co-op cafeteria instead of going for the daughter of the richest alumnus the college has got?"

"In the three seasons I have watched this Babe Higgins prowl our campus," said Mule, "she has acted like a sheep-killing police dog on a crowded range."

"Don't forget," I reminded him, "that a girl reserves the right to play the field till she finds what she's looking for."

"What does a mere line coach know of such matters?" he said. "This Higgins dynamo is a self-starting, streamlined hot-to-Molly and I am glad her kind goes for backfield men and leaves my guards and tackles alone." . . .

WE HAD Johnsville whipped by three touchdowns in the final quarter so I sent the scrubs in to mop up. Percy ran wild, whizzing passes all over the field and piling up the opposition on line plunges. The following Saturday I put him in the starting line-up against Revere. Percy made their defense look positively silly, figuring their plays before the backfield could shift. I sent him to the showers between halves because he had already done enough so that Chillingworth would be laying for him.

There was a dance in the assembly hall to celebrate the Revere victory and I gave the squad leave to stay up till midnight. I dropped around to take a few bows and especially to see how Percy paced it off with Babe Higgins. He was not there, but she was the hit of the evening in her cheerleader's costume. I snared a dance with her, and remarked, casual-like, that I missed seeing Percy around.

"Don't blame me," she said. "I did my best. You would think he wanted me to go on my knees and beg him. . . . Oh,

Coach, isn't he positively wonderful?"

"I suppose his janitor work keeps him busy."

"Janitor work nothing! Dancing is against his principles. Can you tie that?"

"Let's go sit in a corner and have a talk," I suggested.

"Well?" she began after I had brought a couple of glasses of orange juice.

"Wilberforce owes you something, Miss Higgins," I said. "Young Halstead told me it was you who suggested he ought to try for the team."

"Oh, that. Well, I can tell you, I never had any idea that he was a star. He certainly never mentioned it. In fact, I never would have known he was on earth except for my father, who did his best to put me off him."

"How was that?" I inquired.

"He said Percy would be a good influence on me. He said I should cultivate his acquaintance because he was a boy of good family and upbringing with a serious purpose in life."

"Fathers always know best," I said.

"Yes, don't they? So naturally I kept away from Percy as if he had the plague or something—until I started going to the Assyriology lectures, because I wanted a cinch course that wouldn't take up too much time. My seat was next to Percy's."

"SO YOU sort of got acquainted?"

"Yes. Of course. And to my considerable surprise I liked Percy just fine."

"He likes you, too."

"Does he? He never bothers letting me know it. . . . By the way, they say he's a mind reader."

"Percy?"

"Yes. And when I think of falling for a boy that reads minds and won't dance it's just—it's just too much, that's all. And I won't do it. I won't!"

"Methinks," I said, "the lady doth protest too much."

"A lady has a right to," she shot back.

"Can you picture me giving my girlish confidence to a boy who knows what I'm thinking before I know it myself?"

"There certainly would be no fun being married to an egg like that," I said. "Anyway, I wanted to thank you for putting football into his head."

"Say, I didn't do that. He's just a chip off the old block that way."

"His dad is a missionary, I heard. You must be thinking of some other guy."

"His father may be a missionary among the heathen, Coach, but he was also Puck Halstead, the famous Eastern University halfback. Are you telling me? Haven't I had Puck Halstead dinned into my ears since I was a foot-high by my father, who played against him for Wilberforce? No, Coach, if Percy's a football player it's no doing of mine. It's in his blood."

For the love of Pete and Mike! Was she pouring it on!

I kept watching her close, and while I do not claim to know the book where a woman is concerned I thought I could fancy Babe Higgins wearing Percy's brand.

"Listen," I said; "you want to see Wilberforce beat Chillingworth, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

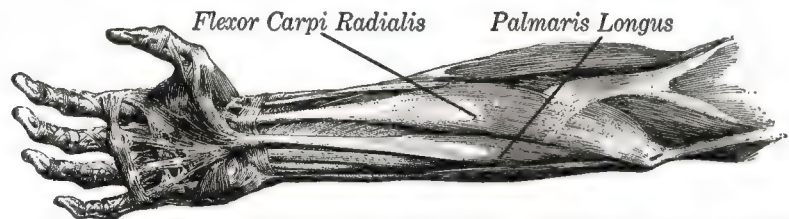
"Well, we won't do it unless Percy is right. Don't have any argument with him. He's cuckoo about you and if he thought you were off him he would be upset."

"That's easy," she said. "I'm going

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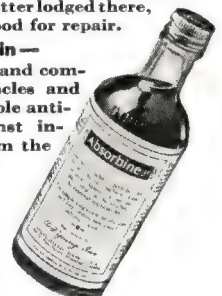
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home tomorrow and I won't be around until the day of the game."

My scouts brought word that Chillingworth was prepping a defense to stop Halstead. However, Chillingworth did not know what I knew, which was that we would be playing twelve men against them, the twelfth being Old Man Psychology himself. . . .

ON THE day of the game, Wilberforce won the toss and kicked off. The idea was to smear Chillingworth deep in their own territory, force them to punt, and then put over a quick score.

That is good strategy if it works. A team that figures itself strong enough to hold will always use it. We stopped Chillingworth cold on the first two downs. They went into kick formation, but when the ball was passed their kicker ran wide to the right behind blockers and then cut in to streak past the scrimmage line. Three of our men were on top of the play and the safety man was coming up. The Chillingworth boy could not have gained a foot. But also on top of the play was the referee, running practically with the ball carrier. Our boys could not make the tackle without spilling the ref. They hesitated a couple of seconds. The Chillingworth boy saw a clear field and took out for the goal eighty yards away. Wilberforce boys swarmed from everywhere like a pack of wolves, but for just long enough that referee did a bang-up job of blocking for Chillingworth. The runner crossed our goal line without a finger being laid on him. They kicked the extra point and the score was 7 to 0 before the game had hardly got under way.

For the rest of the quarter my boys were busy trying to pull themselves together. They were so sore they couldn't play the football they knew.

Percy sat on the bench with me through the opening quarter so he could get an idea of Chillingworth's play. But when the second quarter started with the other side in possession on our 30, I told him to go in.

Well, sir, he changed the complexion of that game singlehanded. Chillingworth booted from the 40 into our end zone. We took possession on our 20 and began a march, with Percy doing most of the work.

"Now watch 'em go," I told Mule.

"I'm watching that roving defense man of theirs," said Mule. "He's going to gum up the works."

A couple of plays later Halstead shovelled passed through center. Mule was right. That roving back speared the ball, halting our advance on the Chillingworth 45. They were forced to kick again. Percy ran the ball back to our 40 and we put on the pressure again. This time we drove to Chillingworth's 18, using straight power formations and mixing line bucks with slants off tackle. The crowd was yelling for a touchdown. On two tries we could move only four yards. On a pass into the end zone, from Halstead to Hennessy, our right halfback, Hennessy was off in a corner all alone. But dropped the ball!

Chillingworth stalled for three downs and then kicked. It was a high spiral, good for 60 yards. Six minutes to go in the half. I sent a substitute into the line with orders to tell the boys to cut loose, climb into their airplanes, and tie that score. On the first play we lost 12, because of a cross-up in signals. Second and 22.

"Old Man Psychology is in there, all right," said Mule, "but he's wearing a Chillingworth suit by mistake."

We called for a pass. Halstead rifled the porkhide to Hennessy for a first down on their 45. Percy traveled round right end for 8 more, and a line plunge made it first down. Percy faded for a pass, but his blockers were not on the job to protect him. About to be thrown for a terrific loss, Percy faded all the way to midfield, reversed his field, streaked across to the side line, and cut for the goal, squirming, straight-arming, sliding away from tacklers and shaking them loose. He stepped out of bounds on the 5 and from there we pushed it over. Percy kicked goal and the score stood 7 to 7.

Two minutes left in the half. Chillingworth elected to receive. The game looked on ice to me. In two tries Chillingworth could make progress only backward. When they went into kick formation I was looking for that fake end run again and kept my eye on Percy. He wasn't fooled. At the snap of the ball he was over the scrimmage line charging through the blockers. The Chillingworth kicker tried desperately to get the ball off his foot in time, but Percy was on him.

Some time when you feel playful try blocking a punt with your head. That's what Percy did. He got away with it, too. The ball bounded back off his skull over the Chillingworth goal line, and one of our boys fell on it for a touchdown.

But when the players swarmed after the ball Percy lay there on the turf, out like a cold duck.

THE gun's bark ended the half. Our water wagon hurried out on the field. I was ahead of it. Percy was lying there as limp as a rag, clean out of his head, groaning a little. We lifted him onto a stretcher and carried him off. As we entered the tunnel under the stadium I heard the voice of Babe Higgins leading the cheers.

"Nine rahs for Halstead!" she yelled, and the roar came from everywhere.

We took Percy into my office. Babe and Mr. Higgins arrived while the doctor was making his examination.

"It's a severe concussion," the doctor said finally. "I'm afraid he'll be unconscious a long time. But I can find no evidence of a skull fracture. The main shock was on the inferior maxillary," which is medical lingo for a sock on the jaw.

"Is he going to die?" Babe asked.

"Die?" Mr. Higgins grinned. "Sure, the Halsteads I've known come tougher than that. No, Helen, he's not going to die, but what's that tear I see in your eye? Bless my soul, I thought you didn't like the boy."

"Like Percy? Oh, Dad! . . . If only he couldn't read minds, damn it!"

So I suppose you're wondering how it all came out? Well, by the time I got back to the bench the fourth quarter was on and Mule was fit to be tied.

"What's the score?" I asked him.

"Still tied up, 13 to 13, just like the scoreboard says," he told me. "We had a couple of chances, but with no one here to master-mind us the situation got out from under. Besides, what do we care? As long as love finds a way."

That's how the game ended—13 to 13—although with Percy in there we could have scored plenty more touchdowns.

I had to go to New York some weeks later to see about signing a contract for Mule and me to coach a pro club.

After I got the papers in order the first thing I did was look for Percy. That boy could have made a fortune playing pro football. But I couldn't make him see it my way.

"By the way," he told me, after handing me the turndown, "I'm going to be married right after graduation."

"Babe Higgins?"

"That's right. Funny the way it happened. You know how crazy I was—am—about her. Well, it seemed like I wasn't ever going to get anywhere with her. Of course, she's got a lot of money and all, but I didn't propose to let that stop me. So after I got out of the hospital with my broken jawbone, the Higginses had a party at the house and invited me. So at the party the folks wanted me to do my mind-reading stunt for a parlor trick, you know. It was all right with me, but when I got up to do my stuff—do you know?—my mind was just a total blank. Yes, sir. I can't read anybody's mind any more than a jack rabbit. The doctor said that Chillingworth back must have jarred a connection loose some way when he kicked me in the jaw, or else the ball did when it struck my skull."

"And what's all this got to do with Babe Higgins?"

"Well, Coach, I don't know for sure. I only suspect. But some way that night we just sort of got together—and—well, you know—seems she'd liked me all along."

"Some folks," I philosophized, "have to get kicked in the head to find out how lucky they are."

Soapsuds and SHOWMANSHIP

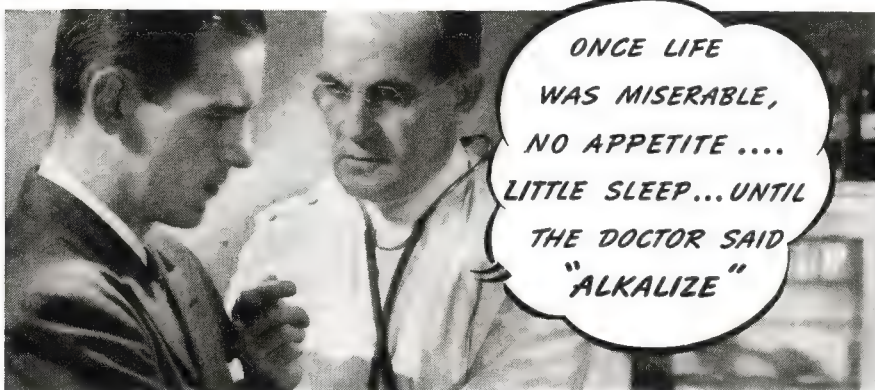
(Continued from page 33)

Postmaster General Farley at the races, Marshall is the man with him, telling him how to bet. If you saw the Boston Redskins play at any time during the last five years, Marshall was the man in Bond Street clothes who ran howling up and down the side lines and told each player what to do before he went into the game. If you have seen any recent pictures of Corinne Griffith, the former screen star, the man with her is Marshall. He is her husband.

If you were in Dallas, Texas, last summer, and you went to the Pan-American

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Exposition there, you participated in a Marshall venture. He ran it. If you went to the automobile races at Roosevelt Raceway, on Long Island, you were seeing a Marshall dream come true. He conceived the notion and is president of the track. And if you are in Washington and decide to leave your shirts at the blue-and-gold laundry on the corner, you will be giving them to Marshall. That's his laundry.

In a way Marshall is a miracle. No human being has ever been capable of following him through a full day's activity. His energy is inexhaustible, his memory apparently perfect, and his ability to work or play without limit. He has been termed a playboy by newspapermen and folks who see him continually at night clubs and dances, but this is a fallacious idea. Marshall plays because he has exhausted his whole staff of workers and has hardly got himself warmed up. It was this limitless supply of ambition and strength which enabled him to build up a laundry to an institution of 53 stores and 700 employees, in the meantime running 3 theaters, a professional basketball team, a professional football team, and a newspaper.

It was a rumor of this energy which reached Texas last year and induced the gentlemen of Dallas to offer Marshall \$100,000 to run their exposition this year.

He proved a worthy opponent for the wily Billy Rose, who was running Fort Worth's opposition show. Instead of entering into competition for beautiful girls and trained elephants, Marshall announced that he would import men to Texas—athletes. There would be track and field games between the best men of South America, Central America, and the United States. There would be international boxing matches. There would be automobile races through the streets of Dallas, soccer games, college and professional football games, and a marathon race from Mexico City to Dallas.

HAVING announced this much, Marshall set off for Texas with his beautiful wife, who forthwith decorated the casino, where such folk as Rudy Vallee and Art Jarrett were the entertainment, plus New York show girls.

Marshall gave the Texans what they wanted in double dose. The largest track and field crowds in American history, except for those at the 1932 Olympics, saw the intercontinental games. In four nights 63,000 people attended, including diplomatic notables from South American countries. It was the first time since 1889 that American and South American athletes had met in track and field competition—again excluding the Olympics.

Marshall's success practically assured perpetuation of the Pan-American games on a biennial basis. He told me it was the most worth-while thing he has ever done.

In heart and mind and body Marshall is a showman. He was born near Charleston, W. Va., on October 11, 1896. His father, T. Hill Marshall, was a newspaperman, and his mother, Blanche Preston Marshall, was a beautiful woman.

The family spent its winters in Washington, D. C., and its summers on a farm in West Virginia during George's childhood, so that he learned to milk cows and ride horses, yet obtained his education at the capital. His first promotion venture was a

football team, which he organized one fall in West Virginia when he was fourteen. He toured around with it from town to town, and didn't return to Washington until the season had ended. The idea of an organized team barnstorming about the countryside was new to the rural West Virginians, and they liked it.

The laundry was founded in 1903, by the elder Marshall, among whose customers was President Taft. But T. Hill Marshall's idea of business was a single store and moderate profits, so he made no effort to expand. Meanwhile, George attended Friends Select School and Central High School, and went crazy over athletics, though he was no great shakes as a player. It was the spectacle of sport and the competition that appealed to him—the drama, the excitement, the crowds, and the music. Without them the thing wasn't so exciting.

IT WAS natural that his first job should be on the stage. At sixteen he was assistant stage manager of a stock company in Washington, at \$12 a week. This company graduated some notable people, among them Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton. Marshall soon became an actor himself, touring in stock companies and even playing in New York. When the United States entered the war he was in Los Angeles with another stock company, which also had as a member Richard Dix. Marshall enlisted, was assigned to the 63rd Machine Gun Company, and remained at Camp Meade during hostilities. An outbreak of influenza hit the company just as it was to leave for France and Marshall never got across. His father died in 1918, and the ex-soldier returned to Washington in 1919 to find the laundry in precarious shape, and only \$5,000—his father's insurance—as a grubstake.

Almost nothing could have had less appeal for George Marshall than the laundry business—washing other people's clothes. But the laundry was the family meal ticket and he was the family's son. He gave \$4,500 of the insurance money to his mother, to assure her of maintenance while he made the venture, and then, determined to forget showmanship, proceeded to showmanize the laundry business.

He began by writing humorous advertisements for the local newspapers. Then he employed painters to turn the laundry plant into a symphony of blue and gold. Other painters did the same to stores he established on the best business corners in town.

With everything painted blue and gold—the Marshall colors, by reason of his own choice—all the employees were put into blue uniforms with gold stripes and braid. In the windows of the main stores and the new reception and delivery depots appeared flowers—a single spray in each window, according to the season. Everything was spick and span, and so airy and scrubbed did the branch stores seem that they suggested starched and fresh linen, and people just naturally walked in with their soiled clothes.

Marshall's personal popularity and his manner of getting around among athletes, stage folk, and newspapermen soon brought its reward of business, and Marshall's training-camp outfit, demobilized, learned that their old buddy was in the laundry business and decided to help him out. To tease him his friends nicknamed him "Wet

Wash," though the laundry did not handle this type of work. Actually everyone who knew the tall, black-haired young man admired him for digging into something they knew to be distasteful to him.

One day, while he was struggling with the composition of a newspaper advertisement, the phrase "Long Live Linen" slipped from Marshall's pen and onto the page. Immediately he liked it, decided to make it the slogan of the business, and had it mounted in gold letters over every store. Today it is as well known to dwellers in Washington as the dome of the Capitol.

But even the job of putting a laundry on its feet was not sufficient to occupy Marshall's energies. He continued his love for athletics, so much so that he was the roommate of Stanley "Bucky" Harris, baseball's boy wonder, who led the Washington Senators of the American League to a pennant and World Series victory in his first year as manager, 1924. Marshall then, as now, knew more about baseball than many of the players, and his antics when a home run was hit by a Washington player became far more thrilling to the fans than the home run itself. He also had a habit of "adopting" some college football player, whom he would follow about and boost vocally as if the boy were his son.

Sports are mostly for afternoons, however, so in the evenings Marshall turned to the theater. At one time he had three theaters on lease in Washington, all playing stock companies or legitimate shows, and another in Baltimore. He also opened the Hall of Nations in the Washington Hotel, a night spot which featured some of the best orchestras in the country.

But gradually sports took Marshall's interest, even after dark. In the early twenties professional basketball was popular and there was a national league. Marshall hired the best players he could find, brought them to Washington, called them the Palace Club, and ballyhooed them in what by then was well known as the Marshall style.

BY THIS time—it was 1927—the laundry had expanded to thirty or forty times its original proportions, and Marshall was relatively a rich man. Society now beckoned him. It was a new world to conquer. He was naturally gregarious, liked people, and was liked by them. He was one of the best-dressed men in Washington, as fastidious in the decoration of himself as in the draping of his laundry stores, though he did not run to blue and gold. He favored blue and gray, and everything about him was matched, meticulous, and in taste.

But Washington's real society—the inner circle of old families, diplomats, and current government officials—is not easy for a laundryman to crash. Marshall had no illusions about it. When there was talk going around about his social "climbing" he put a swift stop to it with a Christmas card. The card showed Marshall climbing a ladder labeled "SOCIETY" carrying a bag of laundry on his back. One day at a gathering of friends in his apartment he rushed in and said, "Congratulate me, folks. I've gotten into society at last. We're doing Borden Harriman's sheets." (Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, to whom he was referring, was and is a leading social hostess in Washington.)

In a way Marshall did better in New York than in Washington, so far as society

I bring restful
SLEEP
to thousands!

THE HUMAN SYSTEM requires ample sleep nightly. Yet many people are unable to get to sleep at night. Others find that their sleep doesn't properly rest them. The following facts are for such people.

If you want to get to Sleep easily and sleep better... read this —

NO one wants to spend half the night worrying about whether he's going to get to sleep or not. No one wants to wake up in the morning feeling all "washed out" and unready for the day.

Yet thousands of people are doing just that.

Many other thousands, on the contrary, have found that by taking a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime, they can get to sleep more readily. They have found they sleep more *restfully*, too—wake up more refreshed.

Ovaltine is not a drug. Not a narcotic. It does not "dope" you to sleep. It is a food.

It was developed in Switzerland over 40 years ago.* Originally, it was created as an aid to convalescents in regaining health, and is still widely used for that purpose. Later it was discovered by doctors that, when taken at bedtime, it also promoted restful sleep.

Today it is regarded as the world's favorite nightcap!

Just consider these facts:—Ovaltine helps to relax you. It relieves that feeling of "inner tenseness." This enables you to loosen up. You can then sleep more *easily*.

*Now made in U. S. A.

And the sleep you get is more *restful* . . . it leads to a feeling of greater freshness and more abundant energy the next day.

Ovaltine, incidentally, helps to nourish you while you sleep—supplying necessary minerals and vitamins and other food elements which the body requires.

To get to sleep readily and sleep as Nature intended—try Ovaltine. Drink it regularly, night after night. It is not in the least habit-forming. Yet it is a fine habit to adopt.

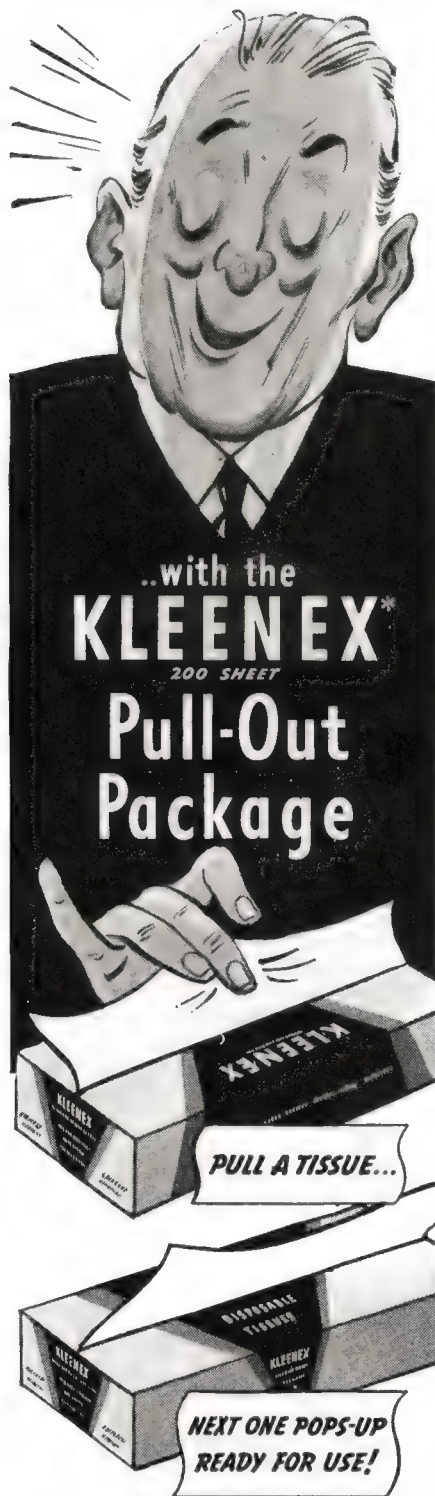
Just mix 3 or 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of milk and drink it when you go to bed. It's a pleasant practice as well as a mighty beneficial one.

Get a can of Ovaltine at any grocery or drug store today!

The following experience is in many respects typical:—**MRS. CLARENCE TALLMAN** of Detroit, Mich., writes, "Every night I'd lie awake, unable to get to sleep. As a result, I'd feel cranky and restless. . . . Then I read about Ovaltine in the Sunday papers. Decided to try it. I can't tell you how much it means to me. I never have a sleepless night now. I feel so much better in the morning."

Coop. 1937, The Wander Co.

NO FUMBLE...
NO JUMBLE...
NO GRUMBLE!



200 sheet KLEENEX now 2 for 25c

... The handy size for every room

KLEENEX*
DISPOSABLE TISSUES

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

was concerned. In the late twenties no two people existed who could hit it off together as well as Marshall and New York's famous mayor, James J. Walker. Marshall, on one of his frequent trips to New York, met Jimmy and they became pals. When Walker went to Europe, Marshall went with him and, in all the news pictures of the mayor which came back to America, there was George, just to the right or left or behind the mayor.

TO TAKE care of the laundry, now that he was absenting himself frequently, Marshall installed another showman, John C. Chevalier. He is still there, carrying out Marshall's ideas.

These ideas are as swift and decisive as Marshall's physical movements. He never bothers with details, and will not listen to a step-by-step story of how a thing is done. He is interested only in what was attempted and whether the attempt was successful. Nor will he wait for his ideas to be mulled over by those who are to carry them out. Over a week end he had the washing-room of his laundry changed from the first to the top floor, a job which ordinarily would take weeks of planning and consideration. In 1930 the plant had outgrown itself; Marshall bought the corner near which it was situated and put up a four-story structure in modern style, with lots of windows and this statement over the door: BUILT BY—BUILT FOR—OUR CUSTOMERS. Along the side, in gold letters, ran this legend: WASHINGTON'S LARGEST, AMERICA'S FINEST. And, of course: LONG LIVE LINEN.

He then conceived a design for the outer receiving-room and the executive offices which is undoubtedly unique among the laundries of the world. Still using blue and gold, he painted everything blue and then had slim, rounded pieces of wood, painted gold, placed over the blue surface in a manner suggesting the pipes of an organ. This was done, not only in the main office, but in all of the branch stores, which by this time had become fifty.

To complete the idea, the plant was equipped with a loud-speaker system, and Marshall ordered that four times a day music be played over it for the edification of the workers and the betterment of their nervous systems.

His own office was designed in typical Marshall fashion. It is the only office of a millionaire executive which is on public exhibition. It is on the first floor of the building and its street side is one great window, so that passers-by or curious people can watch the president of the company doing his work—telephoning, dictating, and pondering new ideas. On the walls hang innumerable photographs: of Marshall with Walker; of the first professional basketball team in Washington, his Palace Club; of the Boston Redskins, now Washington's first big-league professional football team; and one of President Roosevelt, inscribed: "To my friend, George P. Marshall."

The laundry has continued to grow, and today it is a million-dollar business, and launders more than 50,000 shirts a week, in addition to a new dry-cleaning business. Curb service is the latest Marshall improvement. Just drive up to a Palace store, toot your horn, and a smartly uniformed attendant will come out to the curb and take your package.

Meanwhile, Marshall neglected neither his hobbies nor his recreations. He fitted his apartment with such trappings as a floor of black marble, an aquarium in a bay window, a bathroom whose walls were papered with the covers of French magazines, and a bedroom paneled black with mirrored ceiling and a crimson-tapestried bed.

When Mayor Walker resigned under fire in 1932 and went to Europe he was succeeded by John P. O'Brien, a home-loving, simple man who was the antithesis of Walker. On a visit to Washington with the Tammany Hall leader, John F. Curry, the new mayor was taken to the Marshall apartment, where he stared in awe at a modernistic bathroom in black and chromium. "My goodness, John!" he gasped to Mr. Curry. "What kind of people do you know, anyhow?"

By this time Marshall was a national figure, known in Hollywood, New York, Chicago, Boston, Washington, Florida, in all the better night clubs, and at all the race tracks. He was known in all branches of sports, and he was a favorite with the sports writers.

He was also their favorite dreamer. He had an idea for a glass-roofed sports stadium which could be turned into an outdoor or indoor field by pressing a pearl button. It would have a movable press box on a monorail, which would follow the games and races up and down the field, tearing along with a broken-field runner or even chasing a baseball over the fence. The place would seat about 90,000.

Another of his ideas had to do with big-league baseball. He tried to buy the Boston Braves once, with a syndicate, and planned to install lounge seats with telephones, a stock market ticker, and bar and restaurant service.

ONE of the reasons he was liked by sports writers and people in general was his disarming frankness about himself and his work. He never allowed people the opportunity of whispering around a ball-room or dinner table that he was in the laundry business. He said so himself.

Once, in Newport, he was playing bridge with his host and two old and stern dowagers. After a while one of them turned her lognette on Marshall, sighted along both barrels, and pulled the trigger. "I beg pardon, Mr.—uh—Mawshall, but I'm afraid I don't quite understand who you are."

Marshall went on sorting his cards, and said, without looking up, "Madam, the name is Marshall, and I'm in the laundry business. Can I get your work?"

He suffered from the enmity of one woman, however. She was a society reporter, and one evening in a New York night club, after she had pestered him beyond endurance with picayunish and intimate questions about himself, he turned loose the full power of his voice and his wrath and blasted her through the door and into the street. She never forgave him, and for a long time thereafter the society columns of her newspaper would report, from wherever Marshall was, whatever parties he attended. Always his name was last, to intimate that perhaps he just tagged along without an invitation, and always he was called "George (No Tickee No Shirtie) Marshall."

His sense of humor was too well developed to suffer from such ill-humored bait-

ing, however, and he took it in his stride. People eventually discovered that behind his loud and sometimes boisterous and over-enthusiastic manner there was, not a rude fellow, but a dignified, understanding, and by no means stupid person.

In 1932 he had the sort of year he enjoyed. There were almost enough things going on to keep him busy. He was a delegate to the Democratic Convention in Chicago as a representative of the non-voting residents of the District of Columbia. He seconded the nomination of Governor Albert C. Ritchie of Maryland, got in a plea for a vote for District residents during a dull moment, and drew the loudest cheers of the convention by getting up and yelling into the microphone, "I'm going to put a stop to all this speech-making."

THAT fall he was in Boston and, with some New York friends, bought the professional football team of Boston, called the Braves.

By that time big-league football had staggered to its feet and was catching the fancy of the fans, though it was by no means prosperous. Marshall saw a great future for professional football if it would regulate itself as does big-league baseball, and take unto itself some of the color of college football. He set out to prove his point.

Promptly he changed the name of the team to the Redskins, so that there would be no mix-up with the National League baseball team, the Braves. Then he popped the players into silk playing pants, bought them burgundy-and-gold jerseys and stockings, and even gave them gold shoelaces for their burgundy shoes. He hired a band. He went to each game personally and sat on the bench in his best clothes, roaring and telling his players just what to do.

He had hired an Indian coach, to carry out the redskin allusion—Lone Star Dietz, one of the country's most proficient talkers. Dietz was dumfounded by Marshall's oratory. The players were dumfounded too, and somewhat resentful. One of them stuck his face close to Marshall's one day and asked, "What year were you on the All-America?" He was traded next year, to another team. Finally coaches, officials, and executives pleaded with Marshall to stay in the stands, and he did so, for a quarter or so.

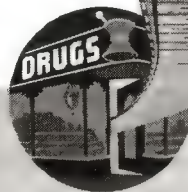
But Boston was apathetic toward the game. Marshall continued his pyrotechnics and his showmanship. He hired Eddie Casey, the Harvard coach, to impress on the public the new dignity of the professional game.

In 1936 the Redskins won the championship of the Eastern Division of the league, losing in the play-off with the Green Bay Packers, Western Division champions. Even this feat failed to bring the Bostonians to the games. In the five years in Boston, Marshall had lost \$82,000. "I must confess," he said, "that I'm fed up." So he decided to go home to Washington with his team. It was his idea to make the game more open, so that the spectator could enjoy it more and get the thrill of a seesawing score. It was the same principle he had applied to the laundry: Please the customer and keep the place dressed up. He treats his players in Marshall style, too. If there is a college star he wants he will call him by long distance, no matter

**AW... MOMMY, I WISH THERE WERE
SOME GUM IN THE HOUSE**



**WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM**



R-220

**Avoid these disappoint-
ing moments. Have your druggist
supply you with several packages
of gum right now. He is ready to
serve you at all times. Just ask for:
*½ dozen packages of Double Mint***

EASY HEARING

... the greatest gift for the HARD OF HEARING



Give it this Christmas with the Western Electric HEARING AID

THE Western Electric Audiphone—designed by Bell Telephone Laboratories—is helping thousands who were handicapped to hear clearly and easily. What more wonderful gift could you give a relative or friend than relief from hearing strain?

Here's how you do it

A Hearing Aid, like eye glasses, must be scientifically fitted to meet individual needs. Give a letter-of-credit on your nearest Audiphone dealer or invite your hard of hearing friend to go there with you. Audiometric tests will show the degree and characteristic of the hearing loss; also whether bone or air conduction receiver should be used, and with which ear. When the Audiphone is correctly adjusted, lasting satisfaction is assured.

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Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone and name of nearest dealer. A-34

Name

Address

City..... State.....

how far away the boy is, and say, "Hello, there! How are you? . . . Just thought I'd call. You'd better sign up with us next year. We're going to have the best team in the league."

While the Redskins were playing in Boston, Marshall had a few other adventures. He was hired as the publisher of a Washington newspaper, and immediately put everybody but the reporters in uniform, painted the outside and the inside in symphonies of gray, and got his society friends, most of them women, to write articles and columns. The circulation bounded up by the 50,000's and Marshall was considered a success. The owner of the paper, however, apparently thought otherwise, and after completing the year 1934, Marshall "resigned."

BY THAT time he was interested in a fantastic new sports idea—that of introducing to America the type of European automobile racing, with a serpentine dirt track, exciting turns and curves. The result was the Roosevelt Raceway on Long Island. It was decided to trade on the glory of the old Vanderbilt Cup races, which were held on Long Island a quarter of a century ago. A serpentine track four and a half miles long was built, similar to the 80 such tracks in Europe. Young George Vanderbilt, nephew of William K. Vanderbilt, who gave the original cup, donated a new trophy, and European drivers were imported for the first race, on Columbus Day, 1936. The American drivers hadn't a chance, for they knew nothing of the tricks of this type of racing—braking, shifting gears on turns and curves, and getting up to high speed quickly on the straightaway. The track had to be made easier this year

for American drivers and to speed up the race. Marshall designed the altered course. The customer has to be pleased.

Before the adventure of the raceway Marshall had begun another new experiment. At Armonk, N. Y., on a June night in 1936, he married Miss Corinne Griffith.

Although some of his wildest dreams have come true, Marshall is still a dreamer. In Washington, D. C., there is a \$3,000,000 fund for a Thomas Jefferson Memorial, and it is planned to erect it somewhere along the Tidal Basin, so that it will be close to the other two great monuments—to Washington and Lincoln. Marshall, when he heard how much money the committee had, said, "Why, that's just enough to build my sports palace, and Thomas Jefferson would like nothing better for a memorial." Which is undoubtedly true.

Meanwhile, the Marshall spirit and the Marshall enterprises carry on. The Redskins are finishing their first season in Washington, the new Vanderbilt Cup races and the Pan-American games are headed toward perpetuation as traditional events, and bigger and better projects are brewing in the slightly graying head of the six-foot-two-inch giant who never gets tired.

This winter the diplomats in Washington will be wearing dress shirts glazed as they are in Europe. No laundry in America can do it, so, to make the boys happy, Marshall imported the whole process from Europe. The customers must be kept happy, Marshall figures, and diplomats are not only customers of the Palace Laundry but also of Uncle Sam. Glazed shirt fronts and more athletic meets will keep the peace, Marshall thinks, better than anything else. He may be right.

What becomes of ALL-AMERICAN stars?

(Continued from page 61)

one of the fans, offhand, "they're all bond salesmen, or stock salesmen, or insurance agents. They die pretty young, anyhow. Athletic hearts, you know—enlarged."

What the fans believe as to the fate of All-American players is a legend shared by the public. In the same way that all actors and actresses are supposed to end up penniless in dreary furnished rooms, so All-American football players are supposed to roam sadly about the country, with heart trouble and sales manuals.

Fortunately for the players this legend is not true. They neither die prematurely nor do they, except in odd cases, peddle

securities and policies. I know, because I have spent a year in research, travel, and personal conversations, finding out what happens to All-American football players.

It has not been an easy thing to find out. The All-Americans of bygone days are sometimes difficult to locate, some of them cannot be found at all. The fame they once had and the lessons they learned on the gridiron in sportsmanship, co-operation, and leadership did not by any means steer them to financial success, as some suppose. Nor did their strenuous exercise pitch them into an early grave. By and large, my investigation has shown that the eleven members of the Collier's All-American football team achieve about as much in the world—no more and no less—as any eleven other college graduates.

They are, however, curious phenomena. In no other country, and in no other sport or profession, is a man so famous for so brief a time as in American intercollegiate football. During three months of the year the light of publicity beats down on the successful player as pitilessly as if he were the President or a movie star going through the divorce courts. His days and nights are chronicled for a curious public; he is interviewed by sob sisters. He is photographed tearing through the line with the look of a hungry tiger on his face or catching passes high in the air with an agonized countenance. Then he is picked for the All-

American team and described as a "plunging, slashing player."

Too soon it is all over. He returns to his studies, takes his examinations, is graduated, and goes to work. Another player takes his place. The spotlight of publicity shifts. During the next season the hero of last year sits in the stands, following the plays eagerly, one of thousands of fans. Someone who knows him may point him out to a friend: "There's Joe Bumstead, last year's All-American." But without his headgear and shoulder pads, he is just another fan to the people in the stands.

A few years pass. His name is mentioned in a group of men: "Bumstead? Down with Jones & Smith, isn't he? Sells bonds, I think. I played golf with him one afternoon. Beat him four up."

Major-league baseball players, if they are good, have from ten to fifteen years in the spotlight, and some, like Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb, go on for longer. Not so the All-American football player. When his three years of eligibility end, he is through, whether he is graduated or not. Usually he does not reach the peak of his form and join the ranks of the immortals, so-called, until his last year of play. He is picked as an All-American in late November or December. By January 1st his brief hour is over. To remember him then you must be a student of the game. He is left to twirl the little gold football on his chain, the emblem of his fame.

WHAT happens to him? Well, if he is the average All-American, ten to fifteen years out of college, he is comfortably situated today, making about \$4,000 a year, married, with a home in the suburbs and a son or daughter or both. He plays golf, likes to go to football games or listen to a description of them on the radio. He is a little heavier than he used to be, and he wouldn't be able to play five minutes of a football game now without giving out. He has a slightly enlarged heart—an athletic heart—but nothing to worry about. He will live to be sixty-seven or sixty-eight years old, and he will never again be famous or even locally of great prominence. He smokes cigarettes and takes a drink occasionally, but he is by no means dissipated.

He is not lazy, but he is not ambitious for anything beyond security and happiness. He is content to live his life as a normal American. He prefers peace, but he would go to war for his country. He isn't much of a churchgoer, but he believes firmly in democracy, and he is bringing up his children to like sports and revere the memories of Lincoln and Washington. He married a college girl and is happy with her. He goes to the movies, likes to dance, and isn't above playing a little bridge for a modest stake.

At the school for which he played, his fame endures, but that doesn't help him in making a living. Its most practical value is a couple of good seats at the annual big game.

That is the average, arrived at by my study of the men selected on the *Collier's Weekly* All-American first teams from 1910 to 1927, inclusive. Before 1910 the teams were not representative—they were composed mostly of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton men, and today these men are over fifty and in many cases retired. After 1927 they became less representative, for too



Get Yourself a Barbasol Face"

It does not take many weeks to get a full-fledged Barbasol Face and then you're a prize package for the women folk.

Your jowls and cheeks look and feel softer and firmer and fresher. Roughness and irritations tend to vanish. Even wrinkles seem to smooth away.

The whole effect, of course, is a more attractive, younger-looking Barbasol Face—gained in a very short time after you discard old shaving methods and switch to modern Barbasol.

That's because Barbasol is a cream. It contains none of those harsh alkalis

that dry and tighten the skin, resulting in roughness and wrinkles.

First time you shave with Barbasol, you can tell by the way it cools and soothes how wonderful it is for the skin. Its good ingredients hasten the work of your razor, and then they leave your face soft and supple and youthful looking.

Start with Barbasol today for the finest shave you ever had, and in about two weeks you'll cheer at the wonderful improvement in your face. At all drug stores, large tube, 25¢; giant size, 50¢; family jar, 75¢. Five Barbasol Blades, 15¢.

For modern shaving



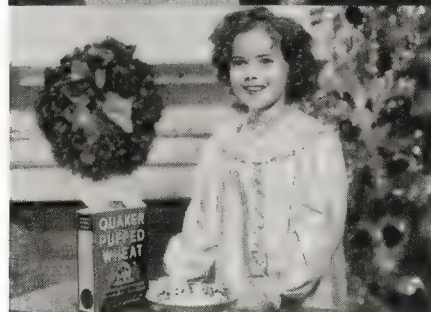
Star of "HEIDI"
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

CHRISTMAS AT

Shirley Temple's



ON CHRISTMAS Eve Shirley hangs her stockings on the mantelpiece. She can hardly wait 'till morning to see what Santa puts in them.



THEN SHIRLEY leaves a big bowl of crisp, crunchy Puffed Wheat with sliced fruit and a glass of milk for Santa in case he's hungry.



SHIRLEY JUST couldn't miss any of the fun on Christmas morning. So she has her big dish of Puffed Wheat right beside the tree.

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT

many small colleges had good teams and there were, and are today, too many good players to make a selection of eleven men fair and accurate. Besides, I decided when making this study that a space of ten years should be allowed any college man before judgment is put upon him.

There was no team selected in 1917, because of the war, so in all of this period there were selected 17 teams, of 11 men each, making a total of 187. Actually only 159 men were selected, some being named for two or three different years.

Of these 159 men, 150 are living. The death toll has not been heavy, and those who died natural deaths were members of the earlier teams, from 1910 through 1915. Only one man was the victim of an automobile accident; only one committed suicide; only one, George Gipp, of Notre Dame, died while still a student.

SEVEN men are missing. This does not mean that they are lost, but that they have failed to keep in touch with their alma maters. One man no longer has an alma mater. He is Jim Thorpe, the Indian who played for old Carlisle, and who is perhaps the greatest of all these men as a football player and the least successful right now. A few years ago he was found digging ditches in Los Angeles. He was given work as a movie extra for a time, and now he is working at a boys' school in Texas. His old college has long since been abandoned, and he cannot return to it, even as a freshman director of athletics.

Of the remaining 143, business, in all its ramifications, occupies 38. The most preferred occupation after that is coaching football from high school to assistant and head coach at a college or university. There are 31 of the former All-Americans in this work on full time.

Next in line as a preferred occupation is finance—brokerage, bonds, and investments. There are 17 men in this, and most of them are doing extremely well. Law has only 6 members, industry has 6 also, insurance has 4, advertising has 3, and there are 5 salesmen, and 5 physicians.

Of the rest, some are scattered between opera singing and interior decorating; then there is a rancher, a poultry raiser, a movie executive, an explorer and adventurer, a WPA worker, a hotel manager, a major-league baseball player, a political boss, a wrestler, an educator, and—believe it or not—a man who is still a student.

Of all these 150 living ex-heroes, the only one who has reached and surpassed his gridiron fame in later life is a Negro lad, Paul Robeson. Of the countless people who thrill to Paul Robeson's voice on the concert stage, on the screen, or as it comes from their phonographs, few remember, or were ever aware, that in 1918 he was an end on the Rutgers team and was chosen that year for the All-American.

When Robeson went out for the team at Rutgers he was awkward and knew little about football. One of the coaches told Bob Nash, a veteran tackle, to take the big fellow behind one of the stands and try him out. "He doesn't look like a player to me," the coach said. "See what he's got." Nash came back half an hour later, bruised and limping. "He's the best football prospect I've ever seen," he said. "I'm a wreck."

Bob Nash played at tackle next to Robeson, but he wasn't picked as All-American. Later he went into professional football

and played brilliantly on various teams until 1925, when his legs gave out. He often played with or against, in those early years after leaving school, a guard who had been All-American on the team with Robeson. He was Joseph Alexander, of Syracuse, who was picked in 1919 also.

This young fellow played on week ends because at other times he was studying medicine. All during his medical course he often played on Saturday and again on Sunday to get money for his education. When he was an interne in New York, and getting a little old for football, he continued to play. Finally he had to quit, but not before football had paid for his entire medical education. Dr. Joseph Alexander, now of New York, has nothing but praise and thanks for football.

Most All-Americans say the same thing. Their fame and prowess enables them, I found, to make a stake playing professional ball, gets them a job coaching, or gives them an entering wedge into business.

Professional football is less and less an outlet for All-Americans. It is too tough. Eight out of ten modern All-Americans are not good enough for the professional teams, which have a system of scouting and drafting that gets the good players from small colleges. All-Americans too frequently nowadays are the result of a good team at a large school, a schedule that brings them before big crowds and lots of experts and sports writers and a shrewd publicity man. One of the most famous and highly touted All-Americans of the past fifteen years, after a season with one of the professional teams, was thus described by the team's coach: "He has the mind of a sixteen-year-old; he is the stingiest man I ever met; and he isn't a good football player."

When Christian "Red" Cagle, West Point's All-American back of 1927, was preparing to play his first professional game and was receiving tips on the opposing team from his coach, he looked incredulously at the field and said, "You mean that big 235-pound guard who looks like a blacksmith is the weak point on the team?"

THAT'S the way professional football is today. Tough men from small, unknown colleges make the All-Americans look like scrubs, and the game puts a tremendous strain on a player's physique. Of the few All-Americans of recent years who have been successful in the professional game, the outstanding figure is Harold "Red" Grange, who was an All-American back in 1923, 1924, and 1925. And Grange admitted that he learned most of his football after he left the University of Illinois.

"When I went into professional football," he said in later years, "I was not a finished player. I could run with the ball. I couldn't pass, block, or kick. I had to learn these things."

He did learn them, and, while the college fans were forgetting him or wondering what had happened to him, he was becoming one of the best players in the professional game. Grange overcame the biggest blast of ballyhoo ever showered on a football player. In his college years football became the nation's No. 1 excitement. His first year of professional ball was naturally a letdown, but he stuck to it. Today he is coach and part owner of his old professional team, the Chicago Bears.

Benny Friedman, Michigan's All-American quarterback of 1926, and Ernie Nevers

of Stanford, All-American fullback in 1925, were two others who stood the pace of professional ball. Friedman was the New York Giants' quarterback for several years, until a knee injury forced him to retire. Now he coaches at City College in New York, but his playing ability kept him in more than pin money during those hardest of years—just after graduation, when the world is cold and pays little for an education. Friedman could hit a 10-cent piece at 50 yards with a football.

Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback for the greatest of college backfields, the "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame, also selected the career of football. He was successful as coach at Villanova, and now he is head coach and director of athletics at the University of Wisconsin.

IT IS a commentary on the excellence of the late Knute Rockne's coaching at Notre Dame, and his ability to impart his own love of the game to his players, that all of the Notre Dame All-Americans who played under him, except the deceased Gipp, are now engaged in coaching. Arthur Boeringer, All-American center in 1926, is assisting Rockne's old teammate, Gus Dorais, at the University of Detroit; John P. Smith, guard on the "dream team" of 1927, is head coach at Duquesne University, Pittsburgh.

By and large, coaching appears to be a better bed for the All-American than playing professional ball. It lasts longer if he is successful, and it is over sooner if he fails. More than 60 per cent of the All-Americans in the 1910-1927 group coached at one time or another, most of them immediately after being graduated.

But this coaching group, after all, comprises but 31 of 150 men. To many of the other 119 football is a dim, remote thing that has to do with faded classbooks Junior Prom programs, and a gold football they have long since ceased to wear upon their watch chains. Sometimes they return to sports, as did John Reed Kilpatrick, Yale end and All-American in 1910. But Mr. Kilpatrick is far removed from football now. He is president of Madison Square Garden in New York, where everything *except* football is played.

When Kilpatrick was playing there was no question of coaching or playing professional football. Students played football for exercise and because they enjoyed it. After graduation there was work to do, and John Reed Kilpatrick and his teammates went out and did it. William Earl Sprackling, the quarterback on that team, took his degree and went to work, to become vice-president of a large wire and cable company.

On the 1911 All-American team there was Princeton's famous Eddie Hart, a tackle. He is now a Wall Street broker. Also Henry Holman Ketcham, of Yale, a guard, who is president of a lumber company in Seattle, Wash. One of the ends was another Yale man, Douglas Mortimer Bomeisler. He is also in Wall Street. The quarterback was Arthur Howe, of Yale, now president of Hampton Institute, a Negro college in Virginia. Before that he was assistant headmaster at Taft School.

The only dissenting note on that 1911 team, the only warning of the commercialized professional game to come, was the Indian, Jim Thorpe. Thorpe was a child of nature. He liked to play games, and he

Life Begins At 40



"40% of my pupils are over 40"

—says Teacher

Night School Supervisor Reveals Startling Fact—Several Past 60 Learn Like YOUNG Students

OLDER PEOPLE learn as readily as youngsters if they make the effort, in the opinion of a night-school supervisor who reports 40% of her pupils are OVER 40 and several have passed 60!

In this night school people over 40 are studying English, public speaking, music, art, engineering—courses they would have liked to have taken when they were young.

They do not come to "brush up" on old subjects—they have a *new* purpose—they register for NEW subjects.

Many are as keen and alive to new ideas as if they were young students.

Bodies slow up—minds do too. It is very seldom that a mind can do its best work in a body that is run-down—mental activity becomes slower—learning becomes more difficult. The reason many people over 40 years of age can't learn as readily as they once did is because they have experienced a *physical* "slowing down."

THEY HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE — SO CAN YOU



Kelvin Barnes

Writer of 54 Feels Future Assured

Dear Life Begins:

I am now 54. About ten or twelve years ago I had a bad time with constipation and stomach trouble. After dosing myself for a while with the usual quick "remedies," I started to eat Fleischmann's Yeast.

Soon I felt so well I thought I did not need the yeast further. Then the old conditions came back—and I jumped back again to my daily yeast habit.

By aiding my digestive and intestinal action, I believe Fleischmann's Yeast is directly responsible for the great increase in the quantity and *quality* of my writing.

Naturally, success as a writer means my life is successful! KELVIN BARNES

Widow Swings Responsible New Job

Dear Life Begins:

I was left a widow with two children—6 and 8—to support.

Several years ago I got a new post as dietician in a school where girls were sent for character development. It took all the tact I had. The tension was undermining my health.

My minister's wife suggested I eat Fleischmann's Yeast. It gave me renewed energy—the nervous strain didn't seem to bother me any more.

I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast. The problems of the girls no longer ruin my nerves. I am full of energy to face the day's difficulties.

PERMILLA A. BUNT



Permilla A. Bunt

Slower Digestion is One of the First Signs of Aging

AROUND 40, many people experience a slowing-up of the digestive powers.

The gastric juices begin to flow less freely and have a *weaker* digestive action. You can check this slowing down by giving your system extra help.

Because it helps to *increase* the quantity and strength of the digestive juices in the stomach, Fleischmann's Yeast is

especially important to people over 40.

It also gives you the tonic action of 4 vitamins—each of which plays a vital part in keeping up good health.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water. See how *quickly* you'll begin to feel right up on your toes again!

\$25 WILL BE PAID FOR LETTERS of success after 40—so helpful to others we wish to print them. If you can truly credit to Fleischmann's Yeast some part of the health that made your success possible—write us—enclosing your picture. (Letters and pictures cannot be returned.) Life Begins, 420 Lexington Ave., New York.

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The name that means everything in electricity

played them until the early 1920's, when his legs gave out. He was one of the few All-Americans to play big-league baseball, and he would have stayed with the New York Giants had he not been baffled by a white man's trick, the curve ball. Jim was fast, fielded well, and could hit an ordinary fast ball, but curves baffled him, and he went to the minor leagues.

The 1914 team produced an outstanding coach, John J. McEwan, of West Point, the center on the team. McEwan is considered by some men to be the most brilliant of all the All-Americans, but he liked to wander from job to job, producing a good team here and a better one there. Once at a Western college he approached the dean and said he would like to teach a class. The dean was surprised, and asked him what sort of class he preferred. Physical education? No, McEwan said, he'd like something in the English department. The dean weighed this. There was only one course not filled by an instructor, and that because, of all English courses, it was the most difficult to teach. The subject was Browning.

"I'll take it," said McEwan.

He started with four bemused students, who enrolled out of curiosity. By the end of the term the class was so crowded that it was moved to a larger hall. Even other English professors were coming to hear the lectures. Today McEwan has a federal job in Massachusetts, having given up both football and Browning.

IT WAS not until after the World War that professional football drew heavily from the ranks of All-Americans. In the early 1920's there was something of a depression, and All-Americans returning from the service of their country found jobs scarce. Many of them played football for a season or two. The line-ups of the Canton Bulldogs, the Buffalo All-Americans, and other pro teams glistened with All-American names in 1920, 1921, and 1922. Among them was Fritz Pollard, Brown's Negro halfback, All-American, 1916, and now a Democratic political leader in Harlem.

On the Canton team that year was Harry H. Dadum, of Harvard, a guard on the 1916 team, now president of a Boston investment banking house.

And what, I asked him, did he think of football now, after all these years?

"My memories of playing are pleasant," he said. "I learned much in practical psychology which I feel has benefited me in later life. Such things as learning to smile when one may be feeling discouraged—realization that the other fellow is taking just as much punishment as you are—knowledge of what heights of success may be achieved in the face of nature's attempt to make you feel tired—teamwork—being able to take defeat with a smile—such practical lessons have meant more to me in recent years than much of the learning I acquired at college."

That is a fair sample of the All-American viewpoint. But there are some who look back on football with an amused smile, wondering at the fierce enthusiasm which made them All-Americans. One of these is another Harvard man, a guard on both the 1922 and the 1923 teams, Charles J. Hubbard. His is a different story from that of the average All-American.

"So far as football is concerned," he told

me, "I find that the farther I get from it the more I remember it as only a game. And, like most games, the real fun of it is playing rather than watching. I like to remember my own football days, and from a technical point of view I enjoy watching a game now and then. But I don't get the kick out of it that the layman seems to get."

"I think any keenly competitive sport is essentially part of an education. But tennis would undoubtedly prove a more lasting pleasure, also sidestepping a few floating knee caps . . . not that I think the boys are foolish to play football. Quite the contrary. I think the spectators are foolish to keep paying Broadway prices for what I consider a rather uninteresting spectacle."

"There is one point about football as an educational element, however. I do believe it is good for a boy to be exposed to the spotlight. If it burns him, then he was due to be burnt anyway, but if he can take it in the right proportion, then he fortifies his self-confidence."

So mused one of the immortals, who has taken the profession of explorer and adventurer, having just returned from a 6,000-mile sail in a 57-foot schooner.

Drifting around, meeting former All-Americans in business offices set high in skyscrapers, lunching with them at clubs, running into them on their ranches or farms, and reading—with a strange feeling of the mortality of man—their obituaries, I found that I could pluck almost any kind of career from the group.

Sitting high above the canyons of New York one night with George Pfann and Frank Sundstrom, quarterback and tackle, respectively, for Cornell in 1923—and on the All-American that year—I listened to them chuckle over the days when they were very conscious of their gold footballs and their fame.

Pfann was one of the greatest of quarterbacks; Sundstrom was one of the greatest of tackles. They listened to the siren call of professionalism and shook their heads. Sundstrom today is a banker in downtown New York. Pfann studied law, then won a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford University, in England. He returned to the United States and entered the office of the federal district attorney in New York. Now he is in private practice, lives quietly in New Jersey with his wife and son, and likes to play golf—a thing which most All-Americans do rather poorly.

BUT the coaching business has its real attractions, too. To some men—especially to the All-Americans I met and with whom I corresponded—it means a chance to help young men, to shape their characters, to instill into them things they will need in after life.

And so these All-Americans live on, thinking that in their day the game was a little better, worrying about the evils of commercialism in the colleges, and generally glad that they were players and that the game continues its amazing popularity. One way or another—in coaching, in business, raising cattle in Texas, selling insurance in Maine, or commanding battleships—they carry on, like ordinary people living ordinary lives, outliving their fame by 45.56 years. At least that is the figure arrived at by life insurance statisticians as the age expectation of athletes when they are twenty-two years old.

Comparatively speaking, that isn't bad. The expectation for all graduates is 45.71. Honor students, who are exceptionally long-lived, have an expectation of 47.73.

Actually, according to physicians, a man who plays football and stays away from crew and track and basketball will have little to worry about from his heart. All athletes have enlarged hearts to some degree, but crew, track, and basketball cause the greatest strain. Another cause is shifting from one sport to another with the seasons, and allowing no time for relaxation of the body in between. West Point now requires a month of inactivity between sports for participants, to give the heart a chance to return to normal size.

No, it isn't heart trouble the All-American has to get over before he adjusts himself to the world. It is the fame, the publicity, the adulation. One All-American, now gray-haired, told me about it.

"After a while the guilt wears off even your opinion of yourself," he said. "You become a bore to yourself as an ex-football hero getting soft and fat. People look at your gold football and say, 'Oh, did you play football once?' Then they laugh. Quietly, some day, you put the token away. You begin to think of other things. It occurs to you that there are a lot of good books in the world which you haven't read. You begin to have an enormous respect for men who wear Phi Beta Kappa keys."

And that's about what happens to All-American football players . . . the smart ones. As for the others, they are like Jim Thorpe, who couldn't stay in the big leagues because he couldn't hit curve-ball pitching. Water and football heroes seek, and eventually find, their own levels.

American COMRADES

(Continued from page 49)

another "profession"—that he was a professional horseman. So in 1929 he opened a riding academy near Westbury. Now he has a tanbark ring and 50 horses, and teaches aristocratic young Americans to ride and play polo. He is happy and prosperous there, with his wife, Princess Gagarin, also Russian, who is opening her own kilns to specialize in decorating porcelain and china.

AFTER luncheon in his house, which is like that of any Long Island squire, except for the framed ikons in east corners of



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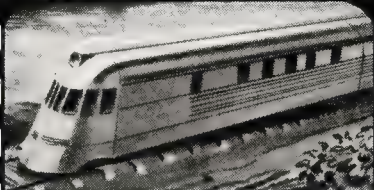
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all its rooms—just like Makar Fedor's—we went to the church, a beautiful thing to see. It is Long Island American, built of wood, painted white, with a white paling fence, but it is Holy Russia with its bulbous spire-dome, glowing ikons, and curtained altar which no man but the priest can traverse and no woman enter. Near by, in an ordinary jerry-built bungalow, lived Father Joseph Menad, the man we sought, who is celibate because he is a monk as well as a priest, and who didn't know we were coming to visit him.

Prince Gregory said, "He's probably out in the back yard sawing wood. I'd better go in and prepare him."

Prince Gregory went in, and presently returned to us and sat in the car. In about three minutes a noble if grinning vision appeared on the stoop of the bungalow—a frocked and bearded monk who blessed and welcomed us.

It was a humble little living-room, in a humble little house on a concrete road, with a hot-dog stand and filling station down the way, yet in a moment on the dining table were spread out piles of the most gorgeous silver and gold ecclesiastic panoplies I have ever seen except in the throne room of the Vatican. The silver was real and the gold was real gold. One chasuble, silver on red silk, dated from Czar Paul I. There were ecclesiastical vestments and altar cloths that would make Chaliapin weep with joy—and one altar cloth we were not permitted to touch because a piece of the body of a saint was wax-enclosed and sewn in it. There was a chaplet of amber with great topazes from the Ural Mountains, with a pendant of gold and agate.

From a metal box, Father Joseph brought out a gorgeous crown (imitation jewels and gilt this time), which he wears for high mass. Prince Gagarin's son, fourteen, whispered, pointing to the box, "Last Easter he forgot his key and we had to break the lock."

Father Joseph showed me the photograph of a procession group outside the little church that Easter, with ikons, canopies, himself full-panoplied with the crown on his head—and a great American flag draped across the whole front of the church.

When we were back in the car I asked Prince Gagarin how on earth a small village church happened to have all that gorgeous ecclesiastic treasure. He said quietly, with an enigmatic smile as he lighted a cigarette, "Father Menad was in charge of the sacristy in Toula."

APART from the White Russian peasant members of that congregation with their large families—growing beets, potatoes, cabbages, and raising pigs—there are scattering Russians in almost all the trades around East Meadow and Roosevelt, L. I., including four still youngish midshipmen from the late czar's equivalent of Annapolis, who have gone into the house-painting business. They are Nicholas Goris (who has shortened his name from Gorisontoff), Boris Afrosimoff, Ivan Chulanofsky, and Eugene Kotovich. They are doing well in America and want to be naturalized, but are having trouble because they can't prove they are here. It sounds self-evident, but they are up against red tape. Escaping from Russia, they finally arrived in the port of Charleston, by way of Vladivostok and Constantinople, working their way

aboard ship. They didn't get themselves admitted at the port of Charleston because, having no money, they wanted to work their way to New York on other ships and sign off at the port of New York. They got tired of waiting in Charleston, hitch-hiked to New York, and consequently can't prove that they're here at all.

DRIVING back toward New York with its looming towers, I found it hard to believe that any of the people I had met were actually there on Long Island. As a matter of fact, Russians are unbelievable in any setting, even in their own cherry orchards. Good, bad, indifferent, rich, or poor, they are always fantastic.

Yet it may surprise some of my Anglo-Saxon readers when I say that the Russian, in character and temperament, is more like "us" than any of our other foreign-language fellow citizens. But it is not so surprising if you remember that Russia and America are more alike than any two other countries. Both are vast, with forests, prairies, great cities, wastelands, climate ranging from cold to tropical—and both have enormous, conglomerate populations.

If you look at a map, you can understand immediately why the French and Swiss, for instance, are petty. If you look at a map, you can similarly understand why Russians and Americans are not petty. Both we and they are large, casual, kind, sometimes brutal, sometimes childish, often heroic, simple, yet extremely complicated and subtle. We seldom cheat. Rich or poor, we are seldom "cheap." We are not petty. We can take it on the nose.

The Russian often seems more different from us than he really is because he is definitely more emotional, more temperamental, more inclined to fantasy. We forget that we, too, are fantastic. Herman Melville with his *Moby Dick*, Poe, Mark Twain, Will Rogers, Gertrude Stein, Upton Sinclair with his impractical, beautiful utopias, Paul Bunyan, and Harpo Marx are as "Russian" as Balieff or Dostoevski. The Russian is more pessimistic, more fatalistic than the American—because he is more acutely conscious of his soul. Every Russian, high and low, has a soul, and damned well knows it. He doesn't mind talking about it, trotting it out, beating it in public. We generally have souls too, but we are more reticent about them, because we are cousins to the Englishman, who considers his soul to be in bad taste.

BACK now, consorting with them for a little while in New York's little Moscow, I began a series of strange, new encounters.

First, I introduce you to a giant of a priest whose personality is worth a ton of Russian novels. He is the "Paul Bunyan" of the Russian Greek Orthodox Church, except that he is very much alive today and tales about him are mostly true. He is the Reverend Vasili Kourdiumoff, rector of the Church of Christ the Savior at 51 East 121st Street—but he so narrowly missed being a world champion wrestler that you can almost guess it when you see his towering mountain of a figure in the street, usually accompanied by a gigantic Russian wolfhound. If the Old Testament angel who outwrestled Jacob had met Father "Kourdin" instead—as they call him for short—it would have been just too bad for the angel.

It was a long time ago, after he had tossed most of the Russian heavyweights through the ropes, toying with them as an amateur, that he decided he wouldn't be a professional wrestler, after all, because he didn't like raw meat. They used to feed them on raw meat and gunpowder in those days. So he became a priest; but one night, seeing a new champion strut to an adjoining table in a big, crowded restaurant, he wrote him a polite line on the back of a menu and sent it by the headwaiter. It read: "Come over here and I'll tear you to bits."

He is a true Man of God, devout and mystical, but the casual way in which he gives a cross to be kissed, as if it were a lollipop, gossiping meanwhile about the North Pole fliers, is reminiscent of the casualness of that great Early Father of the Church who wrote the immortal words, "I am God's Honey, and He is mine." Father Kourdin is "God's Honey" if any priest ever was.

I am sure God must have smiled in the clouds and forgiven that other Russian priest who was invited to a Long Island farm, during Russian Lent, and found on the table a roast suckling pig, of which he is inordinately fond. He solved his dilemma by waving his cross over it and saying, "Lord, let it be salmon!"

IT WAS in the top of a loft building in the heart of the "East Side" of New York that I met that notorious Siberian peasant, "Uncle Jascha" Sartakoff, surrounded by rabbitskins and a beautiful, blond niece in scarlet gloves, whose pale blue eyes and golden hair were like one of his own Siberian summers. He is prouder of being a peasant than most Romanovs are of their royal titles, because he thinks he descended from Genghis Khan, and also because he has quietly revolutionized several world industries in the field of biochemistry—which is the only sort of revolution he goes in for.

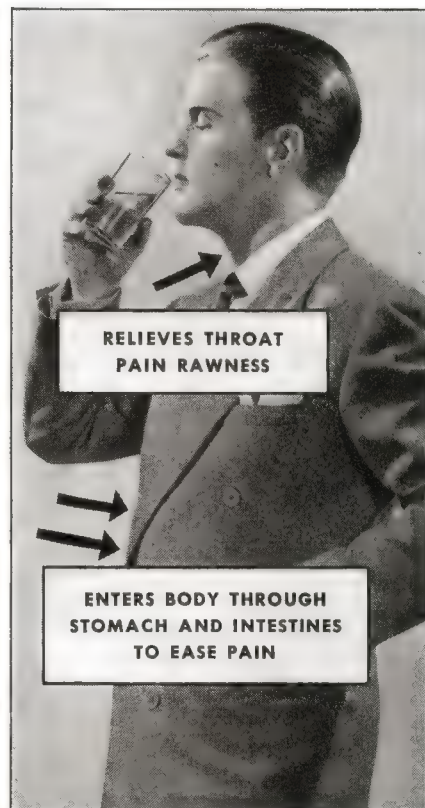
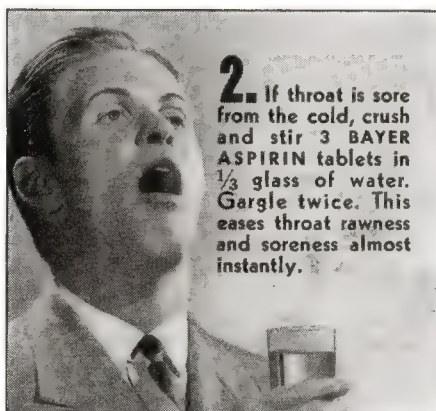
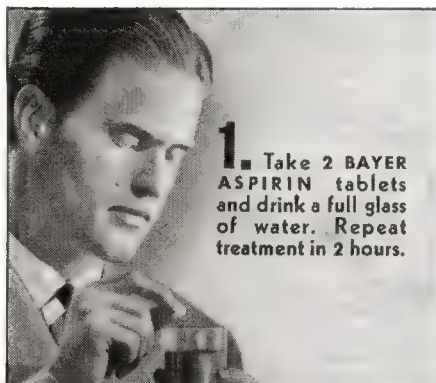
His niece, Helen Novikoff, was wearing the scarlet gloves because she was working that morning on some of the rabbitskins, saturated with mercury nitrate, which is deadly poison. It was a laboratory with highly complicated machinery, shining like an ultramodern stage set, with charts and graphs on the wall. "Uncle Jascha" is engaged just now in trying to revolutionize the felt-hat industry. Nearly all felt is treated with mercury nitrate, by a process over 200 years old, with the result that 80 per cent of the operators in some factories finally get sick from it and nearly all big hat manufacturers pay out money for sick compensation. He is in process of inventing a new method which may put mercury nitrate permanently out of the picture.

Uncle Jascha is a little past fifty, large, ruddy, red-haired like an Afghan mountaineer, and thinks he is a Tartar. His family comes from the Altai Mountains, over against Mongolia, and he was born in a log house in the Altai, where his grandfather had been a miner and his father was superintendent of one of the steel mills of the czar.

At the age of twelve he was sent to a boarding school of mines, sponsored by the czar, at Barnaul on the Ob River, and at nineteen was graduated as a full-fledged mining engineer. He was sent back to the Altai, surveying, but when the Institute of Technology was opened in 1902 he enrolled,

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and stayed there studying chemistry for five years. Then he was sent to Moscow, where, at the age of twenty-seven, he entered the Imperial School and became a graduate engineer of technology. After establishing the world's first experimental laboratory for the leather industry, this rough, red-haired Siberian peasant went to the German universities and worked a while on the determination of hydrogen ions. In the spring of 1914 he returned to Moscow to teach in the Institute of Biology—and he was only thirty-four years old.

I ASKED him how he got to America, and he said God gave him a break. He said he thought God still needed good biochemists, even though the czar was dead, and that he'd been sent to the United States around Easter in 1915 to study leather and buy shoes for the Imperial Army. He was still outside Russia on such missions when the Kerenski Revolution came, and has been in America ever since. He became an American citizen in 1926, and thinks it's the greatest place in the world, though I suspect that he still regrets his Mongolian mountains and will be loyal to the late czar when he rejoins him in heaven.

"How did you get Helen over here?" I asked.

"Her father had been taken prisoner and died of typhus in Germany," he said, "and in 1923 I extracted them from Soviet Russia. She was six and there were two other younger children."

Uncle Jascha was having the most fun of any man past fifty I've ever seen, with his shiny machines, test tubes, rabbitskins, and if his experiments turn out positive I suppose he will become a millionaire. I suppose also that he will go on playing with his test tubes and not give a hoot about his millions. He doesn't hate the Communists. He doesn't give a damn about them one way or another. He is sorry the czar is dead, but he thinks America is the grandest country in the world, since Old Russia has disappeared forever.

AGAINST a scattering minority of exceptional Russian peasants like Uncle Jascha, whom God and the czar took good care of, there are, of course, a million, more or less, former White Russian serfs and peasants in America today in coal fields, factories, steel mills, stockyards, who had a horrible time all their lives in Russia, a horrible time when they first came to America, and are none too well off now—still mostly illiterate, overworked, and feeling in many cases that they are being exploited in America as they once were in Czarist Russia.

Things are better now in the mills, coal fields, and factories than they were twenty years ago, though nobody disagrees that there isn't plenty of room for improvement. I saw buildings on Spruce Alley in Pittsburgh which had once housed as many as five Russian families, four or five people sleeping in one room, houses not fit for one family of pigs to sleep in; and I saw some of the old "company" houses around Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, formerly occupied by Russian miners, which tell their disgraceful story, too. The fact that Russian laborers had such a horrible time at home under the old regime, worked, I think, to their detriment here. They were

more accustomed to ill treatment than the Poles, Welsh, Irish, Italians, and consequently got it.

Those who went first to the farms—and I was surprised how many solidly established Russian farming areas there are in the United States—have fared better from the first, and like America better.

Of course, only about one fourth, or one third at most, of the Russians in the United States today comprise the sort I have been describing. The Greek Orthodox Russians, whether from White Russia or Little Russia or provinces like Carpatho-Russia, parts of Poland, Finland, and Lithuania, which are no longer Russia at all, compose only about 1,000,000, of whom perhaps less than 1,000 are aristocrats. The rest of this Gentile million are former peasants, miners, laborers, the middle class, former officials, officers, and intelligentsia. But the vast majority of Russians in the United States, of course, are Russian Jews. They began coming here generations ago because of persecutions and pogroms. They dislike war and came in greater numbers than the Gentile Russians to escape fighting on either side, and kept coming because America, like England, has been better on the whole to decent Jews than most free countries have.

THERE are probably about 4,000,000 Russian Jews in America, if you include territories of origin which are no longer Russian. If you add Slavic Jews of other Central European countries—Yugoslavs, Czechs, Croatians, etc., there are probably 11 or 12 million.

Russian and Slavic Jews, generally speaking, will not go down in coal mines or plow the earth. They'd rather work in factories, sweatshops, sewing-machine lofts, start little businesses, or carry peddler's packs, than dig coal or potatoes. But the coal mines and the farms are about the only places they haven't gone into. While their working masses still labor and live in crowded tenement ghettos, which are more of a disgrace to American municipal government than to the Jews themselves, their outstanding individuals have achieved success, celebrity, wealth in almost every intellectual, scientific, and artistic field, as well as in big business.

There are more than 350,000 Russians in the five boroughs of New York, three fourths of whom are Jewish—more Russians than in any other city in America or the world outside Russia: princes, generals, grand duchesses, aristocrats, and peasants; Hebrews high and low; Russians of every pigmentation and political complexion—and what I quickly discovered is that they don't necessarily dislike or hate each other here, though they lived on opposite sides of walls or fences in Old Russia. Of course I met occasional "countesses" who would say of any Russian Semites, no matter how distinguished, "Oh, they're not Russian at all—they're dirty Jews;" and occasional bitter Jewish radicals who would say of the aristocrats, "They're bloody, supercilious beasts and always will be."

But it was Prince Paul Alexandrovich Chavchavadze, high-up executive of a steamship line, married to a Romanov princess, daughter of Grand Duke George Mikhailovich and the former Princess Marie of Greece, who said, "You mustn't fail to go down and meet Mark Weinbaum, editor of *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*. He's one

of the best-informed and most interesting Russians in America. I'll phone him and fix an appointment for you, if you like."

Similarly, it was a cultured, high-up Russian Jew who advised me to be sure and see Colonel P. O. Zouboff, who commanded the czar's own Chevalier Guard and whose forebears were cabinet ministers under Catherine the Great, "because he knows more about the Russian church in America than anybody."

HATREDS, conflicts, antagonisms still exist aplenty, but I found that often when I got to the "tops" in any group, there were plenty of individuals who knew they were in a new world, making a new life, a new social fabric, and could say *Tovarich* (Comrade) to all fellow Russians in this new, free land of equal opportunity for all. I realize that there is another side, and that some of the haters will spit at me in contempt for presenting this optimistic angle of the picture. But I am reporting what I heard and saw, and I believe that this optimistic angle will be the true angle in the end.


For instance, come along with me and see Mark Weinbaum, editor of "*Slovo*," the oldest Russian daily in America, at 413 East 14th Street. He is pure Jewish, but Jewish as was the late Adolph Ochs of the *New York Times*; and *Slovo* is a "Jewish" newspaper only if you think the *New York Times* was Jewish under Ochs. It has by far the largest circulation of any Russian-language newspaper in America; 85 per cent of its circulation is non-Jewish, and it is definitely anti-Communist, anti-Bolshevist.

Mr. Weinbaum was a gold mine of information about Russians of all sorts. I asked him first about Russian-Jews and what they did in America. He said, "They're peddlers, pushcart vendors, small store-keepers, garment, fur, and factory workers, world-famous celebrities in the arts and sciences, tailors, gangsters, white slavers, thieves, supreme court judges, and social-welfare workers—but most of all they are garment, fur, and clothing workers. There must be 200,000 of these in and around New York alone, mostly in the unions. There's a Russian-Polish Cloakmakers' Local, and of course there are the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, with 175,000 Jewish members, of whom at least 125,000 are Russian Jews."

"What's their political complexion generally?" I asked him.

"Labor party, I should say," he replied reflectively. "Liberal Socialist, with some Communists, militant Communists, and subversive agitators, of course, mixed in. I assure you, however, and your State Department knows it, if your daily press doesn't, that the militant Communist group in this country is smaller and less influential than the noise they make would indicate. I think I can prove it to you by the Jewish daily newspapers, the four leading ones.

"The largest is *Vorwaarts*. It has 150,000 circulation and is Socialist Moderate. Its seventy-year-old editor, who is a true idealist, said to me the other day, 'I have been a Socialist all my life, but if there ever comes a time when I have to choose between Liberty and Socialism, for myself and all humanity, I'll be on the side of Liberty under any name.' The second largest Jewish daily is the *Morning Journal*,



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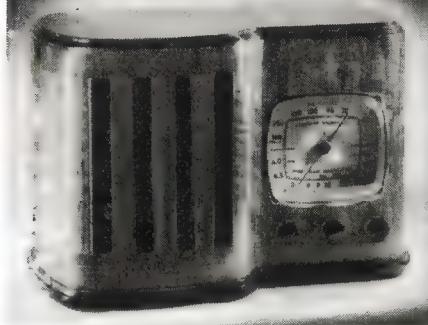
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with 100,000 circulation, and it, my friend, is conservative Republican. The third largest is *The Day*, Democratic, with about 80,000. At the bottom of the list is *Freiheit*, Communist, with 25,000 circulation, against the combined 330,000 of the non-Communist Jewish dailies. You can draw your own conclusions."

I reflected that what Mr. Weinbaum had been telling me about the Jewish-language newspapers was politically paralleled in his own Russian-language press. His own *Slovo*, the oldest and largest daily, while a "newspaper" rather than a political organ, is anti-Bolshevist. The next largest, *Rusky Golos*, at 64 East 7th Street, run by Editor Schernman and Oscar Korff, is pro-Soviet but not militant Communist, and is loyally American in America. The smallest of all is *Novy Mir*, the Communist party paper, which I went to visit at 161 Grand Street. It has its troubles, suspends publication temporarily every once in a while, and is occasionally visited by the police. They were not glad to see me, and its Jewish editor, B. Borisoff, wouldn't be interviewed. There was a huge picture of Stalin on the wall and he was running the organ of the militant Communist party in America.

TO RETURN to Weinbaum, he guesses that the entire Communist party in America totals about 50,000, of whom not more than 8,000 are Red-militant-radical in the sense that they foment revolution, want to make America and the whole world Communist. He believes that about two thirds of these small totals are Jewish and about one third Gentile.

Not to be confused with either, though we are sometimes inclined to confuse them, are the many openly and formally recognized individual Russians of the U. S. S. R., residing in America on official, legitimate, recognized business of their government. This begins, of course, with the Soviet Embassy at Washington, all the branches of its diplomatic and consular service, including *Chargé d'Affaires* Borovoi, who heads the consulate in New York; representatives of tourist organizations, steamship lines, import and export businesses. These members of the Soviet Union, which is a sovereign state like any other, are no more of a subversive element in democratic America than good loyal British subjects are, who reside in America on the king's business. They are loyal to His Majesty, but that doesn't mean they are plotting to make America a monarchy.

With "Communists" of this sort neither the American government nor the American public have any quarrel or antagonism. The Soviet North Pole fliers were aided, lauded, and publicized as we do our own air heroes. At 56 West 45th Street, no matter what your nationality and political complexion, you can visit and be welcomed at the American Russian Institute, which is a nonpolitical organization, devoted to increasing intelligent understanding between the people of the United States and the people of the Soviet Union.

I personally believe that our democratic form of government is a better form of government than the Soviet, and that America is a happier land for rich and poor than the U. S. S. R. is or ever will be. I am American enough to believe that our melting pot is already melting down by peaceful process many once ardent Com-

munist Russians here who have tried both forms of social economic life.

FOR instance, at a desk where I sat in New York, there sat very recently a Red revolutionary coal miner named Grensky who had worked in West Virginia for years, hating America, hating his employers, agitating. His story was this:

He had decided to go back to Bolshevik Russia, as an ideal land, the utopia of his dreams. He went, and took with him a group of other discontented Red Russian miners from the West Virginia mines, including a number of experts. They went to their utopia, stayed a long while, and are back now working in the West Virginia mines, after having suffered what Grensky calls "a terrible disillusion." They had gone, full of enthusiasm, to the Kuzbas in Siberia. They lacked facilities, lacked food, lacked medical aid, were decimated by typhoid and accidents. Some died, the others scattered, he and a few of them came back. And this is one of the things he said:

"Before I left for Russia I hated America; I was so mad at America that I lay awake nights wishing that I could invent such a bomb that it could blow the whole of West Virginia to hell. Now I go back there, and if I lie awake nights thinking about bombs, it will be to put them under Communists!"

He doesn't think the West Virginia mines are a paradise. He thinks some of the treatment the workers get is still lousy, but he thinks it's ten times better than Soviet Russia.

If you are interested in these things, you can go to Irvington, N. J., and call on an interesting Russian named Tawdul, who will verify an even more striking story about a group of Russian-American farmers whom he took back to Soviet Russia. They went over there and tried it. They are nearly all back in America now, farming American farms, becoming American citizens, anti-Bolshevist. Of course, every story has two true sides. There are other Russian-American farmers, miners, technicians who have gone back to Russia and remained.

THE Russians of all complexions were the most obliging of any of the foreign-language groups I have investigated and were eager that I shouldn't miss anything, whether it was on their side of the fence or not. After meeting once-angry miners, peasant farmers, Jewish editors, and garment workers, I found myself seated with the Princess Alexis Obolensky at 55 Park Avenue. She was born Princess Troubetzkoy and was a very great lady in Old Czarist Russia. Now she sells quilts, runs a dress shop, and is still a very great lady. Large, tall, gracious, kind, one of the first things she said to me was, "We really love America, you know. America is so big, and so kind."

When this Prince and Princess Obolensky fled from Russia with a Stradivarius and a string of pearls, they went to Paris. They found the French subtle, keenly intelligent, but small and petty—neither big nor kind. They also found Melba, and, since Prince Alexis had a voice, they did well in France, but they never loved it as they now do America.

"The only work I knew in Russia," said Princess Obolensky, "was embroidery. I

used to work with and teach the peasants in our lovely Volga country. Now I work with and teach the people of your mountains. We are making beautiful things down in the mountains of Kentucky, near Hardinsburg. There are only two classes of people who can do real hand embroidery or care anything about it—the real aristocracy and the real people. The great middle classes here and everywhere prefer machine work.” She showed me beautiful things hanging there in her shop and repeated sincerely, “Americans are so kind. If a lady can’t buy, she will tell me nice words.”

SOON Princess Obolensky was telling me nice words about tangles of names which puzzle us Americans. A Troubetzkoy, she had married an Obolensky, and now more recently in America two of her daughters had married Troubetzkoy princes. She was explaining to me that in Old White Russia the key, top families of the Moscow and St. Petersburg aristocracy had always been a very small group. “Society,” in that ultimate sense had been small, only a few families like the Galitzins, Troubetzkoyes, Obolenskys, etc., and, of course, the Romanovs at the top of everything. In consequence, a dozen or so big families had been marrying among themselves from time immemorial. It’s the same thing, of course, with our own Hudson River aristocracy. Everybody is everybody else’s cousin.

For instance, the beautiful young Princess Natasha Galitzin, who had been in Hollywood for a while and then went to New York, had married Prince Vasili Romanov, son of Grand Duke Alexander and Grand Duchess Xenia, who had been a sister of the czar. They had opened a beauty parlor in Cincinnati. Similarly Princess Aleka Galitzin, who had worked in a large department store in Chicago and once had a job with a railway company, had married Prince Rotislav Romanov, son of the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailovich.

His first cousin, Princess Nina, as I previously mentioned, is married to Prince Paul Alexandrovich Chavchavadze, who, in turn, is a first cousin of Princess Aleka.

Other Romanovs in the United States are: the Princess Xenia, sister of Nina, who married William B. Leeds; Prince George, son of Grand Duke Constantine, who works in a Fifth Avenue department store, where he began as a floorwalker; and the Grand Duchess Marie, daughter of Grand Duke Paul, highest-titled Russian in America, who worked at a fashionable dress shop, and wrote *The Education of a Princess*. She had been married and was divorced from Prince William of Sweden. She has been traveling around the world on journalistic assignments.

SOME of this top Russian group have also married into top American society. An outstanding instance is Prince Serge Obolensky, who married a sister of Vincent Astor. He invited me to lunch one day, to help me about this article. He is tall, conventional, serious, handsome, and industrious. It may be his Oxford background which makes him seem so completely at home in an Anglo-Saxon country, but it may be something deeper in the serious pattern of his life. The cynical, obvious impression of a big title marrying a big fortune is wide of the mark. Prince Obolensky was graduated with honors from



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Christ Church, Oxford, rushed back to his country when war was declared, enlisted as a common trooper, and came out as an officer of the Chevalier Guard.

When revolution came he escaped to England and went to work on the Stock Exchange. He worked hard, did well, and married Miss Astor in England. He has continued to work as hard as if he hadn't married an Astor. They came to America, and he worked for three years in a large national bank learning American business, and since then has worked in real estate and other business with his brother-in-law. It was he who transformed the Astor tenement district on New York's upper East Side into modern, sanitary housing.

When I asked him about other Russians engaged in important work around New York, he mentioned Jewish David Sarnoff, who began as a messenger boy and is now president of the Radio Corporation of America; Igor Sikorsky, head of the Sikorsky Aviation Corporation near Bridgeport, Conn.; the late Prince Matchabelli, who had been a big figure in the perfumery industry; and then he said, "You mustn't overlook the House Wreckers' Union."

"What House Wreckers' Union?" I asked, thinking it might be a joke.

"The big New York one," he said; "Local 95, I think. It has a membership of a couple of thousand and is 90 per cent pure Russian. If you want to write about Russians in America, you certainly must go down and see them."

SO I went down to 15 East Third Street, and met a grand gang of people who all reminded me of Laurence Stallings' tough railroad engineer from Texas in *What Price Glory?* That bird had been in so many wrecks, you remember, that he thought being blown up with dynamite in front-line trenches was a picnic.

The secretary of this amazing all-Russian Local 95 is F. Kozloff. I asked him why so many Russians had gone into that queer trade. He said, "There are a lot of jokes about us, of course, that Russians are no good except as destroyers, but the truth is, the White Russian peasant is strong as an ox and loves danger. Also, he is fatalistic, like the Oriental, and his humor is tinged with gloom. Hardly a week passes," he added, with a cheerful smile, "that somebody doesn't break his leg—or his neck. They love it. It keeps the work from being dull."

The union has, among its members, a few scattering cultured intellectuals who amuse themselves flirting with death and a couple of daring Jews, but nine tenths of the house wreckers you see leaping out from under crashing tons of stone and steel in New York are White Russian peasants having the time of their fatalistic lives.

This Local holds all its meetings in Russian, and they sound and look like a lot of Red anarchist plotters. As a matter of fact, they are not even radical. They are too busy fighting the laws of gravitation and sudden death to bother about fighting any man-made laws or governments.

I don't speak any Russian, so this had to be translated for me: A big, bearded ruffian who looked like all the cartoons of all the anarchists, rose and shouted, "Comrades, there is a reporter here in this room! What shall be done with him?"

"Let him sit," said the other ruffians blandly.

It was more delightful and more completely Russian than any evening you could spend in the big restaurants where they serve borsch, blintzes, or pancakes, with caviar and sour cream, have countesses for hat-check girls, generals for head waiters, and balalaika orchestras in blouses playing the *Volga Boat Song*.

They told me that the Window Washers' Union men, the ones who wash office and skyscraper windows, were predominantly Russian too, and I asked why, though I knew the answer, and they said, "Because it's fun. The belt might always break."

WHEN I stopped over in Detroit, on my way to Chicago, I learned that a lot of the worst agitation in that then labor-strife-torn city was being fomented by Russian labor, both Jew and Gentile, though the leaders, mind you, were of American English-speaking stock, with a few militant, plotting Russian Communists hidden in the background to incite the smashing of anything American, no matter who came out on top. But to balance this impression of some Russians in Detroit, I must add this priceless episode:

Friends had invited Count Cyril Tolstoy and me to luncheon. Count Tolstoy had accepted, and telephoned at the last moment that he couldn't come because there had been a flurry in Wall Street. He would have to eat a sandwich, sitting by the ticker and telephone in his office. The relative of the Tolstoy who had given away his fortune and turned peasant, was an American stockbroker!

Detroit has about 25,000 Russians in all, mostly employed in the automobile plants and their subsidiaries, while Chicago, where I went next, has over 260,000, the largest group anywhere outside New York. Three fourths of them are Jewish, 90 per cent are in the stockyards and factories, perhaps half of them still employed in unskilled hard labor.

The same beautiful Lemmie, of Chicago, whose Aunt Daisy's acquaintance with Paderewski had been my card of introduction to the Poles, now transformed herself into a Russian wolfhound and helped me get my teeth into this vast conglomerate by introducing me to Josef Jacovitch Voronka, White Russian despite his Old Testament baptismal names, once minister under Kerenski, twelve years a teacher of Russian in Chicago's schools, and now promoting Russian-American radio programs over Station WSBC.

Mr. Voronka, who was earnest, gay, and looked a little like Kerenski, had organized a Russian-American Radio Club, and invited us to its annual ball and cabaret in a Masonic Temple on North Avenue; so Lemmie dressed up like a Russian princess, and we went and were welcome. The dancing was interspersed with entertainment, and we sat beside a Mr. Chesley, who turned out to be General Vladimir Chesslavsky, and now runs a Russian-language weekly newspaper. Another general we met was a delightful old gentleman who is a night watchman in the stockyards.

There were countesses, baronesses, chauffeurs, and waitresses, and a group of young Russians born in America who worked in the steel mills had come in boots and blouses as an amateur mandolin orchestra and played the worst music I have ever heard on earth. They were terrible. A large, impressive priest in vest-

ments was Father Timon Mular of the Russian cathedral, and there were also amiably present a number of intellectual Russian Jews who begged me to say that while Russian Jews admittedly are a strong element in extreme Red radicalism in America, the vast bulk of the 3,000,000 are as good, loyal Americans as anybody and vote for Roosevelt, or against Roosevelt, without caring what happens to Stalin. I put it down because I am inclined to believe it is true.

Everybody drank vodka and I tasted some, thinking this was as good a cross-section of Russians as I'd ever find. A beautiful Circassian girl with enormous blue eyes and long golden hair did fancy ballroom dancing.

The queerest editor of any is a gentleman now named Percy who used to be Pertzoff. He belongs to the *Mladorossi*, Young Russia, the group who are Royalists, still Czarists, though the czar is dead. This is the queerest and most hopelessly idealistic little group in America, with branches in New York, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and on the West coast. What makes the *Mladorossi* impossible for an outsider to analyze is that, while Czarist, they are extremely liberal and are considered by "Tory" Czarists to be almost Red. Their "pretender" is the Grand Duke Cyril, whose office is in Paris.

I saw a current issue of Mr. Percy's newspaper, with a huge picture of the Grand Duke Cyril on the front page. Under it, which had to be translated for me, was this editorial tone-poem:

*Long sufferers in a far land,
We ache with grievance
And dream of the steppes.*

*Oh, Dear Son, come; we call you.
Warm our hearts. To you we yearn
from exile.*

*And brighten our hope.
Come quick that our prayers be not in
vain.*

*Romanovs, we pray to you.
Down with oppression!
Take us to Russia to struggle.*

Beautiful, utterly futile, fantastic, and sad.

The titled White Russian setup in Chicago is similar to that in the East, except that more of them are still night watchmen, waiters, waitresses, chauffeurs. Prince Rotislav, whose mother was a sister of the czar, is an expert accountant, and the Princess Rotislav, who was a Galitzin, runs a dress shop on Michigan Avenue. Prince Nicholas Galitzin is a salesman for a utility company. Few, if any, of these White Russian aristocrats are loafers or playboys, not even those who have married the rich.

SINCE Boris Anisfeld and Nicolas Remisoff, internationally famous for painting ballet and stage sets, both live in or near Chicago, I suppose this is as good a spot as any to tackle Russians on the stage and in the various fields of art and science. The list centering in Chicago and New York, but scattering all the way to Hollywood and back, is amazingly large.

There is Soudeikin, of course, who created the "colorist" movement in modern art and is in most of the big museums. Alajalov, whose things you see continually in sophisticated publications, is going in

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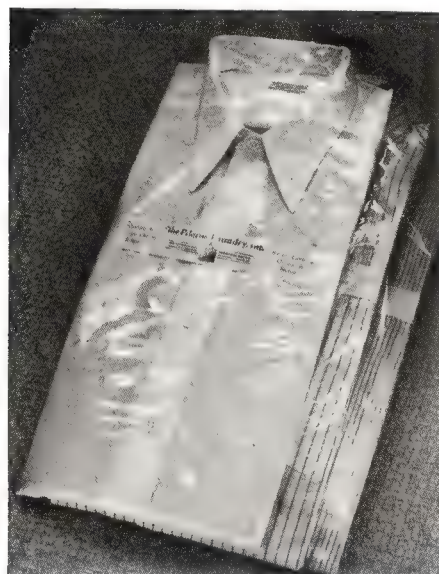
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also for murals in night clubs and hotels. There is Bobri, the high-powered American commercial artist who was Bobritzky in Russia. Boris Artzybasheff is a new star in book illustration. Nicholas Roerich, who founded his museum in a skyscraper on Riverside Drive in New York, to house the pictures he painted in Asia, India, and the Arctic, is, of course, a "national institution." America now claims Archipenko, one of the world's most famous modernists in attenuated wood sculpture. Prince Paul Troubetzkoy is world-famous for his portrait busts; Sorin is a fashionable portrait painter who gets big money for his canvases; Peter Blum is one of America's leading modernists; and we are as proud of William Zorach, who did the figures for the new post office and Department of Justice buildings in Washington as of any living American sculptor. They were all born in Russia, and there are at least forty more, both Jewish and Gentile, nationally important in art.

In the field of music, America is now the adopted home of a hundred famous ones, including Igor Stravinsky, the world's outstanding modernist composer; Sergei Rachmaninoff; and Irving Berlin. Russian-American conductors include Sergei Koussevitzky, of the Boston Symphony; Alexander Smallens, of the Chicago Opera; Paul Stassévitch, whose modern and classic conducting in New York have been outstanding; and a dozen others.

There are at least a dozen world-famous violinists in the Russian-American group, of whom the best known are perhaps Jascha Heifetz, Efrem Zimbalist, and Mischa Elman. David Rubinoff and his violin are Russian, and so is Vernon Duke, who was born Dukelski.

IF RUSSIANS owe us a debt of gratitude for harboring them, we certainly owe them a debt for the richness they have contributed to American life. Of course, not all were political exiles or refugees escaping from revolution. Russians helped to colonize Pennsylvania and California as far back as 1797. The big Russian immigration began on a large scale around 1890, before anybody thought of world wars or revolutions, and there was a steady flow from 1899 to 1914, when the World War put a stop to it. After the World War they kept piling in until quotas were filled.

Many outstanding Russian-Americans, however, were brought to America as children a long generation ago. One of these was Morris Gest, famous theatrical producer, who was educated in Boston. One was Hurok, the tour manager, who came to America in 1906. So are numbers of producers on Broadway and some of the biggest producing directors in Hollywood.

What America owes Russia in the ballet is practically everything. Adolph Bolm was long ballet master at the Metropolitan Opera House. Then came Fokine, who had been ballet master of the Imperial Ballet in St. Petersburg; and the names of Chalif, Mordkin, Pavlova, Fokina, Diaghileff, have re-echoed round the world from America. Nazimova, Fania Marinoff, and fifty others are famous names on the American stage.

Russians are spread all over the dial on the big broadcasting networks, including Harmonica Minnevitich, who is Russian, even though his Harmonica Rascals are a million per cent American.

Since this can't be a Russian "Who's Who in America," I can't list them all, and can only mention that there are almost as many Russian-American authors and writers as there are musicians. *Who's Who* lists close to a hundred Russian-American scientists, physicists, doctors.

As for Hollywood, whose dramas most of us follow more closely than we do the dramas of biology and biochemistry, I found when I visited there that it is, among other things, a "Russian colony." Production is more or less in the hands of Jewish-Americans, of whom more are Russians than their names might casually indicate. In addition to Anna Sten, Mischa Auer, Gregory Ratoff, Tamiroff, there are a thousand whose names you sometimes see and sometimes don't—former generals who star and work as extras; Russian girls who sometimes call themselves Kitty O'Reilly; and a lot of supers whose names you never hear.

INCIDENTALLY, though I don't know why, Russian-Americans have done very little in sports, apart from horsemanship, and almost nothing in politics, outside of being active in social welfare work, labor movements, including strikes and agitations. Many of the secretaries of clothing workers' and mining workers' unions are Russian. I am told that 90 per cent of the original organizers of labor unions in America were Russian Jews.

In addition to the Hollywood group in the Far West and "Russian Hill," which is the Russian settlement in San Francisco, there are more than 100,000 scattering Russians in railroad, agricultural, and mining work on the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain states, and there is an important large colony of Russian Stundist (Baptist) farmers who have settled in North Dakota around a town which they have named Kief. They are an offshoot of the Stundist Colony, which emigrated to Virginia in 1894 and still has a farm colony there. The Dakota colony, composed of about 10,000 today, is probably the most prosperous Russian agricultural group apart from the truck farmers on Long Island.

All in all, the chief contribution of the Russians to America has been in the field of music, dancing, theater, stage décor, modernity, and, above all, color. They have brought more color and fantasy into American life than any other group except our own Negroes. This is true of the Russian Jew as well as the Russian Christian. What America has given to them is schooling—public schools, high schools, literacy for the peasants who came over and their descendants. The second and third generations absorb learning avidly, and a larger number become "intellectuals" than in other race groups.

I WENT to Cleveland to get my final impression of Russians in America, because it has the largest urban group outside New York, Chicago, and Detroit, and because all the foreign-language race groups are perhaps given a better break and are better understood there than in any other big American city.

I called immediately on Theodore Andrica, who runs a melting-pot column in the *Cleveland Daily Press*, and one of the things he pointed out to me insistently was that vast numbers of our so-called Russians

in America are no longer, properly speaking, Russians at all. He said that a little while back the Czech, Slovak, and Carpatho-Russians had given a greater welcome in Cleveland to Vladimir S. Hurban, new minister from Czechoslovakia, than they would ever give to envoys of the late czar or the U. S. S. R. And there are 40 Ukrainian organizations, some labor and radical in Cleveland, composing close to 15,000 men and women, who say, "I am Ukrainian," rather than, "I am Russian."

The pure Russian local organizations, the American Russian National Brotherhood, for instance, headed by Joseph Hadvabny, are actually smaller. What holds them all together is that they are nearly all Greek Orthodox and go to one of the seven Greek Orthodox churches or to the big Russian cathedral, whose dean is the Very Reverend F. Jason Kappanadze. He was a schoolmate of Stalin's. The two once attended the same theological seminary in Tiflis. He still does the liturgy in Russian at the cathedral, and just about the best music you can hear in Cleveland is the singing of that choir, composed mostly of girls who work in ten-cent stores and men who work in the factories.

ONLY about a third of the Russians in Cleveland are Jewish, some 10,000 or so, including my friend, Arthur Wohl, who ran up so big a figure on his taximeter when we went out Superior Avenue to the Jewish section that he refused absolutely to accept a tip, but let me buy him lunch.

"Papa," he said, "was born in Russia and was a tailor, and was kicked around and didn't like it, and came to New York, and was still a tailor and wasn't kicked around so much, but still didn't like it. I pressed pants when I was a kid and didn't like it, either. I went away out to the Northwest, tried a pick and shovel along the Columbia River, and I didn't like it much, though it's the most beautiful scenery in the world. Then I came to Cleveland and started driving taxis, and sent for Papa and Mamma, and we all like it fine. All of us Jews like it in Cleveland."

I said, "Why do you like it?"

He said, "Come along and I'll show you why. I'll show you where Mamma lives."

It was a Jewish section, 118th Street, I think, off Superior, and there was space between the houses and there were trees growing. Mamma was rocking on the front porch, in a Jewish shawl, and was glad to see us and gave us coffee, and a lot of kids were playing in the street, talking Russian and Yiddish. They were at home there in their own America, and liked it.

In that street, sitting on the porch with Arthur Wohl and his Mamma, I got the deepest feeling that America, despite quarrels, prejudices, and bitternesses, and all the mess of our recent depression, has been pretty decent on the whole, more decent, at any rate, than any other country, to foreign-language immigrants of all races, creeds, and complexions who have come to our shores for refuge or to begin life anew. The melting pot is a real thing, I think. It boils and bubbles. It gives off a lot of steam and some scum, but what remains is a good conglomerate. Arthur and you and I and the Swedes, Wops, Poles, Heinies, grand duchesses, and Jewish tailors are Americans all, now moving toward a common destiny.

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YOUTH Takes the Challenge

(Continued from page 31)

of Education: I am heartily in favor of your project. I should think it would stimulate our high-school students creatively and independently and depart from our traditional memoriter methods (that is, learning by rote). I believe it will receive the hearty support of all progressive school people.

ADA COMSTOCK, *president of Radcliffe College*: Your plan for developing The American Youth Forum interests me, and I wish it all success. I am heartily in favor of any measure which will lead the young people in high schools to think objectively about American life and to put their hopes for its future into concrete terms.

JAMES H. HEWLETT, *acting president of Centre College*: Any movement which encourages the youth of today to think not simply realistically, but idealistically about America and her problems is, I think, worthy of encouragement. I endorse The American Youth Forum which you are fostering.

KATHARINE BLUNT, *president of Connecticut College*: It seems to me the Forum may make a significant contribution to an eager young group by giving them an avenue of expression and, at the same time, serve to stimulate them and others with an interest in public affairs, which is America's crying need in both young and old. I shall watch your project unfold with interest.

CHARLES C. TILLINGHAST, *president of the Headmasters Association of America*: I feel that even the busiest principals and teachers will want to join with you in advancing the purpose of your Forum: "To prepare the heirs of America for the inheritance they are about to receive."

M. L. FISHER, *dean of men at Purdue University*: This idea seems to me to be a good one and ought to be productive of a great deal of interest among young people. Without doubt every one of these young people who gives thought enough to a topic to place it in form to print will be very greatly benefited. Also, it ought to be a great deal of help to high-school instructors who may guide these young people in their thinking and interests.

DIXON RYAN FOX, *president of Union College*: So far as I know, no general magazine has provided such a Forum. It is a real service to the public.

CARTER DAVIDSON, *president of Knox College*: Knox College, and any person interested in the education of our youth,

will be sympathetic with the program which you are attempting in The American Youth Forum. If there is any way in which we can be of any help to you, please do not hesitate to call upon us.

J. L. NEWCOMB, *president of the University of Virginia*: It would indeed be significant if we could have a frank discussion of the ideal America from the viewpoint of the young undergraduate. I hope your efforts will prove successful.

The rules of the competition follow:

1. Every student regularly enrolled in a high school (junior or senior) or a comparable grade or form in any public or private secondary school in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone is eligible to compete for The American Youth Forum awards. Excepted only are employees of The American Youth Forum and The Crowell Publishing Company (publishers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE) and members of their families.

2. The awards are as follows:

ARTICLE

\$1,000 for the best article, not to exceed 2,500 words, on the subject, *The America I Want*. \$500 for the second best.

POEM

\$1,000 for the best poem, not to exceed 60 lines, on the subject, *My Hope for America*. \$500 for the second best.

SHORT STORY

\$1,000 for the best short story, not to exceed 3,000 words, on the general theme, *My Place in America*, the specific title to be chosen by the author. \$500 for the second best.

GRAPHIC ART

\$1,000 for the best expression in graphic art on the subject, *My Vision for America*. \$500 for the second best.

The artist may choose one of these media for expression: painting, water color, pastel, sketch, photograph, etching, wood block, and linoleum block.

ADDITIONAL AWARDS

\$1,500 to the student whose winning entry in any one of the four classes is adjudged, regardless of the medium of expression, the most original and most constructive in the entire competition. This student's total award will be \$2,500.

A week's holiday in New York City, as guests of the Forum, with all expenses paid, for the winners of the first four places.

3. Each entry must be certified as original by the principal or a teacher of the school regularly attended by the entrant. The principal or teacher sponsoring a winner of any award, either first or second, will be given an honorarium of \$100. Sponsors of the \$1,000-award winners will be invited to chaperon these successful entrants on the New York trip at the expense of the Forum.

4. Entries will be received at the offices of The American Youth Forum, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., at any time until 5 P. M., April 25, 1938, when the competition will close. No acknowledgment can be made of the receipt of individual entries.

5. Manuscripts must be written in pen and ink or typewritten (if typewritten, double spaced) on one side of the paper only. In the upper left-hand corner of the first page there must appear the name of the competitor, his high-school grade, his home address, the name and location of his school, and the signature of the principal or teacher sponsoring him. Entries in the graphic art section must have pasted or written on the reverse side the same information required on manuscripts.

6. The results of this competition will be judged by a board of three, appointed by the Director of the Forum, and their decision in all matters affecting the conduct of the competition and the making of awards will be final. All entries will be judged for their sincerity, clearness, and individuality of thought. In the case of ties, each competitor will be given the full value of the award for which he is tied.

7. The Forum will return no manuscripts entered for the awards. It is suggested that competitors retain copies of their submissions. Graphic art entries which win no awards will be returned following the judgment, provided the entries are accompanied by letters setting forth the method of return shipment desired and sufficient funds in postage stamps or money orders to defray the transportation costs.

8. The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE reserve the right to publish any non-winning entry submitted for the awards, provided, however, that THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE shall pay space rates for any entry so used. All entries of students to whom awards are made will become the outright property of The American Youth Forum and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.



DANGER MANSION

(Continued from page 58)

self-confidence crashed together. She lost control. "Please! I didn't do it! I didn't have anything to do with it!"

The lawyer who accompanied them took her arm. "I'm afraid you will have to stay here for a little while."

"You—you!" She whirled around. "Do something! Bail me out!"

"No bail can be set on this charge," the chief said slowly.

A grim and unpleasant-faced woman entered the room, saying, "Is this the prisoner?"

Her brother whispered, "We'll see that you're comfortable, Ev."

Then she knew she was going to jail. To be locked up. Alone. For a crime she hadn't committed. Not at that moment but in later hours was she to think of the fact that the headstrong and reckless way in which she had lived her life had led her into this desperate misfortune, that her willfulness had been so great that even her own father had half doubted her. But now she was beyond thinking at all, and she let the matron take her away.

When the cell door closed on her she clung to it and wept. . . .

RONALD JANES woke up with the common human experience of not knowing where he was. His eyes rested upon an unfamiliar ceiling and from it gazed toward unidentified windows. Then he remembered, and the grin which his face had worn on the previous night returned. He felt pretty confident. In a house of this sort there would be people of culture and breadth. Such people would quite probably be amused by his story. The idea he had entertained on the previous evening occurred to him. He would merely appear after breakfast and see how long he could maintain the masquerade of being an invited guest. Of course, it was highly possible that there would be somebody among the guests who would know him, and that would be the end of that.

So thinking, and with the idea of making

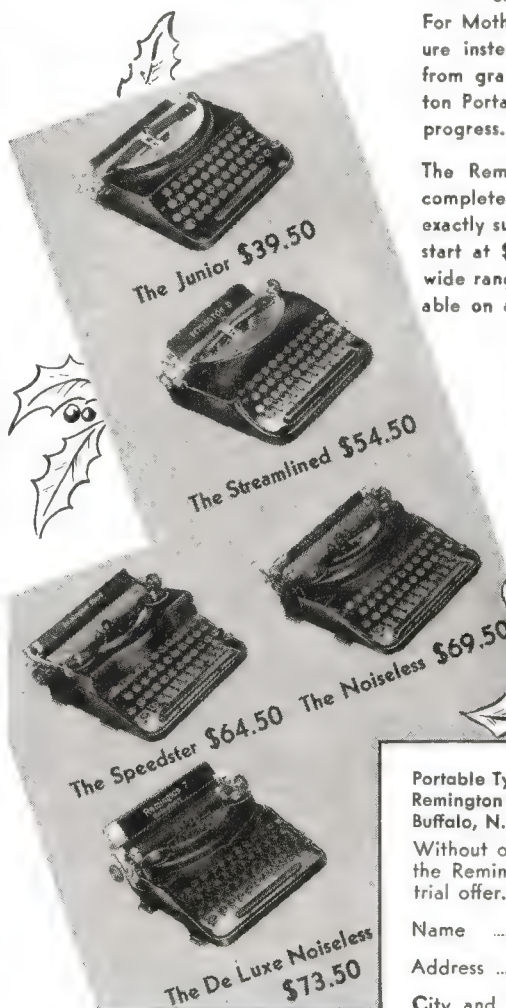


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The moment you feel a cold coming on, turn to Bromo Quinine tablets. Taken promptly,

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a little advance investigation, he rang bell No. 1 for breakfast. He had put out his dressing gown on a chair and with it slippers. Now he donned them and waited. In about five minutes there was a knock on his door, and he opened it. Outside was a maid in black-and-white uniform carrying a tray of very excellent breakfast, indeed. He said, "Come in."

As the maid entered she asked, "Will you have it on the table or in bed, sir?"

"On the table." He observed with approval that there was a folded newspaper on the tray. The house was very well run. Then he observed something else. The maid was pale and trembling. No doubt she had suffered some private mishap in the kitchen—broken a dish, perhaps.

In spite of her obvious perturbation he tried the opener upon which he had decided. He used a cheerful voice: "And how is our good host this morning?"

"Mr. Smith?" she answered apprehensively. "Oh, Mr. Smith is just like everybody else. Horrified half to death!"

"Horrified?" Ronney repeated.

"Of course. On account of the murder. But then you just woke up. You wouldn't know. I'm that stupid. It's all in the papers and it happened less than a quarter of a mile away, Jackson says. He's the butler. Just across the fence really, sir."

"Murder?" Ronney echoed with growing discomfort.

For answer the girl unfolded the newspaper and held it up dramatically. "See! It's all in here! And I say she done it."

RONNEY was never to forget the next sixty seconds. First his eye fell upon his own photograph. Next to it was the photograph of Evelyn. Then he read:

**SOCIETY GIRL DRIVES HOME MURDERED NIGHT CLUB PROPRIETOR
FIANCÉ MISSING AFTER ABANDONING WEDDING**

Evelyn Mason, Daughter of Wealthy Wheat Operator, Held for Murder of Vernon Kelly
Well-Known Chicago Cabaret Owner Shot Twice
Murder Gun Bore Girl's Fingerprints

The first five paragraphs, which Ronney read with shocked speed, described where the body was found and what Evelyn's story had been. Next came an account of the personality and activities of the dead man. But, before he had read that far, a vast relief filled Ronney. When he had seen the headlines he had been afraid of he did not know what. But almost immediately he realized that Evelyn, in her infuriated search for him, had actually been the victim of the weird adventure which the police disbelieved. The facts, whatever they were, would soon emerge, and she would be exonerated. . . . He had thought that far when the maid spoke.

"It's a terrible thing," she said, "to happen down the lane here. Why, I was in the lane only the night before last, myself—" She broke off, and flushed.

Ronney glanced at her. "How are the others taking it? I mean, the others besides Mr. Smith."

She was ready enough to talk so long as it was about the murder. "Well, I noticed Mr. Groman—he's that rich contractor—"

"Yes, I know. Roads—parks—" Groman's name was familiar, but Ronney had never seen him.

"That's it. He seemed kind of absent-minded like, and that Helen Ray was having a terrible fit when I took her breakfast in. Most everybody else is kind of excited—" She broke off and looked at Ronney. "You know," her voice had become amused, "you look quite a lot like that fellow's picture in the paper."

That angle of the matter had not dawned upon Ronney. He nodded to the girl. "Yes. As a matter of fact, some of my friends who know Janes have remarked that we resemble each other." He opened the paper in front of his face then and said in a voice of dismissal, "Thanks for my breakfast."

The girl left.

RONNEY followed her to the closed door and locked it. Then he snatched the paper. Evelyn was in a spot all right! She'd almost made the correct turning to catch up with him! But by going down that lane she had run into some chap who was in the midst of doing a murder. What a tough break! He turned over the page, and a caption caught his eye:

RONALD JANES SOUGHT

Under that he read: "The police, not crediting Miss Mason's statement that Mr. Janes left her at the altar over the trivial matter of the word 'obey,' are alarmed by his continued absence. A wide search is now being conducted for him and, while Police Chief Willis will make no definite statement, it is presumed Mr. Janes is either suspected of having some connection with the murder or is feared to be the victim of foul play himself. He cannot be reached at his home, and none of his friends appear to be aware of his whereabouts. The car in which he left the church last night is also missing."

There followed a description of Ronney's car and its license number, but he was not interested in that. He was absorbed in the realization that his public appearance anywhere would result in his immediate delivery to the police, and the police were in a doubting mood. They would hardly believe his story of having dropped into an unfamiliar house and spent the night as a joke. In fact, he, himself, was in something of a predicament. By the mere accident of having been in the neighborhood of the killing, both he and Evelyn had become involved in it. Such things have happened to people before—and frequently—but it still seemed fabulous. He read on feverishly. The second page contained a number of separate reports and various stories, all pertaining to the shooting of Vernon Kelly. There was a statement by Evelyn's father to the effect that he believed her story implicitly and was making every effort to obtain her liberty.

When Ronney thought of Evelyn in jail the faintest ghost of a grin returned to his face, but it lasted only a second, because, while it might be entertaining to think of Evelyn in jail for speeding or even for bank robbing, this charge was too serious to cause much amusement. There was a story given out by the matron about Evelyn's behavior in jail, the purport of which was that she alternately wept and threatened and offered bribes, which latter course was typical but injudicious. Finally there was a rather gruesome story about Mr. Kelly's sartorial elegance.

"Always a Beau Brummel," it read,

"Mr. Kelly had on full formal regalia, which perhaps would have been the costume he might have chosen for his last hour on earth. Evening clothes, a white tie imported from New York, and a silk topper handmade especially for him by a famous Italian hatter."

"That guy," Ronney thought, "went to the same hatter I do." And then a dreadful thought assailed him. He rushed to the closet. Inside on the shelf was the top hat. He grabbed it and looked. Its label said, "Wainwright, New York." It wasn't his hat. It bore the initials "V. K."

Things rushed into his mind so fast that he was unable to correlate them. He had put his hat down on the hall table with several others after his illegal entry of the house. Now his hat—it was presumably his hat—had been found on the dead man in Evelyn's car.

But why hadn't the police noticed it was his hat? The Italian makers had sewed his name into all the hats they had made for him. . . . Then he remembered. He had had that hat relined and had taken it away from the shop in a hurry, over the clerk's protest about the matter of initials. Ronney went back to the matter of the hall.

IN THIS house, which belonged to an unknown man named Smith, he had left his hat in the hall and made a thorough tour of the ground floor. While he had been making his tour, Kelly had walked out and picked up the wrong hat, by mistake. Or—wait a minute—Kelly had possibly been carried out and the wrong hat put on his head. Because presumably Kelly would have chosen his own hat from those on the table. That was at least probable. Thus Ronney could be positive that Kelly had left this very house, after he had entered it, either dead or alive, and he could make a fairly good assumption that Kelly had been dead.

Ronney's joke had become very unfunny.

Evelyn was in jail accused of a murder into which she had wandered. He was in the house where it happened or where it originated, alone, unknown, an intruder, and his appearance would undoubtedly result in his immediate recognition and his arrest for questioning in connection with the crime. So far three people had seen him: Jackson, the butler; Thomas, the footman-valet; and the maid. The thing to do would be to get away quickly and unobserved. He knew that he had a good chance of being undisturbed for another hour or so, but then quite probably the maids would want to clean.

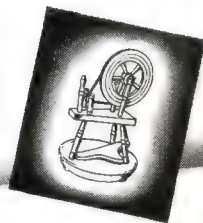
Again, the butler might at any time mention the late guest to Mr. Smith, and Mr. Smith might appear for the purpose of investigation. Ronney began to dress as rapidly as he ever had in his life. While he was dressing he commenced to worry fiercely about Evelyn. Of course, he could corroborate part of her story. Also, he could tell the police about the suggestive vacancy of the Smith mansion at the moment of the murder. But suppose they assumed that Mr. Kelly walked out to meet Evelyn in the lane by appointment, taking the wrong hat, and that Evelyn shot him. Suppose the real murderer was never found. Suppose they tried Evelyn for the killing. Suppose they convicted her. Innocent people had been executed on flimsier evidence. Evelyn was under in-

Odd Facts of Old Boston

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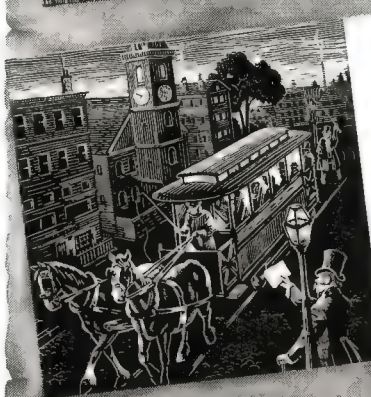
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

dictment—and the murderer was in, or had been in, this very house.

It occurred to Ronney that the thing to do was to stick. By somehow managing to remain in the house and to watch the people, by searching rooms, the grounds, pocketbooks—anything—by eavesdropping, he might be able to uncover at least a clue to the real murderer.

The only question was how to do it. Ronney was sanguine and he had imagination. To do what he did in the next thirty-six hours required both qualities.

Instead of completing his dressing, he went into the bathroom and shaved. He shaved not only his face, but he shaved off his mustache. Then he compared his reflection in the mirror with the picture in the paper and was still unsatisfied. He pursed his lips a little grimly, a little humorously, and then lathered his head. Carefully he shaved away a large bald spot, a bald oval which left the top of his head bare and shiny. He powdered that bare spot to cover the faint hue of hair beneath the scalp, and then scrutinized himself again. It made a considerable difference. It made him hope that he would not grow bald in his old age. Thereafter he stripped to his underclothes and tied around his middle two shirts, two undershirts and a towel. It added a very considerable diameter, and over this he put trousers, the top latchet of which he had to leave open, and a coat. The transformation, when viewed in a full-length mirror, not only satisfied but shocked him.

He addressed himself to the next problem—that of concealing Mr. Kelly's topper. He finally thrust it into the flue of the fireplace.

Then he went into the hall.

HE HAD an idea of where he would hide, but he was not certain he could put it into effect. He walked along slowly.

A woman came up the stairs and passed him. He recognized her, although he had never met her. Marie de Lage. She looked, he thought, even more imposing than her newspaper pictures. Sixty years old, at least, but still clear-eyed and vigorous. A huge, confident, paradoxical woman. She and her husband had a box at the opera. They gave millions to charity. Their town house was a smart rendezvous, smart and luxurious. But they had no real social position. With their culture and kindness went opposite characteristics. Both Marie and her husband were, if not famous, then notorious, gamblers.

It was said that their name had not originally been De Lage. Nobody knew the original source of their wealth, although investments obviously had increased that beginning. Nobody knew from where they had come. But if no social register contained their name, and if they were seen at Hialeah and Belmont rather than in more formal places, there were nevertheless many persons who were grateful for their openhandedness.

All that flashed into his thoughts as Marie de Lage walked past him. She did not even glance at him. She seemed in a hurry, and determined about something. There was a newspaper under her arm.

He saw her turn into a door. She swung it open, entered, slammed it, and the lock turned.

There was interest on Ronney's face as he hurried forward. He looked up and

down the hall before he put his ear to the door which Marie de Lage had opened. For a long time he heard nothing, and he was beginning to believe that the door was too thick or that Mrs. de Lage had gone into a farther room, when there came a sound.

It was a low whistle.

Then a woman's voice: "Well, Henry?" It was just such a voice as the voluminous woman would have—and her husband's name was Henry.

Another pause—before the man spoke—"So they got Kelly!"

"They!" the woman exclaimed scornfully. "Who?"

"How do I know?"

"Guess."

The man apparently pondered. "Do you have any idea? Because—" He broke off and then went on: "Kelly was in six different things at once. Anybody could have done it. Why get excited?"

"Haven't you always expected it?"

"No." There was, Ronney thought, a great deal of calmness in Henry de Lage. "I have."

"Phooie!" It was inelegant—but eloquent.

Again there was a silence. The newspaper rattled. Henry was evidently turning a page.

Presently his wife interrupted him: "Where's your gun?"

"Hanging in the closet on the holster. But—good Lord, Marie!"

Ronney heard footsteps as Mrs. de Lage started toward the closet without making any answer. There was a long pause. The next words, spoken by the woman, had a curious, throaty quality: "Well? Now how do you feel?"

The man's reply was spaced out and profane. Then his feet hit the floor. Mrs. de Lage called after him, "No use. I looked all over the closet. Didn't I tell you? And now what killed Kelly? Don't tell me it wasn't an automatic!" Her voice sounded frightened and also puzzled. She continued, "What'll we do with the holster? We've got to hide it. Maybe they'll look around here."

Henry de Lage's reply was muffled. It came, evidently, from the closet. "Sure, we got to. Throw it out the window. Stuff it up the chimney. Eat it. I don't care. But it would look bad if—"

"You bet it would look bad! I'll stuff it in my dress and get rid of it outdoors—"

RONNEY heard her approach. He raced away from his post and was sauntering toward the distant end of the hall when the woman emerged from her rooms. She hurried in the opposite direction and went down the broad, carpeted front staircase.

He found the back stairs and went up them slowly. Kelly's murderer had come from the house. Kelly's murderer had stolen De Lage's gun for his deed. Perhaps. Or perhaps De Lage had used his own gun. And put it in the car with Evelyn. In any case overhearing that conversation was extraordinary luck.

The back stairs rose into another hall. Along it were the doors of servants' rooms. He hurried along that hall. An angle of roof above a distant door had showed him from the far end of the corridor that it must lead to an attic, and it was in the attic that Ronney had planned to spend his day. But that door was locked. He had to take a chance. He braced himself

and pulled on the knob. There was a sharp splitting sound and a loud snap, and the door opened.

Ronney did not go up at once, however. He waited to see if anyone would appear to investigate the noise. When nobody did, he kicked back the split wainscoting, used his heel to jam the lock in place, went in, and shut the door. Immediately ahead of him was another flight of stairs, wooden and dusty. He went up, and found himself in a gigantic, irregular attic. It was hot and airless. It would be a vastly uncomfortable place in which to spend the day but Ronney could see no alternative. Only under cover of night could he move through the house. Only at night would he dare encounter any of the guests.

The place was full of trunks and boxes and discarded furniture. There were many small windows which opened on all sides of the attic and from them he was able to make a thorough study of the grounds. There were formal gardens, a rock garden, a putting green; there were groves of trees, two tennis courts, and in the distance beyond the trees was a large building which was presumably the boathouse.

He could see the lake for several miles in both directions and from one window he could follow the iron fence down toward it—the fence beyond which Evelyn had been attacked. Another portion of the house was built on the water. The wall dropped sheer, became a sea wall, and plunged into the waves.

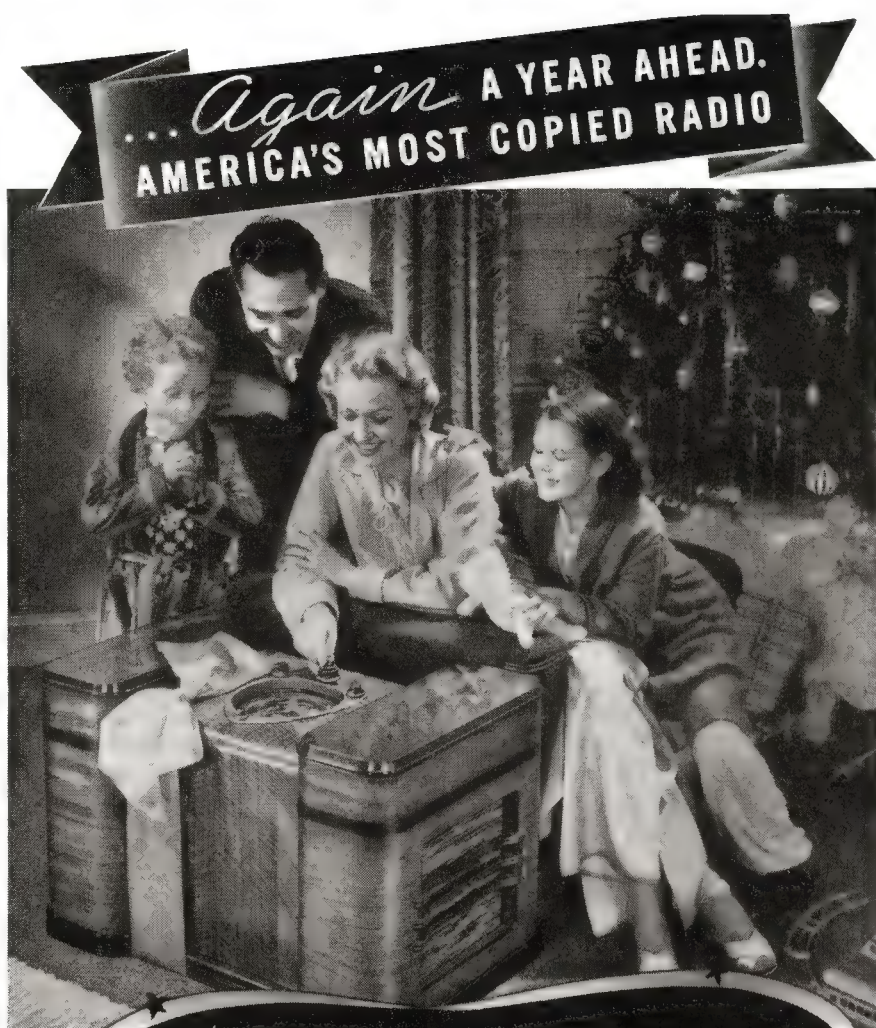
AS THE hours passed he looked from those windows and memorized the extensive grounds thoroughly. At the same time he wished more and more vehemently that he had eaten the bacon and eggs and rolls and jam which had been on his breakfast tray. Worse still, he ran out of cigarettes. He missed them sorely. And it was hot, though he had removed his coat and his padding, and he had taken off his shoes for quiet. He hid them all.

On the chance that somebody might come up to the attic he rearranged a few trunks to provide a hiding place. Also he looked for other exits from the attic. He found one. There was a window on the tennis-court side of the house from which one could step onto a sloping angle of the roof. And on the roof, Ronney imagined, one could play an interminable if hazardous game of hide-and-seek.

It was while he was examining that dubious method of egress and about noon that Ronney heard an unmistakable sound: The door at the bottom of the staircase to the attic was being quietly opened. Ronney made swiftly and silently for his barricade of trunks and got behind them. He had armed himself with the best weapon the attic provided: a boy's baseball bat. One person was coming up the stairs quietly and slowly.

The inference he drew from those sounds of caution was obvious. The search for him was on. Either, one of the three servants had recognized him or, more probably, somebody's curiosity had been aroused by the unidentifiable occupant of his room and his luggage had been searched. Anyone looking into the six bags in his room would have soon discovered that Ronald Janes had spent the night in the house. Consequently, Ronney assumed that the man coming up the stairs was moving warily—with a pistol in his hand.

The new arrival in the attic behaved



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curiously, however. He took off his shoes. Ronney knew that because it changed the sound of his footfalls. This man, or woman, also went to the windows and looked out. He then made a hasty tour of the infinite impedimenta of the place, and afterward he sat down on a box. The man was either waiting for somebody or—hiding.

Ronney got down on his hands and knees and inched around the trunks.

SITTING with his back almost directly toward him was a tall, sparse-haired man of about sixty. He was breathing heavily. His head turned constantly, searching the room. He was trembling. He was a man apparently in the grip of formidable fear.

Ronney withdrew his head and considered. Who was he? Why was he so frightened? How long would he stay there? If he remained indefinitely, the time would come sooner or later when Ronney would have to accost him, perhaps hit him over the head, in order to return to the floors below. The man's fright was in itself significant. So significant that Ronney made up his mind it might be useful. He took a firm grip on his baseball bat and crept around the other side of the trunks, which put him directly behind the man's back. Then, soundlessly, in his stocking feet, he tiptoed out toward the man on the box. When he was within striking range he said quietly, "Put up your hands and don't move."

The man made no sound for an instant. He very nearly keeled over. Then with a moan he put up his hands and sat still.

"Who are you?" Ronney asked.

The man sobbed, "Don't torment me. Get it over with."

A few seconds passed while Ronney pondered that. Finally he said, "I don't know who you are and I'm not tormenting you."

The man whispered something under his breath that sounded relieved, and he said, after a hard swallow, "Then who are you?"

Ronney pondered that question, and finally replied, "I'm a burglar."

The man's next words were astonishing. In a hoarse, sharp voice, he said, "Thank God! A burglar! Listen, fellow. How would you like to make a hundred thousand dollars?"

"A hundred thousand dollars? I'd like it fine. What's the proposition?"

The man began to talk with a frenzied voice: "I'm trapped up here. If you can get out of here and get help for me I'll pay you a hundred thousand dollars."

Ronney carried on this illuminating game: "How do I know you've got a hundred thousand dollars, and how do I know you'll pay me?"

The man thought. "I'm B. T. Smith, Commissioner of Parks and Transportation. This is my house. Right now it is full of what looks like a party and isn't. Groman's here, the big contractor—"

Ronney pondered. "Meaning what?"

"That hasn't got anything to do with our bargain." Smith was regaining confidence and a certain amount of caution.

"Did Groman kill Kelly?"

Smith jumped. "If you're a dick, say so! Then I'll spill the whole thing! That's what I was intending to do!"

Ronney thought for a much longer interval. Chance had delivered into his hands a man who could clear Evelyn. He had the advantage over Smith. He was younger

and stronger. As he thought, to make sure Smith was unarmed, he reached around and slapped his trousers pockets.

"It was when I found they had taken my gun that I knew I was next on the list," Smith said unevenly.

"Then it was Groman who got Kelly?" The question was quick.

The answer was unthinking: "Yes."

"All right. . . . Listen, Smith. Listen carefully. I can probably get you out of here. At least I can try. And I don't want any hundred thousand dollars for it. You're worth much more to me than that. Apparently you know what happened here last night. Am I right?"

Smith nodded.

"Now, look. I want you to talk, and talk plenty. I can't try to get you out of here until dark, so we've got lots of time. I can imagine that you don't want any rumpus up here. I'm younger than you are and stronger, and I've got a baseball bat. If Groman finds us up here I'd have a lot better chance of getting out alive than you would. I'm not a burglar. I'm not a dick. Will you behave, and will you talk?"

Smith's voice was a feverish whisper: "I don't get it. Who are you—?"

"I'll tell you if you'll make that bargain with me. I want to know all you know, and then I'll do my best to save your life."

A full minute passed. "All right. It's the only chance I have anyway."

"I'm Ronald Janes." He saw Smith flinch. "You can turn around now, if you want to."

SMITH rotated slowly on his box. Ronney saw a man with a haggard face, a man with staring, stricken eyes. Smith gazed for a long while and finally whispered, "How did you get here?"

Ronney told him briefly and accurately. A sickly grin showed briefly on Smith's face: Then Ronney asked a question which had been burning in the back of his mind for the entire length of that bizarre interview: "Have you got a cigarette?"

"Sure. Here."

Ronney took one, lighted it, and exhaled with sincere appreciation.

"You see," Ronney said, "you are valuable to me. If you testify against Groman, it will free my fiancée from the charge against her."

Smith nodded.

Ronney kept his grip on his bat and his eye on the commissioner, as he soundlessly moved an old footstool to an advantageous position. He sat down.

He continued his blunt tactics: "Are you sure De Lage wasn't the man who got Kelly?"

Smith stared. He pursed his lips to wet them. "What do you know about this?" It was a quiet, almost sinister, question.

"Well?"

"It was Groman. Groman had a reason. De Lage didn't. At least, not so good a one. But how did you find out about the Coffee Pot?"

That meant nothing to Ronney. He pondered. "I saw De Lage on the way up here this morning. He looked jittery. That's why I asked. Suppose you talk."

Smith cleared his throat and looked at the floor. "You don't know about the Coffee Pot?" He took Ronney's silence for a reply. "Look. Groman killed Kelly because he needed money. I need money myself—but I didn't do it. Maybe the De

Lages need money. I don't know. But Groman has overexpanded. In the 1920's he doubled his fortune. City contracts. I ought to know, because I was a state assemblyman first and then the commissioner of parks and transportation. I threw what I could Groman's way. But the depression caught him from every side. When things got better he expanded too fast again. Now he needs dough—so he knocked off Kelly, and he's after me."

"I don't see the connection," Ronney said after a pause.

Smith drew a long breath. "Ever hear of Coffee, Nevada?"

Ronney shook his head.

"Not very many people have. Those that heard of it have forgotten it. A good many of the people that went there died on the spot." His eyes looked far away. "We had bad typhoid one year. And people used guns pretty freely. Groman among others. He was a dead shot and he had a bad temper."

Smith's voice trailed away. Then he seemed to become conscious of his auditor. "It began in the nineties. The gold rush, I mean. There were some bare hills that were red-hot in the daytime and purple at night. A lot of greasewood and a few pine trees. A good spring. The first prospectors that reached the place named it Coffee. When I arrived there must have been five hundred people living there. Maybe more. I was twenty-one then and I thought I was tough, and I was sure I was smart." He sighed. "Maybe I was."

Ronney reached for the cigarettes.

Smith also lighted one before he continued: "Marie de Lage—her name was Gates then—ran a boardinghouse. Only it wasn't a house; it was a flock of tents. Henry had studied geology somewhere and had all kinds of ideas about how to look for gold. Groman was young, too—but he was boss of the town. Maybe I should say bully. He had already staked out one claim, but he wasn't satisfied with it. There was another fellow that I took a shine to, named Brawley. We were all broke when we hit Coffee—all except Groman. Did I say we teamed up?"

"You hadn't."

"WELL, we did. Groman grubstaked us. Mrs. de Lage fed us; and Kelly joined us at the last minute. He'd already done some prospecting in California and knew how to handle the tools. We started out—De Lage, Brawley, Kelly, and me. We struck a vein of ore that was pretty good. We staked it out. Since we'd started from Coffee, we called it the Coffee Pot."

"When we got back, Marie and Groman were pleased with our samples and we drew up a contract. It was even—Steven all around. But those days people didn't always live to a ripe old age. It was a tough country. We put in a rider that if anybody died his estate would be redivided. The idea of an estate didn't mean much to any of us in those days. The contract was witnessed and filed." Smith looked slowly down again and said, "That's all."

There was a long silence. Ronney slowly nodded his head. "I get it. And the Coffee Pot turned out to be profitable."

The other man smiled briefly. "The ore we brought back was from the surface. What we hit below that—well, it made us all millionaires. It built this house."

"What happened to Brawley?"

"Killed."

"In Nevada?"

"In the war. Brawley and De Lage enlisted together. They were together in the Argonne. Brawley got a piece of shrapnel in the face. And De Lage went on to get the boys who had thrown the shrapnel."

"So you all divided his estate?"

"We didn't get around to it until about 1920."

"Is there any particular reason that all the rest of you happen to be together here over this week end?"

Smith eyed Ronney sardonically and said nothing.

"Was Kelly coming here?" Ronney asked.

"I don't know. I didn't know the De Lages were coming. I asked Groman—mostly because I've always tried to keep on his good side. He brought along the De Lages, and maybe he invited Kelly, too."

"What makes you so sure Groman did it?"

"Because we were all dancing down at the boathouse and Groman wandered away and didn't show up for about an hour. He'd probably say he was up here at the house or walking in the woods and face down any investigation they'd start against him."

RONNEY sat quietly for a while, tapping his teeth with his middle fingernail. "What scared you up here?"

"Groman."

"How?"

Smith was perspiring. "When I came down to breakfast this morning, Groman was sitting at the table, reading a newspaper and grinning. I remembered that grin from the old days in Coffee. It wasn't a reassuring memory. All he said was, 'Somebody's knocked off Kelly, and that means the rest of us are richer.' Then he tossed the newspaper to me. About half past nine I started over to the country club to shoot a little golf. I was driving myself in a roadster and I was stopped at my own gate. Stopped by Groman's chauffeur. He told me that Mr. Groman thought that under the circumstances all of Kelly's friends ought to stay on the estate today. I was scared. If you knew Groman you'd know just how scared. But I was also sore. I said I'd go anywhere I damned pleased. And the chauffeur pulled a gun. There was nothing to do but turn back. He had me sewed up in my own house. I went up to get my own gun. It was gone."

"That makes two," Ronney said under his breath.

"What?"

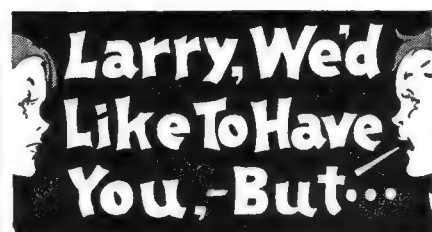
"Never mind. And so your gun was gone—?"

"I started downstairs, and there was Groman, waiting at the foot of the steps."

"You didn't think he was going to kill you in the midst of all these guests?"

Smith shook his head. "I just quit thinking. He was standing there grinning, waiting for me to come down. Then I knew he'd got Kelly, and I knew I was next. I'm the only person that's aware of his financial condition. I need cash, but my estate would liquidate for a good deal. He probably wouldn't have shot me as I came downstairs, but that didn't make any difference. I ducked out of sight. Nothing could have dragged me downstairs—and I thought of the attic—"

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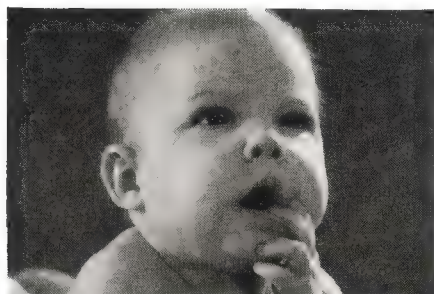
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evident. He lighted another cigarette, and glanced at Ronney with a mixture of apprehension and hope.

"The police," Ronney said, "certainly ought to show up here to ask questions."

Smith smiled sarcastically. "They did. Jackson, my butler, woke me early. That's when I heard about Kelly. That was another thing that made me realize how ingenious Groman was. I mean, the plan to bring Kelly up here."

"I don't get it."

"Why, the cops knew who I was, and when they saw what sort of a place I had here, they just backed around, apologizing. A good many of my guests are important people. I'm in politics. The cops asked a few questions of the servants—whether they'd seen anybody sneaking around the grounds, and then they told me they were sorry that they'd bothered me."

"If you suspected Groman, and were afraid for yourself, that was your golden opportunity to speak up."

"I didn't suspect him then. Not until I saw his expression at breakfast. And here's another thing that's pretty clever: If Groman gets in any kind of hot water, why, the De Lages or I, myself, would have as much motive for killing Kelly as he had."

To that Ronney said nothing, but he remembered that someone had stolen the De Lages' revolver as well as Smith's.

HE THOUGHT over what he had heard. It was colorful. It was dramatic. But there was nothing unusual about it. Hundreds of other young men in gold fields all over the world had gone out on the same quests and made similar bargains. It had been a bargain to protect their discovery, and certainly none of them had considered it as an eventual motive for murder. Nevertheless, it was a perfect motive.

He asked, "Isn't the Coffee Pot still producing?"

"Not much. It petered out five years ago."

"Why didn't you people ever tell the world about the origin of your fortunes?"

Smith shrugged and smiled faintly. "You were twenty-one not so long ago. When we realized what we'd got hold of we swore secrecy and worked the mine ourselves for a while. When we drifted east to the cities we kept our mouths shut from habit, I suppose. After that we talked about it together privately some and wrote to one another about it. It was fun. But it was more than that. If you walk into a big city and have plenty of dough, but nobody knows where it came from and nobody knows how much it is, you can go a lot farther a lot quicker than you could if the whole world realized you were a lucky guy with part of a gold mine in his hip pocket. We just decided not to talk, and we didn't talk. In the early nineteen hundreds there wasn't any income tax publicity, either."

Ronney thought that over. As he thought, it occurred to him that he should consider another possibility. Smith might have killed Kelly. Smith might have retreated to the attic for the purpose of perpetrating another murder. The murder of Groman, for example, or of one or both of the De Lages. His cold sweat might have been due to not unnatural repugnance toward his intended deed. His subsequent narrative might have been basically true, a piece of superb acting, in which he had re-

WHY DON'T THEY?

PUT headlights on lawn mowers, so one can cut the grass at night when it is cool?—Mrs. H. J. Wagner, Westview, Pa.

MAKE waterproof roofs for rumble seats which can be rolled up and fastened against the back of the coupé cabin?—Miss E. Marden, Westmount, Que., Canada.

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DEVISE a fountain pen with a fountain full of ink eradicator on one end?—O. Russell Jones, Springfield, Ill.

MANUFACTURE a waterproof cookbook, so women can turn the pages and not soil them with wet fingers?—Miss Carolyn Russell, Atlanta, Ga.

USE square dishes instead of round ones, so people can corner the last bite without chasing it?—Miss Eloise Smith, Middlebourne, W. Va.

PRODUCE cheap, waxed-paper umbrellas with wooden handles to be sold to shoppers caught in the rain?—David Kellogg, Long Beach, Calif.

COMPEL motorists to display a small scoreboard on their cars, showing the number of accidents they have had?—Walter F. Roeder, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MAKE electric toasters with small covered racks on top to keep toast warm while making more?—Mrs. R. J. Watson, Tulsa, Okla.

PUT a rough finish on paper napkins, so they will stick to your lap?—L. C. Weed, Brooklyn, N. Y.

INVENT an edible thread, which grows tender with cooking, for sewing up roasts and roast fowl?—L. N. Wylder, Passaic, N. J.



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versed the roles of slayer and victim. But it didn't seem probable.

Underneath that thought there was a feeling of exultation. He had taken a ridiculous chance after performing an absurd deed, and at this very moment he was in possession of enough information to liberate Evelyn.

He rearranged the stool to make his seat more comfortable. "I can hardly take a chance on my disguise now," he said. "But I'll give it a whirl as soon as it's dark. I'll come back here with all the police in Bay City and we'll get you out of this garret." He yawned and stretched. "Which means that we've got four hours to kill." . . .

EVELYN had not fallen asleep until long after the first gray veil of morning had bleakly silhouetted the iron bars on the window of her cell. Absolute exhaustion kept her asleep until the day grew hot. At the same time that Ronney was beginning his conversation with Smith in the attic of the house on Lake Shore, Evelyn was dreaming about him. When a key creaked in the lock of her cell and a male voice called, "Hey, Ev!" she sat up instantly and responded, "Yes, Ronney!"

Then she remembered where she was; she realized it was her brother's voice. The door opened and he came in. A guard turned the key again behind him.

"Rob!" she exclaimed. "I thought you were Ronney! What time is it?"

"Twelve-thirty."

"Why isn't he here? Where is he?"

Robert sat down on the only chair and looked at his sister.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

Evelyn's consciousness and spirit were returning. "Of course I'm all right! I want some coffee! Where's Ronney? Why doesn't he get me out of this?"

"I don't know where Ronney is."

Evelyn stood up. She walked to the door and spied a guard. "Hey!" she yelled. "Get me some coffee!"

There was such authority in her voice that the guard said, "Yes, ma'am," before he thought.

Then she turned to her brother. "Well—go and get him. He's no sissy like you and Father! He'll do something. What did you come here for, anyhow? I suppose maybe you thought I needed a couple of aspirins! Has it occurred to you that I am being detained on a charge of first-degree murder? Or is everybody reconciled to seeing me go to the gallows in something close-fitting, black, and not too flashy?"

ROBERT was accustomed to his sister's mode of expression. He and she were actually excellent friends. And, in spite of his distress, a grin showed evanescently on his face. Then he said, "Ronney's missing. The police have hunted for him since last night. Nobody's seen him."

"Did you try Charlie Leslie?" Charlie Leslie was Ronney's best friend. Evelyn's voice had become quiet, and she sat down again on her cot.

"Of course. He's just as worried as I am. He said that if Ronney could possibly have communicated with him, he'd have let him know where he was. He's going to stay home in case Ronney does check in."

As her brother talked, Evelyn's courage had slowly ebbed. Now, as on the night before, she looked frightened and helpless.

"What's Dad doing?"

"Just moving heaven and earth."

She shook her head. "I just simply can't imagine Ronney's letting us go on worrying. Do you suppose something could have happened to him—like what happened to me? Do you suppose somebody is *after* us?"

"Who?"

"I don't know. But it doesn't make any sense. It's all so crazy."

The guard unlocked the door and handed in a cup of coffee and a tin plate on which was a piece of toast. Evelyn said, "Thanks," and kept looking at her brother. "You better not waste time with me here. The minute you get any word from Ronney—if you get any word—let me know." She sighed. "I'm crazy about that dope."

Tears began to fill her eyes. She looked at her cup and gulped. "It's rotten coffee," she said. "The worst I ever tasted." . . .

IT WAS after eight o'clock when Ronney decided to act. The sky had grown bluish-gray. A few stars were visible, and a long silence in the lower part of the house indicated that the guests had been dining.

He left the window from which he had been watching the empty lawn and said to Smith, "I guess it's time."

Smith broke his jittering vigil without losing his nervousness: "What are you going to do?"

"Get out."

"God help you." Smith held out his hand.

Ronney shook it. Then he put on the rest of his clothing and started downstairs.

At the door he listened carefully and, hearing no sound, he opened it. There was nobody in the corridor. He walked through it slowly. A uniformed footman came from one of the rooms as he reached the stair well to the second floor and said, "Good evening," apparently without any feeling of unusualness. Ronney answered, "Good evening," and went down the stairs.

He looked into his own room for a moment, but he could not decide whether or not his luggage had been examined. Everything was exactly as he had left it. While he was in his room an orchestra began to play downstairs. Dinner, then, was finished, and the guests were going to dance. He had a long drink of water, a quart and more of it.

Then he locked his room. He started down the front stairs. And a complication diverted him from his intent. When he was halfway down the stairs he overtook two girls. He had intended to pass them, go out the front door, walk through the gates, and hitch-hike to Bay City. But they stopped him.

Both of them were blond and both were attractive. As he passed, one said, "Hello, Handsome."

The other caught him by the arm. "Where have you been?"

"Hiding," Ronney grinned. "And I'm busy."

"Not too busy to give us a dance."

"Yes. Too busy to dance."

"But that's impossible."

Ronney realized it was impossible. Nobody enjoying the week end would be so occupied as to be unable to dance. "Swell," he finally said. "Do you want to match for me?"

They debated the rest of the way downstairs, and eventually decided that the girl with the blue eyes would dance with him. Her name was Mrs. Peyton. The other



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girl, whose eyes were brown, introduced herself as Iris Davey, and made him promise the next dance.

The ballroom was not crowded. At one end an orchestra was playing. Ronney and the blue-eyed girl began dancing. As they danced his partner nodded and spoke occasionally to other guests. When she said, "Hello, Mr. de Lage," he pivoted so that he could look at the man she had addressed.

Henry de Lage was tall and gaunt. His face was tanned. There were crows'-feet at the corners of his eyes. His shoulders were bent. For a second Ronney caught his eyes. They were steady and cold and blue. One could easily imagine that Henry de Lage's decisions would be instant and his actions decisive.

"YOU don't seem to know many people here," his partner said.

"No."

"What business are you in?"

"Cast-iron pipe," Ronney replied.

"Then you're not week-ending just for fun?"

"Not exactly."

The girl shook her head. "It's a pity. You meet a nice man at a party and you find he's only trying to get orders from contractors and park commissioners. Of course you do know Mr. Smith?"

"Very well indeed."

"—and Mr. Groman?"

"I haven't had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Groman yet."

The girl smiled. "I get it! You want to meet Mr. Groman and sell him a few million miles of pipe. All right. I'll stooge for you." She began looking around the room. "He was here just a few minutes ago. I saw him having a sandwich."

That word evoked in Ronney a profound reaction. "Sandwiches," he murmured. "Are there sandwiches?"

"In the drawing-room."

"You know," he continued casually, "I could do with a sandwich. Got telling a lady at dinner how we set out a sewer system, and forgot to eat."

The girl shrugged. "O. K. I'll lead you to the manger."

He was on his second tongue-and-lettuce when he saw Groman. He knew it was Groman before his companion made the identification. A tall, heavy man, with pale eyes and skin like an albino's. His hair was white. There was no flush in his cheeks, and his lips were only faintly pink. His jaw was heavy and undershot, and his hands and feet were enormous. He walked toward the buffet where Ronney was standing, glanced at him, looked away, glanced back, and then started to make a highball for himself.

Ronney's companion approached him. "Mr. Groman," she said diffidently, "here's somebody who wants to meet you."

Groman turned as the girl went on: "He wants to sell you some cast-iron pipe. It's too bad, because I wanted to dance with him. But I guess I'll have to abandon it." Suddenly she laughed. "I haven't any idea what his name is." She made a gesture of introduction and turned away.

Ronney was smiling. He held out his hand. "My name is Williams. I'm a friend of Smith's."

Groman shook hands with him.

"Enjoying yourself?" he asked.

Ronney was surprised at the man's voice. It was high and soft.

"Why, yes. It's a marvelous party, isn't it?"

"It's an interesting party," Groman answered. "Have you seen Smith, by the way?"

Ronney began to wish he had not had himself introduced to Groman. The man's personality was strangely threatening. The few words he had spoken, while in themselves innocent, contained, nevertheless, a note of menace.

"As a matter of fact," Ronney finally said, "I haven't seen Smith all the afternoon."

Groman nodded. "It's odd." He sipped his highball. Then his pale eyes came to rest once more on Ronney. He pursed his lips. "There's something taking form in this house," he said slowly, "which I don't understand. Until I do understand it, I would much prefer that certain people remain in the house. For instance, I don't understand your presence here. Perhaps you'd like to explain it."

Ronney tried to think—and to look as if he were not thinking. He believed that he understood Groman's peculiar glance at him, but he was not sure. When he spoke, it was with an assumption of amusement and nonchalance: "Why, Smith asked me to come up. Thought I might be able to do some business with you."

Groman's lips broke into a slight smile. "I'd hate to have you leave—tonight. In fact, I've asked my chauffeur to keep his eye on you so that you won't leave." His voice was casual and remote. "Some of us here may be in considerable danger. I don't know, but I strongly advise you at this point not to be meddlesome, Mr. Jones." Groman looked at Ronney steadily for an instant, smiled almost apologetically, and walked away, carrying his highball.

RONNEY picked up another sandwich. That was that. Groman knew who he was. Groman had probably seen through his disguise and recognized him from newspaper pictures. If all that Smith had said was true—and seeing Groman made it thoroughly believable—then Ronney's own situation was far from safe.

Ronney swallowed the sandwich and walked through the drawing-room into the hall. He opened the front door and stepped out on the porch. At the same time a man in a plain blue suit moved away from one of the French windows and strolled toward him. The man had his hand in his right coat pocket—Groman's chauffeur, who had been watching him through the window. Ronney said, "Good evening."

The chauffeur did not reply.

"I was thinking of taking a walk," Ronney murmured.

"Don't," said the man.

"I guess I won't." Ronney looked at him. "Who's watching the back door?" "Douglas." The man seemed to wish he had not spoken.

"Another chauffeur." When there was no answer Ronney went on brightly, "Or perhaps Mr. Groman's valet. Well—"

He turned and went into the house. He was not eager at that moment to attempt an escape. He had no idea how many persons were at Groman's disposal. The servants might be watching him. Even some of the guests. He wondered if Groman knew where he had been all day. He realized then that he would have to think

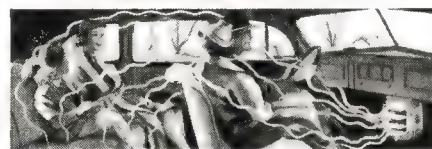


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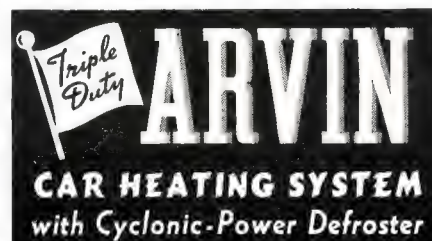
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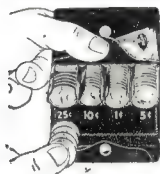


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out a different way to bring aid to Smith. The fact that Groman had recognized him vastly increased Smith's danger.

As he thought back, Ronney suddenly grew cold with apprehension. He turned and made his way swiftly to the third floor. As far as he could perceive, nobody was watching him. The servants' quarters were quiet. The maids and footmen were all at work. He hurried to the attic door, opened it, and started up the stairs in the dark. When he reached the top of the flight a sharp odor assailed his nostrils. He knew at once what it was. Powder smoke. Groman had located Smith. Standing there in the darkness, realizing that a shot or shots had been fired in the attic, alone, afraid, denied a chance to leave the estate, Ronney thought now of himself. Whoever had shot Smith might still be in the attic. Smith's body might be there.

Ronney sank to his hands and knees. He crawled silently for twenty feet. Then he waited, not knowing what to expect; a flashlight, maybe; a shot. But nothing happened. In the attic there was only heat and darkness and silence.

Some part of Ronney's courage returned. After a long and listening interval, he crept toward the place where Smith had been sitting when darkness fell. He found nothing. Smith might have escaped with his life, rushing the door, or he might be dead. He was almost surely dead.

Ronney wanted to light a match, but he was afraid to. And while he knelt in the dark his dread was intolerably heightened by the sound of somebody whistling on the floor below near the attic door. It was the soft, meandering whistle of vigil. Ronney knew that he would never pass the entrance to the attic alive. He knew that his waiting assassin would outlast him; if he stayed there all night that same man or another man would be waiting for him in the morning. Or, perhaps, if Groman grew tired of waiting, they would come into the attic for him—as they had for Smith.

For a while Ronney thought about that. It did not require any elaborate mental process to show him why there was a guard at the door. Groman knew who he was and knew that he was in the house. Groman doubtless knew that he had talked to Smith. There had been enough reason to murder Kelly, more to do away with Smith, and Groman's entire future now depended upon Ronney's nonexistence.

All these things went through his mind, and while he was thinking of them he was realizing that there was still another avenue open to him, a sanctuary more embarrassing to his capture—the roof.

RONNEY opened the window and stepped out on the metal drain beneath it. Then he closed the window. As he did so he could still hear the faint sound of persistent whistling at the foot of the attic stairs. Afterward he climbed up a long, diagonal gutter, crept down a plated slope, surmounted another ridge, and finally came to rest in a three-cornered cul-de-sac which overlooked Lake Michigan.

That was all he could do. He would be hard to find. In the morning they might not dare to shoot at him. For a while, at least, he was safe. His desires turned themselves now to Evelyn. If he could escape he could arrange for her safety. He felt foolish. Here he sat under the stars on an ordinary evening in the middle of the

United States, as good as dead. During the day he had assured himself that there was no way to descend from the roof on the outside of the mansion. And yet, as he thought that over, he knew that there was one way.

The house was built on a sea wall. All along one side of it the slight surf of the lake broke monotonously. Ronney crept to the edge of the roof and looked down at it. It was about sixty feet away. He was sure that he would be able to dive into the lake expertly enough to maintain his senses, and, once in the water, he could swim beyond the borders of the estate.

He stared down at the invisible water and he listened to it, but without avail. He did not know whether it was ten feet deep or one. He did not dare dive in the night and, because of that, he would have to wait until it was light enough to see the bottom before he took a chance. That meant remaining on the roof all night.

RONNEY went back to the middle of the roof and found a place where he could lie down and where he could not be come upon without warning. He closed his eyes. He listened to the music and the sounds of conversation and dishes that rose from the floors below. He thought about Evelyn. He wished passionately that he had postponed making an issue of their conflict until later. He wished that he had married her. He wished that they were at Lake Louise. But all those wishes were vain. The stars moved slowly across the sky. Time passed.

After an interminable amount of it, the orchestra stopped playing. Then there was silence, a slowly gathering silence that eventually became the only reality of the night.

He had no way of knowing what time it was when he woke up, but he remembered afterward that he did wake up, so he had been asleep. It was the sound of a motor which stirred him to consciousness, and he remained awake long enough to wonder about the motor. It was no automobile, no truck which had roused him, and yet it sounded like a truck. And, again, it sounded like an airplane, like an airplane warming up before taking off. He told himself in troubled words that nobody was flying at that time of night, and he went back to sleep.

When he opened his eyes again it was morning. He realized with some alarm that he had slept and, with considerable gratitude, that nobody had tried to find him. Anybody with a flashlight and a gun could have made short work of him during the hours when he had been asleep. Dew was steaming from the roof. There was dew glittering on the grass below; the sound of the lake came softly to him. He stretched himself and hurried quietly to the north side of the house. He looked down at the water, and found he could not estimate its depth. All along the sea wall and for some distance from it the water was murky. At the moment he did not wonder why, and instead knelt, overlooking it, and cursing to himself. He might as well have died in the darkness.

Now that he could not tell its depth he was reluctant to take the chance. The idea occurred to him that the guard might have left the attic door, and he went back to see. That errand required a full half-hour, and the reward of his efforts was to hear a man clear his throat on the other side of the

door at the foot of the stairs. So he decided to dive, and went back to the roof.

His mind was made up, his nerves were ready for a plunge into the muddled water—and then he was forced to wait. Jackson, the butler, had come out on the tennis court and was bouncing and catching a tennis ball in the manner of a man idly and indefinitely amusing himself. Ronney had to wait until Jackson withdrew, and that held him up for twenty minutes. Finally the man went indoors, and Ronney walked to the edge of the roof.

It wasn't as bad as he had expected.

He took off his shoes and his coat and the towels he had wound around himself. He stood for a moment in the level sunshine, and then he jumped out as far as he could. It seemed to him that he fell for a long time, that many thoughts went through his head while he was in the air. Finally, suddenly, the water hit him as if it were hard, like stone. His arms buckled, his knuckles banged against his forehead, and the muscles of his back pulled agonizingly. Then he was under water.

When he came to the surface he turned on his back and looked toward the house. But nobody shot at him, nobody came out to see what had made the splash. One aquatic sound had added itself to many others, and that was all. He sculled himself slowly along the sea wall, recovering from the shock and the pain of his dive. When the house disappeared behind a tree, Ronney rolled over and swam steadily along the coast. He wanted to go ashore, but was afraid to, and so he did not try until he had cut across a bay fully a half-mile wide—a human speck, arms and a head, progressing gradually over the dawn-lit waters.

When he did come ashore, more than an hour after he had dived, he walked through a wood. He found a road, houses, and finally a milk wagon. "I'll give you," he said to the driver, "a hundred bucks to take me where I want to go." . . .

CHARLIE LESLIE opened his door and grinned. "Hello, Ronney. I thought you'd wind up here."

Ronney grinned back. "Boy, you don't know how glad I am to see you."

Leslie yawned and wiped at the sleep in his eyes. "Where'd you swim from?"

"Listen, Charlie; the hell with my clothes! Phone police headquarters."

The redheaded man closed his door behind Ronney.

"Why? You going to get Evelyn out of hock? Did you have anything to do with the guy she brought home? I'll get police headquarters, but, for heaven's sake, spill a little of the dope before you get carried off by a bunch of cops and leave me sitting here wondering whether you're nuts—"

Charlie led Ronney to his own bedroom in the cottage where he lived alone. He grinned again as Ronney began stripping off his wet clothes, and tossed him a towel and a bathrobe. At the same time he picked up the telephone.

"Speaking in the role of what I have always thought of as your friend, and speaking as one of the many who were left sitting at the church the other night, I thought that you and Ev were having a sort of cosmic row. You know—a row to end rows. Now, a fight is a fight, and a joke is a joke. But I didn't think even you would go so far as to arrange for your best girl

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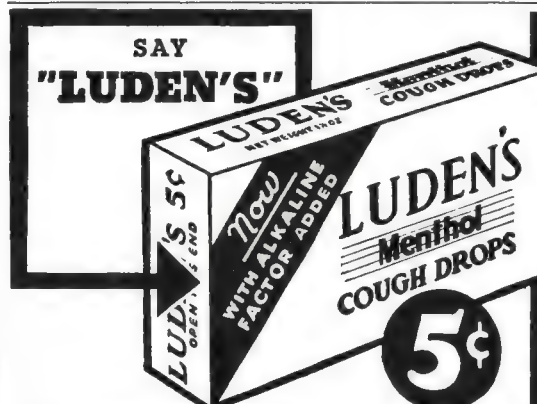
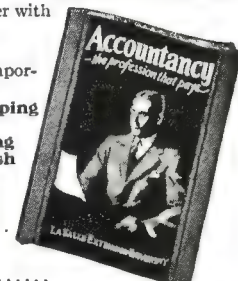
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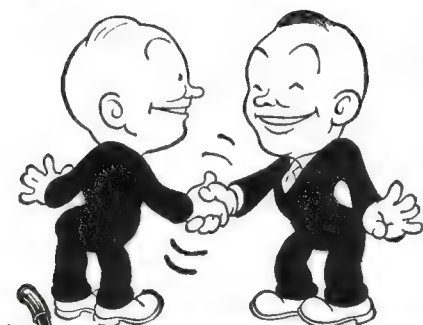
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to cart cadavers around the landscape."

He had been jiggling the hook of the phone. Now he said into it, "I want police headquarters." Then he turned back to Ronney. "Are you going to talk—or not?"

Ronney finished undressing and began to rub himself with the towel. "Not," he answered briefly. "You'll learn it all from what I say here."

Apparently somebody responded on the telephone. Charlie handed it over.

"Hello. . . . This is Ronald Janes. I want to talk to the chief."

"What about?"

"About Evelyn Mason. About John Groman—if you like—"

There was a pause.

"Hello, Chief. . . . Oh, Captain . . . This is Ronald Janes. I want you to come out here right away. I've got all the dope on John Groman."

OVER Ronney's tired features there came a sudden expression of absolute incredulity. "He is what?"

Then Ronney hung up. "He's dead," he said to his friend. "He fell off the roof of the house."

Charlie nodded in the manner a man would use to placate an insane person. "Of course. John Groman is dead. But would you mind telling me why you wake me up at seven o'clock in the morning and call the police? Would you mind telling me what Ev was doing carrying around a dead playboy? Who is Groman? Before I go completely out of my mind—"

"The police are going to be here pretty soon," Ronney said.

"Are you sure it's going to be the police? Maybe it'll be the nut catcher."

"I think I know who killed them both," Ronney answered, "but I don't know how to find out what I want to know. Where he is. Anything—"

"Have you thought of taking a couple of bromides?"

"And it wasn't Groman."

"No," said Charlie, "he's dead."

"That's just what I mean." Ronney sighed.

Charlie patted his shoulder. "Will you please, please, be good enough to begin at the beginning and quietly tell me why your girl is in jail and you're soaking wet and the police are on their way here?"

For the first time an intelligible look came into Ronney's eyes. "Yeah. I'll tell you."

And he did. In the next fifteen minutes he made a complete résumé of all that had happened to him from the moment Lohengrin was being tentatively played on the church organ until the moment he had arrived sopping wet at the house of his friend. His last words capped his dilemma:

"And now they have just told me that Groman fell off the roof of Smith's house and broke his neck—so everything I found out may have been for nothing."

Charlie Leslie whistled.

Ronney threw himself in a chair and drank from a bottle of milk which Charlie had brought in from the porch. He had passed the point where he thought of hunger. He might go, he believed, for three or four days now, eating nothing. Charlie was busy in the kitchen for a while and then returned.

"By the way, who do you think did do it? I forgot to ask. And here's a sandwich. I understand after a fast you're sup-

posed to begin with broth, but ham on rye is all I have."

Ronney bit the sandwich. "Smith."

"I thought you said he was a weak sister."

"Maybe he acted like a weak sister on purpose. Or maybe he really was scared. Maybe Groman did kill Kelly and was after Smith. And Smith got Groman instead. What do you think of this? Smith got frightened and went up to the attic to hide and plan. He knew what was going on and he knew that Groman would get him, or vice versa. While I was downstairs dancing around with that girl, Groman figured out where Smith was hiding and went up to the attic. He took a shot at Smith. But Smith wasn't hurt and got out on the roof, just the way I did. Spent the night there. There was room on that roof and hiding places for a dozen men. Maybe Smith knew I was out there on the roof, too. But he wouldn't have molested me, because he figured I would have been a good witness for him against Groman. Then in the morning, after I had made my dive, Groman came up looking for Smith in the attic. And didn't find him. Saw the way out to the roof and figured where Smith was. Groman walked along the edge of the roof and Smith pushed him off. How's that?"

"Terrible."

Ronney chuckled. "I think it's terrible too, but it does fit what happened."

"Where do the De Lages come in?"

"They don't. Whoever killed Kelly swiped their gun, and probably used it. Everybody had a motive. Everybody had an opportunity. You can't check up on people at a big house party. Smith must have been hiding up there on the roof."

"Sure. But—I thought you said Groman was a big guy."

"Huge. And the bigger they are—"

"—the harder they fall?"

"Well, the easier they are to unbalance. Push a little man, and he can stand still and duck to use up the inertia. A big one has to step. Anyhow, I imagine that our friend Smith is far, far away. When the cops come—and isn't that—?"

THERE were footsteps on the porch.

There was a ringing on the bell. Voices. The police were announcing themselves in no halfway manner. Ronney went to the door, and a young man with a pleasant face said, "I'm Captain Bartlett."

"Come in."

"Thanks. Can't. I'm taking over the Smith place. The chief's there now."

"Sure." Ronney gulped his sandwich and talked with his mouth full. "How's Evelyn?"

The officer grinned. "Calmer."

"Did anybody speak to her after I phoned just now?"

"Not yet. I left word to have her told that you'd been found."

"Thanks."

The officer grinned again. "Have a girl myself. Better disposition, on the whole, though."

Charlie, who had been standing in the door behind them, now spoke: "Can I go along?"

Captain Bartlett looked at him.

"Friend," said Ronney. "Lawyer. Poor, but expert."

"Then he won't be poor long. Right. Come on."

Ronney nodded. "You'll have to wait till I get dressed—in clothes that won't fit me."

Fifteen minutes later they drove into the Smith place. Most of the guests were up. Jackson met them at the door and Thomas, the footman, was detailed to escort them through the house to the police chief. Ronney saw the blue-eyed blonde with whom he had danced. To his nod, she made almost no response. Police Chief Willis was in the library with the medical examiner. The latter had finished his inspection of Groman's body. As they entered, he raised and dropped his shoulders.

"I'd be ready to bet," he said, "that we wouldn't find a thing on autopsy. That he wasn't drugged or poisoned. That he just walked through that window, out onto the roof, and fell off. Heart failure, if you like. Pushed, if you can prove it. But dead from his fall, and nothing else."

Bartlett had waited until he finished. Now he spoke to Willis, the same man who had examined Evelyn on the night of her arrest: "This is Ronald Janes."

THE chief whirled. The medical examiner stared. One or two officers and the police photographer ceased their chores in order to look on. The chief's first words were curt: "Pick him up?"

"No. He phoned in."

"What about?"

"This house."

Ronney was almost enjoying the effect on the elderly, benign-looking man which his appearance created. "If you'd let me talk—and the fewer people who hear me the better—"

"Yeah. Get that butler. Tell him we want a room where the whole county won't be holding a parade—"

"If you like, Chief"—and Ronney spoke quietly but cogently, as a man speaks when he has a sleeveful of aces—"we can use my room. But I suggest, before we talk, that you might send out an alarm for B. T. Smith. Guy who owned this place."

"We have. So you knew he was missing?"

Ronney was at that moment preceding the chief up the front stairs. "Yes. Packed and skipped early this morning, didn't he?"

They were at the door of Ronney's expropriated bedroom before the chief decided to answer that question. When he did, it was to say, "He's missing. He didn't pack. Room was untouched. In fact, the windows were closed all day yesterday and all night. Heat was still in them from yesterday's sun, I'd say."

Ronney was dumfounded. He opened his door. Charlie was following the chief, and Ronney asked permission for him to stay. "He's my lawyer."

"Listen, Janes, anything you say to me is going to be used."

"O. K. But come in, Charlie, anyhow."

The four men—for Bartlett had also joined the procession—now entered the bedroom where Ronney had spent his uninvited night. They closed the door.

"Suppose," said the chief, "you talk, Janes. I'm getting sick of your act. How did you get here? Why didn't any of the gaudy crowd that hangs out here turn you over to us? How did you know that Smith was missing? . . . Shoot."

"First," Ronney answered, "let me give

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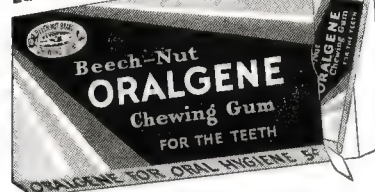
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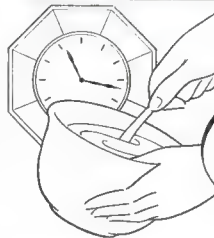
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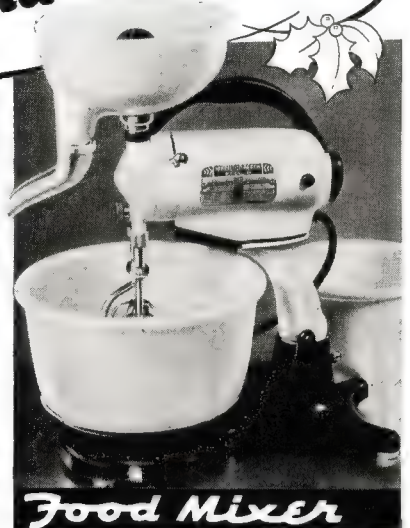
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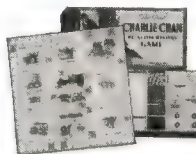
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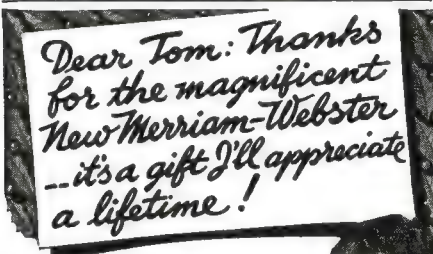
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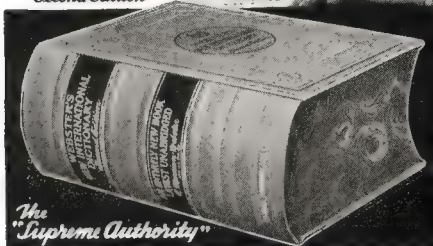
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you this." He crossed to the fireplace and reached into the flue.

"Give me what?"

"This. It's Mr. Kelly's hat. It was taken for mine. Night before last. Which is why I stayed on in the morning. Read about Ev—and Kelly's Italian hat—then looked at this one, which I had thought was mine—so I stayed. To see what I could see."

"I hate amateurs," Willis murmured; but he took the hat interestedly.

"Now, Chief, I'm going to give you the whole story. I think Smith did it—whether he packed or not."

Ronney talked—for an hour this time. His shorter outline of his adventures for Charlie was expanded. He talked, and at first they did not believe him at all. Soon, however, too many facts which could be checked were introduced in his story. Willis was leaning forward and nodding and not interrupting. Bartlett had taken a cigar from his pocket and was chewing it, apparently having forgotten to light it. Charlie just listened. The life and career of his wealthy friend, Ronney Janes, had always seemed incredible to him. This was only another chapter.

When Ronney finished, Willis pondered: "Everything hangs, I should say, on what happened to Smith."

"Of course."

"Suppose the powder that you smelled in the attic had driven a bullet into Smith's heart. Then what?"

"Then they'd have had to get rid of him, either before I came back, or certainly before this morning. You fellows must have looked over the attic?"

Willis nodded. "We spent a lot of time fingerprinting the door you yanked open. We looked. The attic was full of all sorts of junk. If Smith had been killed and carted out, and left or buried somewhere, there might not be a trace of blood any place. Because what he fell on could have been buried, too, or burned."

Ronney nodded. "Why don't you look at motives—everyone's? In particular, the De Lages'."

The chief chuckled without mirth. "Listen. In a crowd of people of this sort there are literally hundreds of motives that could blow up overnight into a killing."

"Yes." Ronney walked to the window. "Smith's story to me should be checked."

"Certainly."

"And Smith should be caught. Or—found."

"Either—whichever."

RONNEY stared out of the window toward the row of poplars around the tennis court. He remembered again every incident of his night in the house and his night on its roof. And, in remembering, he began to think. Presently he said in a low voice, "Chief, I've told you all I know—including a couple of trifling things that have suddenly made sense. Suppose now I could tell you who killed Kelly and Smith and Groman and I could lead you to Smith's body, but I couldn't possibly prove I'm right? Or what the motive was? What would you do—what could you do to make the killer come across? How could you pin it on him?"

Willis stared. So did Charlie, as if his friend had lost his mind. Finally Willis answered, "Where's Smith?"

"Buried."

The officer shook his head. "We've already canvassed the grounds, and if it's in the woods it may take days. Granted you're right, whoever you mean would have plenty of time to leave."

"He'll be leaving soon, I imagine. Look!" Excitement came in Ronney's tone. "This morning, when I dove, the water was murky along the lake shore. Muddy. It might have been clay—right? And where would be the world's most unlikely burial place? I think I've guessed. The tennis court. And then—that motor I heard when I was asleep on the roof. It wasn't a truck; it was familiar, and I couldn't place it. Now I can. It was a power roller, erasing the traces of a grave dug in the tennis court. That's really what came to my mind first. The power roller. It suggested the court."

Willis studied him. "Suppose you're right?"

"Then who was out testing it this morning? Bouncing balls to be sure there wasn't any soft place?"

Willis pondered: "O. K. I get the setup. Bartlett, find out all you can about our man. And tell Wiggam and O'Hara that I'm going to want them to do a little digging in a tennis court. It is a deuce of a funny place to—dig. Well—"

THEY went out after making a few arrangements, and they dug under the hot sun. Several carefully instructed police kept the guests and servants away. Save one. They were beginning to uncover what they had sought when he came. Before he made a close approach they hurriedly put back some of the earth.

Jackson's face was as immobile as ever. He looked at the pit that had been dug in the tennis court and he looked at the policemen. When his gaze traveled to Ronney it seemed as if his eyes smiled slightly. He spoke to Willis: "I don't believe Mr. Smith would tolerate having his court dug up, sir. Really, I don't."

"We're looking for Smith's body," Willis answered.

Jackson's expression did not change. Ronnie, staring at him, was suddenly struck by that abnormal imperturbability. Another of the hints, the faint threads of information upon which he had come while he had been in the house, asserted itself dramatically in his mind. The whole picture cleared. There was no longer any doubt, any enigma, any link left out in the chain of circumstances.

The butler continued to gaze at the excavation in the court. One of the policemen tossed out a shovelful of dirt and then another. Suddenly he stopped and bent down. Willis also bent down, and pulled from the earth a folded pocket handkerchief.

That was the device upon which they had counted. When the handkerchief was produced everyone covertly watched Jackson. "Whoever buried Smith left his calling card," said Willis.

And the butler looked down at his breast pocket. All of them saw that quick glance. There was a folded handkerchief in his pocket. He raised his eyes almost instantly and caught the level stares of the watching men. He knew he had given himself away. He probably realized at the same moment that the handkerchief was a plant and that the evidence was only circumstantial. He might have defended

himself against a charge of murder even under such conditions. Doubtless he thought of that. It all happened in less than a second. And Willis would have rushed forward to charge him with the murder of Smith if Ronney had not suddenly spoken.

He spoke very quietly: "You see, Brawley, we've got you."

The butler turned his head quickly, his eyes dilated, but still his face did not move a muscle. He looked up at Ronney. "Yes," he said. His voice was level. "How did you know I was Brawley?"

"I didn't," Ronney answered. "I knew you'd buried Smith, but not who you were. Until just now. Your face. Always flat and lifeless. No nerves in it. Right? I remembered just this minute what Smith told me. Henry de Lage saw you struck by a piece of shrapnel—in the face. He thought you were killed. But you weren't. They took you back to the hospital and patched you up. Plastic surgery. It's a beautiful job. Only—you can't smile, can you? Or frown. Or have any other expression. No nerves in your face."

THE butler nodded. His eyes were lowered for a moment. The men stood silently in the hot sunshine, looking at him. A light of understanding had spread slowly over the faces of Bartlett and Willis and Charlie. Brawley. The sixth partner in the Coffee Pot mine.

The butler began to speak in an almost diffident tone: "I was in the hospital for eleven years. At first I didn't want to live. I threw my identification tags away and told them another name. Year by year, they put me together. I never wanted to see any of my old friends again. They gave me this new face. When I finally got out I found that people I had known wouldn't believe it was I. They simply wouldn't accept the fact. I was listed as dead, of course. My partners in the Coffee Pot mine had split up my stake. After I was perfectly well and presentable I telephoned Groman one day. He was furious. He told me that he'd have me thrown in prison if I tried to get back my money. He told me if I showed up he'd kill me. I tried the others—by telephone and letter. And I kept on trying for a long time. They pretended they didn't believe me. None of them wanted to believe me. That was several years ago."

"Then," said Willis, "you decided—"

"I decided nothing. I had been cheated. I tried to start out all over again. It was 1932 and I had a hard time. I was broke, often hungry, I kept thinking about the millions that belonged to me. One day, when I was looking for a job, I saw Smith's advertisement for a butler. I thought it would be funny to be Smith's butler, and I thought that maybe I could work out some way after I got to know him to get back my money. I saw Groman often, and Kelly occasionally, and the De Lages a few times at Smith's home in the city. I realized finally that I had no chance of ever getting my money, and I thought about it from then—till now."

He looked at the men in turn once more. "You'd say it was insanity. Maybe you'd like to spend as much time as I did in a hospital, having one operation after another. Maybe you'd like to starve when you knew you were owed millions. Maybe you'd like to be a servant and wait on these

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riffraff—wait on them and watch them throw away my money! I could have used that money for something valuable. I decided that if I couldn't have it, they couldn't, either. I decided to kill them all—make it look as if they killed one another." He looked down at the tennis court. "It was too big an order. That's all."

The men had listened silently. This was no typical murderer's confession. It was not weeping or raging. There was no fear in it. Perhaps the abnormal passivity of the man's face lent a particular dignity to the story, but, in any case, he had suffered much and he had been greatly cheated.

Nobody spoke for a moment, and then Ronney said, "Did you know who I was?"

Brawley shook his head. "I don't know now. Who are you? A detective?"

Ronney turned to the police chief. "Then Groman must have recognized me—recognized me, and decided to keep me in the house. I wonder why?"

THE butler spoke again: "I don't know what you're talking about, but, when I shot Kelly, Groman suspected, I think, that Smith or one of the De Lages had done it. He wanted to know who it was, for his own satisfaction. Wanted to know, I suppose, who he had to look out for. He saw me just before I pushed him off the roof this morning, and I believe he recognized me as he toppled over. I followed him up there. He was hunting Smith—I think."

Ronney nodded. "Groman was herding everybody last night, because, if the others killed each other off and he got away with his life, he stood to win. He and whoever was the murderer. Maybe he'd even guessed Brawley was here somewhere. If I had gotten away it would have spoiled his chance of finding out." He turned to Brawley. "Why did you put Kelly's body in my fiancée's car?"

Brawley stared at him for a long moment. "You're Janes." He said it as if things were becoming confused in his mind, as if the whole world of hate and scheming in which he had lived was no longer making sense, even to him. He answered slowly, his eyes traveling around the circle of men: "I had to do something. She'd have got out and found me with Kelly's body. So I hit her. The rest of it occurred to me afterward. I thought it would throw the police entirely off the track. Maybe I didn't think much at all. Maybe I just got to hate those people—working for them, watching them spend money that was partly mine, sometimes hearing them talk about me in my presence—"

There he stopped. He kicked Willis's revolver out of his hand. He hit Ronney and the nearest cop. And he ran. They followed him. The cop who had been digging snatched his gun from its holster, which he had put on the ground in order to use a shovel. Ronney recovered with a shake of his head and joined the chase. Brawley made for the sea wall. Ronney was conscious of Charlie running beside him, and together they tore through some of the rhododendrons.

When they gained the wall Brawley was already in the water. The police were quite far behind. And Brawley was swimming a fast crawl. There was no boat. The police began to come up. They shot again and again. But the head became smaller

and the shots were wide. Once, for a second, there was a sound out on the water which was like short laughter.

Willis turned to do his job. He hurried toward the house and he ordered a cordon along the shore. He had left two men to watch the swimmer as long as he remained visible.

Then Ronney had an idea. From the roof, with field glasses, Brawley could be followed for miles. And to swim miles would take a long time. A maid produced glasses. One of the guests volunteered a pair. An officer found a pair and joined them. They clambered out on the place where Ronney had stood watch all night. They picked up Brawley easily. He was going straight out. Boats commandeered by the police would soon appear in the neighborhood to search for him. But he had a chance to escape.

Ronney spoke to the attentively watching cop. "He has nerve."

"He's the guy responsible for the killing here?"

"Yeah."

"Then he has nerve, and brains. A tennis court! Who'd of thought of digging there? But somebody must of."

Ronney grinned. He peered through his glasses. And suddenly he exclaimed with horror: "Something's wrong!"

The guest who was sharing their duty shouted it, and stood up.

Nobody needed to say what was wrong. Heart failure, too much strain, or that he had swum too far, too fast. A cramp. Anything. But Brawley was in serious trouble. His hands flailed. His face went under water and his feet thrashed. Then he came up slowly, and slowly sank again. He was drowning. The last time they saw him he barely broke the surface. Then they watched and waited—for five minutes—ten—fifteen—far longer than any man could stay beneath the surface. There was nothing they could have done. He had swum beyond the reach of aid. And he had drowned.

They went downstairs to the palatial rooms on the first floor. Ronney told Willis what he had seen from the roof.

"You better pick up your luggage and go home, then," Willis said.

Ronney shook his head. "That can wait. What I want from you is an order for Evelyn's release."

Willis jumped, and swore softly. "I forgot all about her! I'll call the jail at once."

Again Ronney's head shook. "Nope. I want the order myself. I want to execute it in person."

Willis frowned and then began to grin. . . .

RONNEY walked through the prison corridor behind a guard. In his hand was a folded sheet of paper. When the guard stopped in front of a door and put a key in the lock, Ronney checked him with a gesture. He peered through the bars and called softly, "Evelyn!"

"Ronney!" She sprang to the door. "Darling! They told me you were all right! I'm so glad!" She pressed her face against the bars and he kissed her. She was trembling and her eyes were full of tears, but nevertheless she managed to look imperiously at the guard. "Unlock this thing, please."

Again Ronney checked the guard. "I

thought we'd get married," he said to Evelyn, "today."

She stepped back into her cell a little way and looked at him indignantly. "That's ridiculous! We'll have to arrange everything all over again."

Ronney ignored her interruption. "Today at the City Hall. After all, we do have a license." His voice was peaceful and assured. "And about that word 'obey,' I'm afraid I'm going to insist that it stays."

Evelyn's cheeks became slightly spotty with red and white. The tears disappeared from her eyes. "Of all the consummate nerve! Of all the crass things I ever heard of in my life. You get me out of here and we'll argue about those matters later!"

He took certain liberties with facts. "I have your release paper here. I went to some pains to get it. In fact, pulling you out of this jam has occupied all my time for the last two days. Of course, if you don't want to marry me and if you won't agree to obey me, why, I'll tear up the paper, and then you may be here for days and even weeks. Maybe months. Maybe they'll charge you with something else. Transporting dead bodies, for example. How do I know what will happen to you?"

Evelyn was in a state too emotional for reason. "It's blackmail," she whispered. "That's what it is!"

Ronney nodded complacently. "Exactly. Answer yes or no."

"All right," she said finally. "All right. I'll marry you. Right now. And I'll say 'obey.' But I won't promise to like it. I won't promise to be nice about it."

He nodded to the guard.

TWENTY minutes later they stood in the office of the county clerk. Evelyn did not know whether she was furious or ecstatic. She was trying to behave with dignity. The clerk said, "If you'll just step up here—"

Then she noticed something wrong. She nudged Ronney. "Take your hat off," she whispered.

"I will not," he whispered back.

Her voice rose a little: "If you think I'm going to marry a man with his hat on, you're crazy!"

Ronney didn't remove his hat. He took her hand and squeezed it hard. The clerk began to read the marriage ceremony. Evelyn stared furiously at Ronney's hat and answered the questions in a sulky tone. When the clerk said, "Love, honor, and obey," she hesitated a long time, and her ultimate "I do" was almost inaudible.

Finally the clerk gave his last instruction. "Kiss the bride," he said.

Ronney took off his hat. Evelyn screamed faintly and bit the back of her hand. "You're bald!" She began to laugh. It was the kind of laughter that would develop into hysteria.

Ronney seized her, not gently and reverently and not with a romantic embrace. He seized her by both shoulders and he shook her. "It'll grow back. Stop laughing!"

"I will not! It's the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life!"

"You certainly will! This is an order, and you've promised. Stop laughing, and kiss me."

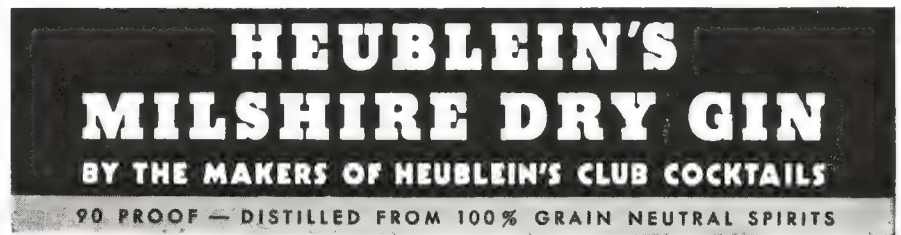
So Evelyn obeyed him. She stopped laughing. She kissed him. She was glad she did. And so was Ronney.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

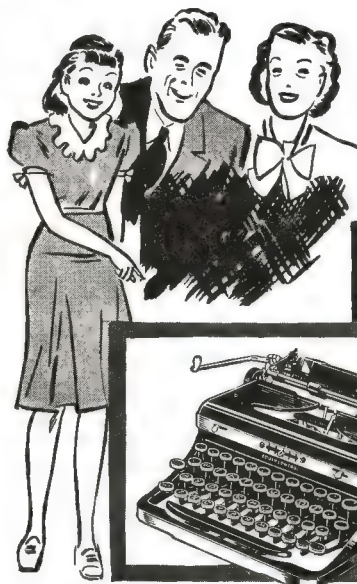


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(Continued from page 52)

with the eloquent blue-gray eyes.

"If you will see that he undergoes observation occasionally," he said, "I will be happy to surrender the patient to you."

Derek was smoking a cigarette and chatting amiably with the nurse about the state of his health when they went in to see him. He beamed at them innocently.

"Young man," said the doctor, "Miss Mayfield has kindly offered to take charge of you."

"Huh?" said Derek blankly. He sat up in alarm. "But—er—Miss Mayfield," he said hastily, "I couldn't think of that! It would be too much trouble for you—no, really, I—er—"

This was a fine note! He had expected he would be left alone. That was all he wanted.

"Trouble?" said Adele. She placed a cool hand on his forehead. "Listen, you," she advised him gently; "I've just begun to fight."

"But," said Derek feverishly, "if I just went off by myself and rested or something—"

"That might work," said Adele. "But we'll try my ideas first."

"Ideas?" said Derek suspiciously. "What, for instance?"

"You'll see," she promised him. "Just trust yourself to me, darling." . . .

TWO days later he was discharged from the hospital as physically sound and found Adele on hand to take charge.

"I'm taking you home with me," she announced.

"What!" he said, startled. "But haven't I a home of my own?"

"Of course, but I couldn't be of as much active help to you there."

Derek attempted words, but for the moment he was unable to muster anything in the line of vocal effort. All he wanted was to go off by himself and figure out how to stay a bachelor without hurting Adele, and here he was in for all this supervision and care. It was something he most certainly had not counted on.

He swallowed with a mighty effort. "It seems to me," he pointed out, "that in my home I would stand a very much better

chance of—er—being reminded of things."

"Perhaps," conceded the girl; "but we'll try my way first, and if it doesn't work, then we'll try yours. You want to recover your memory, don't you?"

"Why, sure, but—"

"Then," she said conclusively, "co-operate with me, darling."

And so perforce he was driven to her family's country home up in the Connecticut hills. Her father and mother welcomed him affectionately and Derek began to feel like a very low specimen.

His first lesson in memory came when Adele enlisted Bill Lane's help. Bill and Mary drove over and they all got together on the sweeping front lawn, Bill armed with a battered-looking football.

Adele took charge of proceedings. "Mary," she directed, "you stand over there and try to make some noise. Cheer—understand?" She turned to Bill. "Now, try to put this across," she said urgently.

Bill stepped toward Derek. "Old-timer," he said earnestly, "you can remember this one, can't you? Yale Bowl, Derek, and we're back on our heels. We're in the huddle, son, and we can scarcely think for the noise, and it's getting dark. We haven't much time. We're calling the play—43. You fake an end run and then fade back to pass. Remember, Derek? 43? You hang that pass out there in the flats and I stretch for it, and we ride to glory."

There was a silence. Derek passed a hand over his forehead. "Did I do that?" he asked. "Me?"

"Oh, gosh!" said Bill, sighing. "He doesn't remember, Adele."

Adele refused to give up. "Let's try it out," she suggested. "I'll pass the ball back to him and you run down there, Bill."

SHE promptly got over the ball, looking almighty purposeful, and Bill crouched a few yards out to one side of her. He turned and flirled a hand to Derek.

"Here we go!" he called. "Hang it out there, Derek, and let's go to town."

He rushed off across the lawn and Adele pushed the ball wobbily back to Derek. He picked it up and stood there. This was the darnedest business he had ever seen.

"Throw it!" shouted Adele. "Oh, throw it, Derek—! Noise, Mary!"

Mary Lane valiantly strove to emulate a frenzied Yale Bowl. Derek grinned—evidently they wanted him to throw it. He drew back his arm and hurled the ball to where Bill was dodging around among little clumps of shrubbery. It was a darned good pass considering how long ago he had last thrown one. Bill didn't do as well. He fell into a lilac bush trying to catch it. Well, that was what getting married did to a formerly sure-fingered guy like All-American Bill Lane.

Adele was regarding him eagerly. "Do you remember—anything?"

Derek shook his head. "I guess," he said regretfully, "you had better give me up."

Adele swept slim white fingers through her thick blond hair. "I would sooner,"

she exclaimed passionately, "give up an arm. Don't worry, Derek, I'll think of something."

And the worst of it was she looked plenty capable of doing just that. . . .

IT WAS just another day before Adele went into action again. That energetic girl seemed to overflow with ideas. She lined up Bill Lane and her father to accompany Derek and herself on a short camping trip.

"He used to love the deep woods," she told her father. "Of course, these aren't the deep woods, but perhaps the crackle of a campfire and the smell of pines and the rest of it may stir something."

They drove to a small outing club in the Adirondacks, and from there they all hit the trail into the woods, accompanied by a philosophical backwoods guide. Derek



watched the girl moving ahead of him like a tall, blond dryad, very much the lady woodsman in flannel shirt and breeches and high laced boots.

The spot they picked to camp in was lovely, too. Great old pines surrounded a sunny glade like loving sentinels, and a little river gurgled merrily on its way to the valley below. They pitched their tents and the guide fixed himself a lean-to of pine boughs. Derek felt the girl's eyes on him

often—during the building of the fire, the cutting of wood, the driving of tent pegs. He moved around uneasily. This was pretty uncomfortable.

After dinner while Bill and Mr. Mayfield were discussing brook trout with the guide he sought her out as she was leaning against a tree watching the shadows deepen over the valley below. The light from the fire cast flickering shadows over her patrician features, gleamed softly in her bright hair. She seemed to blend in with this world of woods and shadows and pine-covered slopes down to the valley—and that was rather amazing, because Miss Mayfield had never evinced the slightest interest in flannel shirts and campfires and things like that.

"Hello, Derek," she greeted. "Lovely evening, isn't it?"

have mine. And they'll do until you get yours back." She looked at him curiously. "Don't you remember asking me to marry you? Not even a faint glimmer?"

Derek felt like a heel again. This had backfired on him with a vengeance.

Her blue-gray eyes were on him hopefully. "Don't you remember how we chased a three-alarm fire through Flushing?" she asked eagerly.

Derek grinned. "That certainly was a—" he began, and then coughed violently. "I mean that—er—must have been an exciting time."

THE girl looked at him contemplatively through her lashes for a moment.

Derek fumbled with his tobacco pouch. Whew! That had been close.

"And the time," she pursued, "we swam

cruises and dinner dances and theater parties.

"No phones ringing," she sighed with contentment. "No boxes of flowers, no dates—"

She was silent again and for a few minutes there was no sound except the gentle lapping of the little river against its banks.

"I used to wonder," she said, with a little laugh, "why you took your typewriter and went off to rough it in the woods. I can understand that now—places like this broaden your vision, give you scope of thought, vitality."

It was strange how suddenly she seemed companionable. She could say something or he could say something or they could both be silent, and the even tenor of the moment went on undisturbed.

Derek was just beginning to enjoy himself when the thought struck him that if she ever discovered he no more had amnesia than she did, the results might be awful to contemplate. She would never forgive him. It certainly would be disastrous if, after going to all this trouble to avoid hurting her, he should hurt her more than if he had left her waiting at the church.

A new headache moved into Mr. Corbie's cranium and made itself at home.

Of course, there was something else bound to come. It was simply a question of what she would think up next. He did not have to wait long. Shortly after her experiment with the woods failed, Adele went to bat with the problem again.

"We're going sailing," she announced. "That was one of your pastimes, darling. Getting close to the sea. That might joggle something."

Derek did not object. In the first place it would have been of no use, and in the second he found himself actually looking forward to another outing with this surprising girl. Accordingly, he and Adele turned up at a little yacht basin on the Sound and chartered a small sloop sailed by an old salt named Captain Elijah.

THERE was a stiff breeze on the water and the flying spray was cold. They bounced around like a cork, Derek at the tiller and the old captain serving the sail. The girl lounged quietly beside the tiller, little tendrils of wet blond hair fluttering at her temples.

And again Derek was struck by that sense of her companionship. He could have sworn she was content to be right where he was. "Do you like this, too?" he inquired curiously.

"Well," she said, "I guess it's just liking to be where you are, although I'm glad you were never fond of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel." She wiped some spray from her eyes. "It's the darnedest thing," she commented. "You remember how to sail a boat, and all kinds of things, but you can't remember yours truly."

The cap'n bellowed for somebody to hang on to a rope and Adele scrambled forward, willing to lend a hand although she did not know one rope from another. Derek looked after her, to the complete oblivion of his tiller. Somehow he seemed to see her as he never had before. She was not merely a pretty girl who could dance and was dangerous in moonlight; she was an adaptable, inspiring, devoted companion.

After they came ashore he and Adele thawed out before a fire in the little lounge



She was an extremely dangerous girl, Derek decided. Better pretend he didn't know her

Derek's fingers tightened about his pipe. There was a wistful note in her voice that made him feel like a heel. "Listen, Adele," he said abruptly, "how long are you going to worry yourself with me? Aren't you tired of it? I should think you could marry any number of men and never miss me."

She flirted a hand. "I'm afraid I'm one of these here gals who fall in love once and never get over it," she told him. "You may have lost your memories, but I still

around Tut Gordon's yacht out in the Sound?"

"It's no use," said Derek dolefully.

There was a silence. The girl leaned her head back against the tree trunk. "I like it up here," she said.

Derek stared at her. "You—you do?" he said in amazement.

This was certainly a new one on him. She had always been such a high stepper in her bright, sophisticated world of yachting

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of the clubhouse. The girl extended her slim legs toward the blaze and leaned back in her chair. "I had a cable from Stanley Barnes today," she said pensively. "He's coming home."

"What?" said Derek. "Already?"

"Already? Why, he's been gone six months—" Her voice stopped short. And immediately Derek realized he had slipped.

"Good heavens!" she exclaimed. "You remember Stanley Barnes?"

Derek tried valiantly to cover. "I—I seem to remember the name," he said.

"But you remembered it immediately," she said breathlessly. "You didn't even have to think. Say, what kind of amnesia is this, when you remember one person and forget another?"

Derek could almost hear the ice cracking under him. "Let me think," he muttered.

Twin glows of color were in her face. "I think," she said tersely, "I'm beginning to see—everything."

"I don't know," he said, nonplussed. "I—"

The girl drew a quick breath. "Oh, you don't!" she exclaimed. "Well, I know!"

She bent down impulsively and seized a small birch log from the hearth. Before Derek could budge she brought it down on his head with angry force. "Maybe that will help," she said furiously. She slammed out of the door, and Derek Corbie very nearly went out cold. . . .

It did not take him two days to realize that a bachelor existence was a punk trade for the grand, vital gift he had done his best to decline. But at the end of two days he did realize that not only was it going to be a Herculean task to make any headway against the spirited gale that was Adele Mayfield, but even to see her. He could not even raise an answer to the telephone in her family's Connecticut retreat, and finally, at the end of another feverish day, he descended late in the evening upon their apartment house in town.

He requested the attendant in the foyer to announce him. The man turned from the switchboard with the information that Miss Mayfield was not at home.

The suffering Mr. Corbie wandered outside and nearly bumped into a young man in evening clothes on his way in.

"Oh, hello, Derek," he was greeted.

Derek looked at him closely. Yes, it was Stanley Barnes, looking impeccable and on top of the world. "Hello, Stanley," he said. "When did you get back?"

"This morning." He smiled brightly, waved, and went into the house.

Derek walked slowly on, looking very thoughtful indeed.

ADELE had never been overly impressed by the wealthy and globe-trotting Barnes, but right now—Derek stopped short. A girl who was terribly hurt and who hated him might get all twisted up inside and go off on a tangent. He simply could not let her dash around with Stanley Barnes. The way she felt now it might be downright fatal.

He got into his car, lighted a cigarette, and watched the apartment house entrance intently. In a few minutes they came out, Adele tall and lovely. He went into action forthwith. He caught them as they were stepping into Stanley's limousine.

"Adele," he said urgently, "I have to talk to you."

The girl looked him up and down with-

out a trace of recognition. "Why, I never saw you before," she said unemotionally. "Mr.—Mr.—"

"Corbie," said Derek. "Listen, Adele; you can give me this one break. I want to talk to you more than I've ever wanted anything in my life. Give me a few minutes. Now. Alone."

"I'm sorry," said the girl, "but I'm really not at all interested."

Derek caught her arm as she started to step into the car. "You're going to listen to me," he said firmly, "if I have to—"

"Any trouble here?"

They all looked around. A policeman was hovering uncertainly near by.

"This man," said Adele, "is annoying me."

"Is he, now?" said the officer. "Be on your way, young fellow, or I'll run you in."

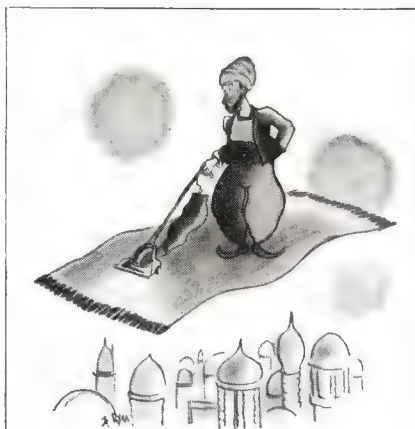
"Will you," demanded Derek, harassed, "go away and stop interrupting the course of true love?"

"Move, now," ordered the policeman.

He urged Derek positively away. Derek stood helpless under the watchful eye of the Law until Adele had got into the car.

"All right, now; be off with you," said the policeman. "And mind your step."

DEREK stepped, all right. He leaped for his car and roared off after that limousine. Fortune favored him. A red traffic light stopped it at the end of the block. Derek swung over in front of the gleaming Barnes equipage, blocking it most effectively. He stopped, jumped out, and strode to the door. He yanked it open.



WINNERS



IN the September issue we offered cash awards to readers who submitted the three best gag lines for the above cartoon. Here are the winners:

First: \$10. "He was simply carried away with it." Submitted by Mary E. Vaughn, Tulsa, Okla.

Second: \$5. "I don't get the connection!" Submitted by Richard Ham, Chicago, Ill.

Third: \$2. "The Flying Dustman." Submitted by Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn.

"I mean it," he said vehemently. "I'm going to talk to you if I have to tie up traffic for six miles."

There was a blare of horns behind them as the light changed.

"Will you stop making a nuisance of yourself?" Adele said between white teeth. "I won't speak to you now. Or ever."

The policeman arrived at the scene on the jump. "Oh, you again, huh?" he roared, glaring at Derek.

"And still very annoying," chimed in Stanley.

"You want to make a complaint?" the policeman asked Adele.

"Complaint!" exclaimed the girl. "I should say so. I hereby make a complaint."

"Have a heart," Derek suggested. "That means I get arrested, for the love of—"

"That you do," grunted the officer. "To Night Court for you, young fellow. And I'll have to ask you, ma'am, to come along to prefer charges."

DEREK drove to Night Court with the policeman on the running board, and was ushered to a seat in the court between two sailors and a Chinaman. Adele, in the first row of spectators, did not look at him.

He heard his name called, and found himself before the judge on a charge of being a public nuisance, annoying a lady, willfully obstructing traffic.

"How do you plead?" droned the clerk. "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Derek. "Your Honor, I should like to say a few words."

His Honor nodded curtly. "You'll have your chance. Call the first witness."

Derek heard the policeman give his testimony. Stanley Barnes cheerily confirmed it. So did Miss Mayfield.

The judge looked at Derek. "What is your defense?" he asked.

Derek took a long breath. He wanted to be sure Adele could hear this. "Your Honor," he said distinctly, "it wasn't that I did not love the girl. Marriage was all right until it suddenly was practically on me, and then I discovered I hadn't yet been able to adjust myself to a different type of life. I had to have time to work it out," he said, turning toward Adele, "and I didn't want to hurt you, darling—"

"What!" said His Honor, becoming slightly purple all of a sudden.

"I mean," said Derek hastily, "the young lady."

The courtroom guffawed and the judge banged for order. "May I inquire," said His Honor, "what this has to do with your plea of not guilty as charged?"

"I'm coming to that," said Derek. He was silent a moment. "Now," he said, "I've rid myself of all those doubts. I know where I stand." He looked over his shoulder at Adele again. "I know how much I love you and I will all my life."

The judge banged down his gavel. "You are wasting the court's time," he said severely. "Sit down."

Derek sat down.

The judge looked at Adele Mayfield. "Miss Mayfield," he said, "do you still wish to press charges?"

Derek's heart stopped beating as she stood up. Then, as she nodded barely perceptibly, he tried not to feel as though the world had caved in about his ears.

The judge glanced at him. "Fifty dollars fine. Next case."

"I haven't fifty dollars," objected Derek. "Not with me."

"Then you are remanded to the Poplar Street Jail until tomorrow noon."

Derek rumbled his hair feverishly. He could probably get hold of fifty dollars in no time, but what the heck difference did it make? Nothing made any difference.

"Come on, mister," said a policeman. "The wagon's waiting."

"What?" said Derek vaguely, looking up. "The wagon? Oh, sure, sure."

Outside, the patrol wagon was drawn up at the curb, with the Chinaman and the two sailors, who were evidently booked for this ride also, climbing in. Derek started to follow them, and then, as he saw Adele standing near by waiting for Stanley's chauffeur to bring the car around, he stopped. Abruptly Derek forgot all about his obligations to the law. He took a long stride toward her.

The officer in charge of the wagon reminded him of his obligations in the quickest possible way. He tapped Derek gently on the head with his nightstick.

"Hell!" muttered Mr. Corbie, rubbing his head. "This is getting to be a habit."

He turned back to the wagon and mounted the steps. Then he heard Adele's voice, and whirled quickly.

To his amazement she was right there at the steps, breathless, glowing, and warlike. She pushed the policeman back. "Nobody," she said passionately, "is going to hit him on the head but me!"

"That," corroborated Derek, beaming, "is absolutely right."

"I'm withdrawing all charges, Derek," she cried, looking up at him. "And," she said impulsively, "I'm coming with you." She held out her hand. Derek grasped it. "Come off'm them steps, lady," requested the policeman, and grasped her slender waist.

"Adele!" exclaimed Stanley Barnes, looking flabbergasted. "This won't do—here, Officer, get her away from there." He supplemented the officer's hold.

"Pull, Derek!" urged the girl.

DEREK put one foot against the door and pulled mightily to bring her in. The sailors jumped up.

"Want a hand, pal?" said one of them. He caught Adele's free hand, and his colleague grabbed him around the waist. They all pulled against the policeman and Stanley Barnes.

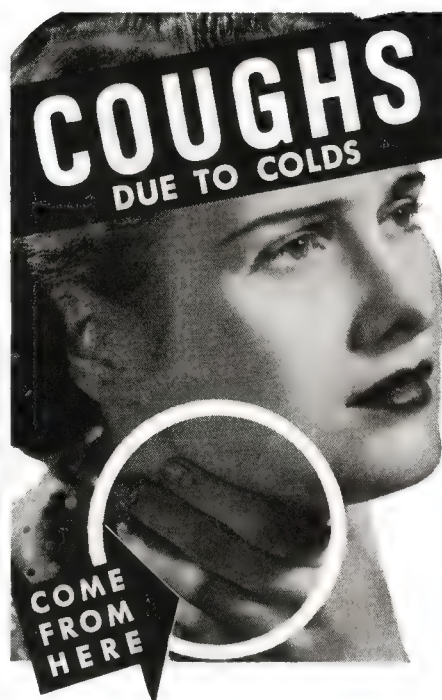
It was the Chinaman who decided the battle. He put his arms around Derek and heaved away also. Adele came tumbling into the wagon, and both the policeman and Stanley Barnes sat down very hard in the gutter.

The policeman got up, highly disgusted. "All right! Ride, then!" he bellowed. He slammed the door and mounted the steps as the patrol wagon started with a lurch that sent them all sliding down to the other end. Adele hastily flung her arms about Derek's neck. He put a good right arm around her shoulders.

"Can you forgive a punk idea?" he said. "If I should get hit on the head with a crowbar I'd never forget how much I love you."

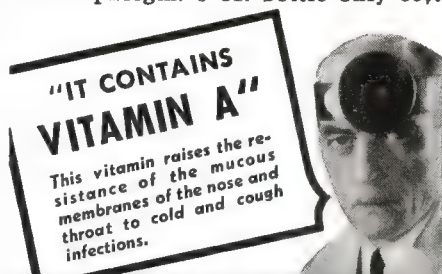
"Don't forget to remember that," said Adele Mayfield.

Their companions looked on with deep interest. The Chinese gentleman nodded. "Velly nice big kissee," he commented.

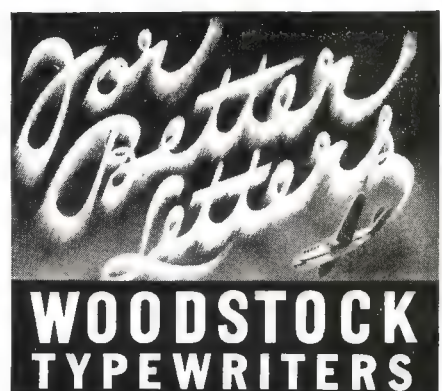


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They STAND SO TALL

(Continued from page 27)

make a reputation, Mac. This kid's good."

"Thanks," said McElroy. "How edgy is the kid?"

"He splits a hair in two," said Kenney.

"Listen, Windy," said McElroy. "What hair you want him to split?"

"Twister Jones," said Kenney.

McElroy opened his mouth, but left his original answer rolling on his wide, red tongue. "Well, I'm just gunna give you w at you want!" he said. "I'm gunna let T ister chase your kid right out of the ring."

So ten days later the world discovered Dick Rowan and thanked hawk-eyed McElroy for the introduction; for that sturdy veteran, Twister Jones, lost the decision to the unknown.

AFTERWARD McElroy and Kenney sat with Rowan in his dressing-room and admired his unmarred face.

"But why didn't you kill him?" asked McElroy. "Back there in the third round you ripped him wide open like a knife. Why didn't you finish him then?"

"Or after that knockdown in the fifth?" said Kenney.

"Or in the last round," said McElroy, "when his knees were rubbing together?"

Rowan was thinner now, and the boyish softness had been rubbed out of his cheeks, but the ox-blue of his eyes still gave him a gentle look.

"He seemed a little old—and slow," said Dick Rowan.

McElroy spat on the floor. "There's no killer in him. . . . He'll never be any real good. . . . He don't want to kill!" exclaimed the promoter.

"He'll be taught," said Kenney.

"You can't teach 'em," said McElroy.

"Either they want raw meat or they live on grass. They gotta kill and like it!"

"I'm gunna teach him or damn him!" shouted Kenney. "You wait."

But Dick Rowan could not be taught. He fought Pullen eight rounds for a decision that should have been a first-round knockout; he had Bump Harlan on the ropes with his hands down in the second and carried him through to a draw.

"Look!" said Kenney. "You got the world in your hands. You can tear it in two and have what's inside it. But you gotta use the strength that God gave you."

"You see," explained Rowan, "none of them have ever done me any harm."

"That's the trouble!" shouted Kenney. "Nobody's ever done you any harm. Nobody's hardly mussed up your hair . . . and that's why the crowd begins to boo you. They think you're scared to take a chance. The reporters are passing you up."

"I'll tell you how it is," said Rowan. "When you see the other fellow's eyes go empty and his guard drop, it's like hitting somebody smaller than yourself."

Kenney looked at the ox-blue, the shadowy, soft space in those eyes, and went mad. He yelled, "All right! I'm gunna try you once for all. I'm gunna feed you to Blackie Durlin. You're gunna have Durlin or he's gunna have you."

THE darkness of his passion lasted, in fact, until he found that he had signed up his protégé with the hardest man in the whole middleweight field. Durlin was not champion, but the experts declared it was only a question of his getting the champ into the ring for a few rounds. Realization of what he had done came over Kenney even as he finished putting his signature on the contract.

He said, "Mac, I'm a damn fool. Tear that contract up and leave the kid ripen for a while longer. He needs another year before he takes on a hellcat like Durlin."

But McElroy folded the contract with a grim smile. "I'll tell you something, Windy," he said. "I hate the heart of that kid of yours. I've dropped five thousand smacks betting on him to win by knockouts, and I hope the dirty rat has all his teeth knocked down his throat by Blackie. I'm going to let the whole world see that he's yellow!"

Kenney went out and got himself drunk. He was heartbroken, because, even if Rowan was not a champion, he was a comfortable meal ticket. On the morning-after he had an idea and sent for Edith Burns.

"Listen, Edie," he said as they sat over cocktails, "you gotta do something for me."

"Once I almost married you," said Edith. "That was before I knew my New York."

"Yeah—yeah—" said Kenney. "You know this kid of mine, this Rowan?"

"Of course I know him," said Edie. "He looks like a fighter; he's got that kind of a flat face; but when he starts he don't get home fast enough to suit me."

"He's got nothing to fight for except money, and that ain't enough for the poor, dumb twizzer," said Kenney. "He's going to have a better reason, now. He's going to have you."

"I knew you'd try to get me into the dirt sooner or later," she said. "Why do I keep wasting time on you?"

"Oh, Edie, you're my friend; you know you're my friend," said Windy.

"As for this Dick Rowan, I don't want any part of him," said Edie.

"Stay right like that, Edie," said Kenney. "Hollywood. That's where you've got to go. When a real producer gets a slant at that profile he's going crazy. . . . Now, what I mean about Rowan is, just let the guy fall for you. Let him fall, and

maybe tell him that you hate Blackie Durlin, because Blackie is mean to his step-mother, or something like that."

"Durlin? Were you dumb enough to pick Durlin for that poor little cluck of yours?" asked Edie.

"I've picked him," said Kenney, "and you've got to help me get him off the tree. The kid may be able to do it if you give me a hand with him. Maybe you can wake him up. The kid's tied to a country gal called Martha that takes all his winnings and puts them away in her stocking. She's hypnotized him, and you've gotta bring him out of the trance. The thing you always take me with is the way you back up a man, Edie. The way you're always a partner to me. Not that I ever meant anything to you, but just for old times' sake. That's why I don't mind coming to you with a job like this. It's just like bringing it to a brother . . ."

"Why, damn you, Kenney!" said the girl. . . .

KENNEY went to see Edith Burns the next morning and found her on the davenport blowing smoke at the ceiling. He had been off the whisky for twenty-four hours and therefore he was able to see her in one of the rare, clear moments when her beauty was the one pure and lovely thing in the existence of Windy Bill. In two or three moments of his life awe had come dimly upon the brain of Windy, and always through this girl.

She talked without looking at him: "It was no good, Windy. Why, he's just a boy. Why, he doesn't know anything. It made me feel far away and homesick and sad and happy to watch those blue eyes of his that were afraid to smile straight at me, but just around a corner. Windy, am I around the corner from people like that?"

"He wouldn't tumble?" asked Kenney.

"Not a fall," she said. "I worked till I was in a sweat. Then he shook hands and hoped he would see me again . . . some time! I'll tell you what I've done. I've given up swearing. Dick doesn't like it."

"Here—take this paper—and here's my pen," said Kenney.

"What for?" she asked, frowning.

"Write something that'll knock him for a loop; knock him right into the dust."

"Will it?" said the girl. "All right, you say what."

"You've just said it yourself. Begin like this: 'Dear Dickie.'"

"Oh, don't be such a mug," said the girl.

"All right. Carve the meat your own way, so long as you pile on the slices. . . . 'Dear Dick, I came away from you feeling far away and homesick and sad. I was happy just to sit there and watch those blue eyes of yours that seemed afraid to smile at me except around a corner. Oh, Dick, am I really around a corner from you, forever?' Now, just sign that and we'll get it off by special messenger."

"Shall I sign it?" asked the girl.

"Sure. It's your own words. And ain't it a knockout?" asked Kenney. "Why, you know what that sounds like to me? It sounds like a real love letter!"

"Well . . ." said the girl, and signed.

She had a different report for Kenney the next day.

"He blushed like a girl, when I met him," said Edie. "He could hardly talk. He laughed a little, and then he looked scared. And when I left him, he asked

me. . . . I'm telling it straight . . . he asked me if he could . . ."

"Well, why the big laugh?" asked Kenney. "What did he ask you?"

"He asked me if he could kiss me good night! But first he had to tell me about the other girl. It makes him sad not to love her any more."

"Have you got him groggy?" asked Kenney.

"He's cooked," she said. "I can serve that dish any way I want, from now on."

"Serve it hot," said Kenney. "What did you say about boxing?"

"I said it was wonderful to see them stand so tall and drop so far," she answered.

"The brains you got is why I'm so crazy about you," said Kenney. "I'm going to see those sparring partners loop the loop this afternoon!"

But he did not see them loop the loop. Dick Rowan put on the gloves with a mystic smile that never left his face during the sparring session. That deadly left to the body, the gift of chance and heavy shoulder muscles, he seemed to forget; all the blasting powder had disappeared from the short right to the head; he pushed instead of snapping them home. Kenney said nothing, because he saw that what had happened was beyond his powers of speech. He went to Edith at the cocktail hour in an acute state of jitters.

"What's the matter?" she asked him.

"He's in the soup," said Kenney. "He damn' near said 'Thank you' every time Dutch Walters landed his one-two. What right has Dutch got to put a glove on that piece of grease and lightning? But Dick was slowed up to a walk. He's in a dream. He's up in the clouds, and you gotta drop him on the hard pavement."

"He's kind of sweet," said Edith.

"Sweet hell!" said Kenney. "He's gonna be the champion of the world. He's five hundred thousand bucks right in my pocketbook if we can bring him to life."

"You say how and when," said Edith. "I want to help."

"He's cuckoo," said Kenney. "I been to his room and he's taken the picture of his country girl off the chest of drawers. You've given him a new stage-set and he's going to the cleaners with it. Wait till I think!" . . .

IT WAS a short week before the date of the fight when Kenney had his thought. It was such a burning one that he could not wait to get to Edith. Instead, he called her on the phone.

"I'm giving birth to an idea about Rowan, Edie. . . . By the way, his country girl was in the other day. She didn't see him. She saw me. She wanted to let me know that he hadn't been writing his weekly letter, lately, and she wanted me to know that in a pinch she knew all about breach of promise suits. She's a sweet little girl."

"She sounds nice," said Edith Burns. "What about your idea?"

"Sweetheart, you remember back there in the beginning? How hard did Blackie Durlin fall for you?"

"He wanted a church and everything," said Edith.

"Could you pick him up again?" he asked.

"Are you a dirty little rat or what are you?" she asked.

"I'm gnawing a way into the U. S.

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Treasury so's I can take care of my Edie the way she ought to be taken care of," answered Kenney. "How's things with you and Dick?"

"We hold hands and all that," she answered, yawning. "He wants to raise cows and chickens."

"He won't make you tired any more," said Kenney. "You pick up Blackie Durlin, and make him take you to the running of the Dwyer Stakes over in Aqueduct tomorrow."

"He won't break training for me," said Edith.

"He's on edge already and needs a lay-off."

"All right," sighed Edith. "I'll try to trot my stuff. I'll give you a buzz this evening."

THE "buzz" said to Kenney that night, "O. K. I've got him. We do the Dwyer Stakes tomorrow."

"The way I love you is just the way I love you," said Kenney; "it's not like anything else. . . . When you get Blackie out to the track, keep your eye peeled. I'm going to take Dick Rowan out there, too. And when I steer him close, you hand it to him. Hard. Just passing him up ain't enough. Laugh in his face. Make Blackie feel good."

"Do I follow you?" asked Edith.

"You do," said Kenney. "If I can't make him fight for love, I'm going to make him fight for hate. I'm going to make him so mad that he'd kill Durlin. Get me?"

"I get you, but I don't want you," said Edith.

"Listen, darling . . ." said the softened voice of Kenney.

"Yeah. I know. You think this gag might wake Dick up and make him fight?" she inquired.

"I don't think—I know. If that doesn't make him fight, nothing will. Listen, Edie; it's not just for me. It's for Dick's whole future . . ."

"Oh, all right, all right," said Edie.

She had Durlin at the race track the next day according to orders. It was after the fourth race when the big money started betting that Kenney steered Dick Rowan toward her and the thick-shouldered figure of Blackie. They were very close before Rowan saw the other half of the picture and stopped short.

"Hey! It's the kid," said Blackie, laughing a little. "How are you, Dick? Taking a look around while you can still see with both eyes?"

Rowan said nothing. He stared agape at the girl. It seemed to Windy Bill that it was rather hard for her to meet the prize fighter's eye.

Blackie Durlin began to laugh more heartily. "The kid's giving you the eye, Edie," he said. "Don't he know you belong to me?" And he whirled her away, still laughing, into the crowd.

Rowan had pulled off his hat to greet her. He remained staring at the place where she had been.

"What did she mean," he asked Kenney. "What did she mean?"

"She's not passing you up, is she?" asked Kenney with an apparent anxiety. "Was she laughing, or only Durlin?" asked Rowan helplessly.

"She was. Right in your face," said Kenney. "One of these tough skirts. I guess that's what she is."

He went to place a bet, and discovered that Rowan had disappeared in the crowd. His boxer did not appear again, and when Kenney got back to Manhattan after the races, he found Rowan in his room with his coat off, seated at a table on which there were various sheets of paper containing the opening phrases of uncompleted letters. In response to his manager's greeting he lifted his eyes in silence. And the ox-blue was gone from them. It was a new face into which Windy Bill looked curiously.

"What's the matter, Dick?" asked Kenney affectionately.

Still Rowan said nothing. He looked to Kenney like a round-faced young tomcat, and Kenney retreated from that silence. When he reached a telephone he called the girl.

"How's things?" asked Kenney.

"I'm tired out," said Edith. "I've been listening to Blackie Durlin. He's full of hooley. He tells me he's going to flatten Dick in the third round. The great oaf! How did I do? And was Dick badly hurt?"

"You were great, kid," declared Kenney. "Dick is chewing his hind teeth and not talking. He's got the baby-look out of his eyes, at last. There's going to be business at the training quarters today. He's torn your picture in two and thrown it in the wastebasket."

IT WAS a pleasant evening that Kenney spent. His expectations were so exceedingly cheerful that he was wakened by them two or three times during the night; that was why he slept late the following morning and arrived two hours behind time at the gymnasium. There was no Rowan, though his girl from the country was waiting for him with a cold patience.

"Where's Dick?" asked Kenney.

Joe Peters yawned. "That kid's so damned sleepy," he said, "that he didn't know where Blackie Durlin was training."

"What's he wanta know where Blackie is training for?" demanded Kenney.

"How would I know?" asked Joe.

"Where is he now?" said Kenney.

"Over in the dressing-room, I guess."

"Tell him I'm here," commanded Kenney.

Joe came back, shaking his head. "Not here," he said. "He must have slipped out down the back stairs. Whatta you think about that?"

"I think your brains have leaked out through your ears!" shouted Kenney, and bolted for a telephone.

He rang the gymnasium where Blackie was training. Pop Jerney answered the call. "My boy Dick Rowan been over there?" asked Kenney.

"Yeah. Funny thing," said Pop. "He kind of wanted to see Blackie, if you know what I mean."

"And then what?" cried Kenney.

"Why, Blackie isn't here. He went over to Dooley's Gymnasium. He was hoping that he could pick up Slip Welch, over there."

"Did you tell Rowan were Blackie was?" yelled Kenney.

"Yeah, and why not?" Pop wanted to know.

Kenney groaned, and dropped the telephone without bothering to hang up. "Dooley's Gym!" he shouted to Joe. "Pick up a couple of slung shots and foller me!"

The speed of his going made Kenney's eyes burn before he reached Dooley's Gym-

nasium. When their taxi was stopped by a red light at Fifty-seventh Street, he threw a dollar at the driver and dived among rushing fenders with Joe high-hurdling behind him. Martha, a silent figure of speed, followed in the near distance. They bolted through the narrow entrance of Dooley's and sped down the narrow hallway. Their feet knocked dust from the stairs beyond.

Then, as he entered the main room, Kenney stopped short, with a great breath of relief. In the ring on the right five men were shadow-boxing. In the ring on the left, Blackie Durlin was boxing with that fast young heavyweight, Slip Welch.

Kenney leaned on Joe's shoulder. "I kind of thought . . . for a minute I was afraid . . ." he mumbled.

A fat man came puffing into the room. It was Pop Jerney, exclaiming, "What was you all burned up about on the phone, Windy?"

"I dunno," said Kenney. "I just had an idea . . ."

"To hell with your ideas!" growled Pop. "I thought maybe that something was happening, over there. . . . Look at Blackie slip that right and pay him off in the belly, will you? When Dick Rowan gets a taste of that he's gunna go right back to the farm."

"I guess it's all right. I guess it's all right," murmured Kenney, relaxing utterly. "I was only afraid . . ."

HE RAN his eyes over the conditioning tables, where fighters in training were going through back exercises and twisting about in other body-builders. But Dick Rowan was not among them. He glanced at the seated audience, composed of everything from ambitious truck drivers to gambling sharps on the watch for rising young talent.

"No, it's all right. It's all right," sighed Kenney. "I'm gunna need a coupla shots, though. Let's get a coupla shots, Joe."

"Wait a minute!" said Joe. "Hey! Will you look at that?"

Kenney looked, with a jaw that was instantly unhinged. Tall young Slip Welch was ducking through the ropes of the boxing ring; Blackie Durlin was getting ready to follow him, when a chunky figure jumped up through the ropes. He went to Durlin and slapped him back and forth across the face with a gloved hand.

"Put up your fists before I break your jaw!" shouted a voice strange but familiar in the ear of Kenney.

"It's not the kid!" groaned Kenney. "I wasn't right after all, was I? . . . It is! It's Dick Rowan . . ." He lunged toward the ring.

A voice whose excitement came roaring through the loud-speaker announced: "The new man in the ring is Dick Rowan, who fights Blackie Durlin next Friday."

There was an answering squeaking of many chairs against the floor as surprised men jumped to their feet to stare. And then Kenney saw Durlin backing up, defending himself desperately, while Dick Rowan drove in furiously for the kill!

In an instant of silence which was inexplicable, considering the uproar in which it was framed, Kenney heard Blackie Durlin shout, "Are you crazy? We're gunna be paid for this, next week. Back up, you fool! . . . You will, will you? Take it, then, you sucker!"

And with that beautiful right, that edu-

cated and scientific piston stroke, he clipped Dick Rowan on the button and sat him down heavily on the canvas.

Blackie did not stay to gloat. He started through the ropes at once, but was delayed by a gloved hand that caught him by the ankle, then by the knee, as Rowan pulled himself to his feet. The crowd had closed in around the ring in one frantic, joyous rush. "It's a fight! It's real! It's a grouch!" they were shouting.

Kenney, sick with desperation, clove a way through the mob until he reached the ropes. "Stop it!" he shouted. "Get the cops! Stop it! . . . Dick, are you trying to ruin me?"

But even as he spoke he saw the terrible right of Durlin find Rowan's mouth and knock out a crimson spray. Rowan went backward on stuttering heels, and Blackie Durlin, with the taste of slaughter deep in his throat, followed savagely.

Kenney tried to dive through the ropes but a dozen hands caught him and wrenched him back. "Leave 'em have their fun!" said a voice at his ear, and an arm slid under his chin in a strangle hold. Looking across the ring, he saw Pop Jerney, with a red, apoplectic face, shouting a protest. The flat of a heavy hand struck Pop across the mouth and silenced him, leaving him agape to look at the disaster which was developing in the ring.

"You wanted to make a killer of him, didn't you?" demanded the sardonic voice of Joe at Kenney's ear. "Well, you got what you want. He's trying to kill, now . . . and look what he's getting!"

Kenney turned and plunged through the crowd like a diver through water. He had remembered his last resort, the mind which had saved him in emergencies before, and at the telephone he was shouting, presently. "Eddie, you gotta come! . . . Dooley's Gym! . . . Our gag worked too well. That damn' fool Rowan is over here picking a fight with Durlin . . . in the ring now . . . fighting for nothing . . . throwing fifty thousand dollars through the window . . . my money . . . my future . . . I'm going crazy! Crazy! . . . Maybe you can stop him!"

HE LEFT the phone and rushed back through the crowd. He did not need to lift his eyes above the floor of the ring to see the story of what was happening.

A sharply penetrating voice from somewhere near him, a woman's voice, was saying coldly, "I hope the fool has his head knocked off. Why should he be fighting for nothing?" That was Martha, the brown-faced country girl.

He could watch the slender, tapering legs of Rowan moving in, using the footwork which he and the great Donovan had taught him so carefully. It was beautiful footwork. Lovely footwork that presently broke down to an aimless stuttering. The crowd screamed, and Kenney heard the terrible blows of Blackie Durlin whacking home. Then the whole body of his fighter came into the ken of Windy Bill as Rowan hit the floor again.

He pushed himself to his feet. Blood was dripping from his face now, but his eyes shone with an undimmed fire. His brain was alive, though his body was half senseless. As he stood erect, Durlin charged again. The reeling feet of Rowan carried him backward into (Continued on page 180)

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NOTE.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

(Continued from page 179) a corner and did a crazy jig-dance there as the fists of Blackie beat home.

"They was gunna pull down fifty thousand bucks for this!" yelled a joyous, laughing voice beside Kenney. "Oh, baby! Kill him, Blackie! Kill the bum!"

Kenney looked up at last and saw the faces. Blackie, grinning like an ape, was trying for the knockout that the crowd desired. He kept himself well planted on both feet and heaved his weight behind every punch he threw. But his blows were no longer finding the button. Perhaps he had punched himself a little arm-weary. Perhaps a trifle of boxing skill had come back into the battered brain of Rowan as he glided in and out around Durlin. His face was a red mask with rents torn in it. He smiled a lopsided smile of disdain. In spite of the sickening beating he had taken, there was no sag in his knees, now. And, staring again into that smashed face, Kenney saw the reason. The ox-blue, the contentment, was gone from Rowan's eyes forever. His own wounds mattered nothing to him, as he stepped in for the kill.

Then the voice of Pop Jerney shrilled through the uproar: "Watch yourself, Blackie! He's got himself together!"

On the heel of that warning, Rowan flipped the short right jab into the face of Durlin's rush, a beautiful little snapping punch with the weight of a slung shot behind it. Blackie stopped as though he had banged against a stone wall. And, as he stood still, Rowan drove the left to the body, stepped back a half-step, and hit again with a bent, stiffened arm. Durlin doubled over and tried to clinch.

The noise ceased. Kenney saw Rowan's feet lift to their toes. He could feel the left and right uppercuts with which Dick straightened his man.

And there was Blackie Durlin standing with his guard down, and on his face a stupid, blurred smile. Yonder stood Rowan, measuring his man with the calm of an executioner.

The short right-hander flicked out again. The spat of wet leather on Blackie's chin rocked the brain of Kenney. He had asked for a killer, and now he was seeing the kill. A strange sickness of fear made Kenney roll his eyes, and he saw the same dreadful fascination on every face.

BLACKIE was sinking toward the floor, but his knees would not give way completely. All the honest miles of road work were stiffening them now and holding him up to receive more punishment. Into that defenseless body Rowan sank the famous left hook. It doubled Blackie up and stuck out his chin as a perfect target. The triphammer right smacked that chin, and Blackie fell at last on his face.

There was no count over him, because no count was needed, but it seemed to Kenney that a shadowy arm swayed up and down before his eyes, tolling out the seconds. It was Windy Bill Kenney who was knocked out of time and who would never come back to the glories of the whisky-flavored session of the crap game.

Then he saw Rowan picking up the inert body of Durlin and carrying it with dragging heels toward a corner. He saw Rowan laughing, and a red spray blown from his lips.

The brain of Windy Bill functioned only in intervals. In the first of these he found



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himself saying, "There'll only be a postponement. . . . No, nobody'll pay to see 'em fight in the ring when Dick's already killed him in the gym."

Then somebody was saying, "Durlin won't fight for a year. His jaw's cracked. Bone broken clean across. That short right did it. Is that a honey or am I a sucker? . . . Boxing Commission'll disqualify Rowan . . . for fighting!"

Then laughter.

But the brain of Windy Bill was a spinning red madness as he made for his fighter.

IT WAS not altogether simple to reach Dick Rowan, at that moment, for a laughing, whooping crowd, drunken with unexpected pleasure, surrounded the hero. Windy Bill, standing on tiptoes, had only indistinct glimpses of a face still dripping red, as he shouted, "You're ruled off for life! The Boxing Commission is gunna disqualify you for life! I tear up my contract . . . you're on the streets!"

This outbreak Dick Rowan listened to without the slightest sign of interest. He was waiting, patiently, for the encircling masses of the crowd to clear away so that he could get to the showers.

Slim little brown-faced Martha was close by. Rowan heard her say, "I've warned you before, Dickie, if you're on the street I'm not going to be there with you. . . . Poor Dick, has this woman done it to you? She can have you, as far as I'm concerned!"

"This woman" turned out to be Edith Burns. Her hat had been knocked askew and half the Broadway jauntiness was gone from her as she stood in front of Rowan. And he, looking down at her, was saying, "Why were you with Durlin?"

"It was only a chance, Dick. It didn't mean anything," she was telling him. "You're the only thing that has any meaning."

"I'm finished having any meaning," said Rowan. "I'm through, they say. I'm on the street."

"I'll go there with you, then," said Edie, and with the hundred to see she took Dick Rowan in her arms.

After that, the pressure of the crowd was unresisted by Windy Bill. He allowed the movements of the throng to jostle him far back into a corner. "Has he got Edie?" gasped Windy Bill. "Has he got her? Hell, look what I gone and done!"

"I'm Janssen, of the *Morning Messenger*," said a voice beside him. "I've got the whole town scooped on this story, Kenney, but I'd like to have your statement, as manager . . ."

"I'm not the manager!" shouted Kenney. "I—I wash my hands of him!"

"You poor damn' fool! He'll be champion in another six months," said the reporter.

"Him?" yelled Kenney. "The Boxing Commission will disqualify him for life!"

"Not a chance," said Mr. Janssen. "This mix-up in the gym will bring boxing back to life all over the country. It shows that the boys mean something when they get into the ring. It shows . . ."

Windy Bill lost the meaning of the words which followed. For he began to see, by horrible, dim degrees, that he had turned from the door of the golden treasure when the key was already in his hand. And then he mumbled, "Edie's a good scout . . . she'll fix things up for me."

Taking THE BLINDERS OFF LOVE

(Continued from page 23)

this in every college, for every boy and girl."

"For boys, perhaps," he said doggedly, "but for girls—never!"

"I'm going to find out what's going on," I said. . . .

I found out. I also found an answer for the young man in Atlanta.

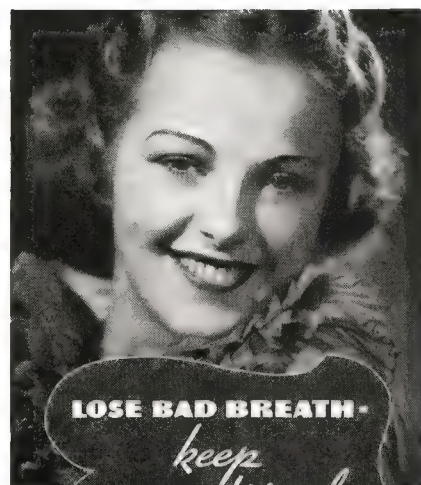
I talked with teachers of courses which do prepare young people for marriage. I read the lectures; I looked through examination papers; I studied the textbooks and required reading for students. I consulted and corresponded with men and women, now married, who had taken such courses.

I learned that of the 672 colleges and universities in the United States, more than 200 have courses on preparation for marriage. About half of those are truly frank and complete, giving instruction ranging from budget systems to the physical and psychological details of sex. Students are learning things that their parents never dreamed of when they were married, facts that even the old family doctor hadn't heard about.

It is the most rapidly spreading subject in the field of education. Twelve years ago there were only 22 such college courses and most of them had taken only a few steps beyond the story of the bees and the flowers. Today in classrooms are discussed such subjects as Petting, Problems of Courtship, Choosing a Mate, The Honey-moon, Marital Adjustment, The Technique of Birth Control, Pregnancy, and Child-birth.

As I investigated, I began to see that these courses are a sign of a mass movement of great importance.

"The younger generation has caught on



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to the fact that the institution of marriage has been pretty badly bungled by the older folks," one college instructor said to me. "For a lot of years it has been advertised as a state of constant bliss, that keeping the home happy was a trick that anybody could catch on to without previous instruction—requiring not nearly as much study, for instance, as contract bridge. In many cases husbands and wives have learned that the advertising was fraudulent.

"Those who have given the problem thorough study feel that one of the real reasons for the alarming divorce rate and the bungling of matrimony by the older folks has been their ignorance of how to conduct their married life. Many of these husbands and wives were reared in the belief that ignorance of a thing is in itself a protection from evil that may arise from it, and that belief they have tried to pass on to their children.

"Now comes, however, a new generation determined to stand on its own feet. Boys and girls are convinced that the more knowledge they have about sex relationships, the better prepared they are to avoid its pitfalls.

"Young people—some consciously, some unconsciously—are beginning to believe the chances for happiness in marriage may be raised to something approaching a sure bet if courtship and marriage are studied as a science, instead of being approached in ignorance and bewilderment, and by the system of trial and error. Love, they believe, need not be blind. It is fair to assume, they think, that it might be a good thing to choose and adjust oneself to a spouse with as much care as one uses in selecting and breaking in a new pair of shoes."

Another instructor observed that "young men and women are thoroughly disgusted with the whisper-guess-and-smirk system of search for knowledge that parents have forced on youngsters for generation after generation. For hundreds of years husbands and wives, maladjusted, have been crying, 'If we had only known!' Yet they have done nothing to protect their children from the recurring tragedies. So the boys and girls are going to protect themselves."

IN NEARLY every case, I found, courses in preparation for marriage have been established, or amplified beyond the old home economics and hygiene routine, chiefly because of the demand of students who have asked for instruction that got down to brass tacks. Particularly in the girls' colleges have the students pointed out that marriage is the most important thing that will occur in their lives, yet they are usually taught more about what upset the Russian duma than about what is likely to wreck their own marriage.

At Stephens College, for young women, at Columbia, Mo., after a course had been given for two years, the students were asked for criticism. Overwhelmingly they voted it the most valuable one in college. The few suggestions for improvement asked that the instructor be franker.

"I think," wrote one girl, "the three major problems—finance, personal adjustment, and sex—should be emphasized. The reasons are: Too many girls know too little about money and expenditures; too many fail to realize how often personal adjustment is needed; and too many are not

informed or are erroneously informed on sex."

"The only improvement I can think of," wrote another, "is more discussion on the ways to get a husband first. Take up points on feminine personality and stress these points; in other words, how to attract men so they will want to marry you. In the second place, I wish more could be said about the sex experience, actual sexual relationships. There is an awful lot to know about this that lots of girls don't know about. It's about time they knew."

IT IS easy to make fun of such courses. Teachers informed me that the boys and girls have had to swim against the current of wisecracks from elders who think there are a lot of laughs in the spectacle of a troubled girl of eighteen who wants desperately to be liked. Newspaper jokesters had plenty of material recently when the news came out that John Tarleton Agricultural College in Texas, upon the demand of young men who were studying to become good farmers, for five years had been giving a course on "How to Be a Good Husband." They are taught how to order without embarrassment in a restaurant, how to choose clothing, how to behave at parties, how to carve, which forks to use, how to select a wife, how to treat her through courtship and childbirth.

It's not so funny, when you realize that these young men haven't been able to learn these things in their homes, that sometimes the status of a wife isn't much above that of a work horse—because of the thoughtlessness and ignorance of the husband.

These farm boys want a different kind of home. In an examination paper, one wrote, "Marriage is a 50-50 proposition. A wife has a right to live nice and be treated right and have good times. The husband should contribute to happiness and cooperation in the home. What right has he to have a good wife if he does not treat her right?"

I think that many a wife, broken by toil, her mind dulled by monotony, reading that boy's point of view would cry, "Why couldn't I have been guided to marry a man with a creed like that!"

My inquiries revealed that opposition has come chiefly from oldsters who cling to the theory that if they try to keep everything a secret the young people will never think about such things, and therefore will remain pure and unsullied. They hope desperately that their children are conforming to the standards that well-brought-up boys and girls were supposed to respect twenty-five years ago, when *Advice to the Lovelorn* columns primly assured their readers that a nice girl absolutely never kissed a boy until she was engaged to him.

Unconsciously, perhaps, they like to give the impression that they were little saints, and they hold themselves up to their children as noble examples. They forget that their behavior was about the same as that of the young people of today, and many mothers probably would become apoplectic from embarrassment if daughter suddenly asked, "Honest, now, Mother, didn't you do a good deal of what you called 'spooning' with other boys, before you became engaged to Father? And didn't you come out all right?"

Many a father might be thrown off his stride if he knew that as he is giving his son a thundering lecture on the subject of re-

lations with women, the son, reasonably enough, may be thinking, "I wonder what he would say if I asked him if he has always stuck to the single standard?"

And what would honest parents answer if their children asked, "Would you have been besmirched—in fact, wouldn't you have been helped, if you had learned more about marriage before the ceremony?"

Now let's see how the young minds are running. Few children will discuss courtship and marriage as frankly with their parents as they will with instructors on those subjects; few ever speak as freely as they will write in an examination. The men and women, therefore, who teach Preparation for Marriage know best what is going on, and from them and from papers written by students I gathered these facts:

Looking at today's young people as a mass, remembering that each successive younger generation for many, many years has shocked the parents and grandparents, that premarital relationships, the double standard, shotgun marriages, and the scarlet letter were known to all long before the days of motorcars, undoubtedly sons and daughters today are better fitted for happy married lives than were their parents.

Today there is more petting, and probably the motorcar is to blame. But no one can be sure whether there actually is more immorality or whether, these days, girls are less reluctant to admit their guilt.

There was a time when it was generally believed that nice girls slapped a boy who tried to kiss them. If a young man sought to lead a girl to what was considered a fate worse than death she never let him darken her door again. Today many girls believe that you can't be popular unless you pet. They find it is fun, and many boys and girls have the idea that too much repression is not good for the nervous system.

At one or more times in their collegiate lives, girls are likely to find themselves in a position in which they must conquer their inclinations "to go the limit," as well as those of their boy-friend, particularly if they are engaged and marriage seems far distant. When a girl wins from the tempter these days she is not likely to banish the young man from her life—not very much more likely, in fact, than if she had won a game of tennis from him. Many a young man lives by the code, "Whatever I do is all right if I don't harm anybody else."

Those are the facts, and it is absurd not to face them.

COMPENSATING, perhaps, for what may be bad morals before marriage is the determination of young people that after marriage all is going to be well.

The professors pointed out to me that secrecy has done nothing to promote morality and happy marriages. They told me they are certain that education will help. To parents who believe you are playing with fire when you let boys know that even some of the nicest girls rather enjoy a good-night kiss, they bluntly reply that boys found that out long ago. They say the way to protect girls is to arm not only the girls but the boys with knowledge, to inspire them to guide themselves properly into and through marriage.

The subject of petting has the professors, the psychologists and the experts in social hygiene with whom I talked absolutely baffled. They don't want to admit that petting under a proper checkrein seems to

do no particular harm. They confess that it can't be stopped.

A woman college professor, whom I asked whether there was any solution to the petting problem, whether students themselves had any remedy, replied:

"I'm sorry I cannot answer your question on petting. I'm afraid it is unanswerable. If we are honest, we must admit that much pleasure, as well as pain, can come of it. Yet, to protect those whose minds are still those of young animals, we must emphasize the dangers.

"I doubt that any student body will ever give their honest opinion—I doubt if they, themselves, are sure of the answer. That most of them pet, I think we can accept as a fact. That some do more than others is equally certain—and also that the same boy and girl under different circumstances and with different companions, will do more or less than with others. Honest education, truth-telling without exaggeration is the only help we can offer."

I QUOTE from a girl's examination paper which was in the form of a letter to a friend:

"Select men with your head as well as your heart. Don't pick a football hero because other girls like him. He may be very commonplace off the gridiron.

"Be careful—and I don't mean be prudish—about your petting. Petting is being done. I know that. But be sure it is not just the physical that is making an appeal. If the only pleasure you get out of running around with Bill is his 'divine kisses,' you had better cultivate Tom.

"Be sure that you don't tie yourself to one man. Engagement will come later. Study the men you go with. Learn to recognize their traits and qualities. If these things repulse you in any way don't continue to date those men.

"If Bill is unreasonably jealous, stop dating him unless he can be cured. If Tom is too stingy to take you off the porch when he can afford it, don't date him—but don't gold-dig. If Rob is too close to his family and follows their advice about everything—the red light is on. Stop!

"Learn to see their tendernesses, their generousities. See if they are thoughtful. Learn what they think about this or that. Test them in sunshine and rain to see how they weather.

"Make yourself attractive without being showy. Appeal not only with your sex but with your head—if there is any brain there. A man can find sex everywhere, but not always a sensible, enjoyable companion.

"You are young. Don't rush through this. Hoard part of yourself for your engagement and your marriage. They come later if you pass through courtship successfully.

"During your courtship your personality will change. See that you make the most of those changes. Develop yourself. Life holds a lot for you. This period you are going through can make you.

"Besides choosing a man whose interests are similar, be sure that you select a real man. Don't humor them in courtship. Most men are too egotistical, anyway. You must not aid this. Be amusing, interesting, serious, and witty according to the circumstances—not merely to please him. He will be the most important thing in the world to you and you will let him know that. But do not let him think he is the whole world."

"That girl's father and mother," her instructor said to me proudly, "can go back to sleep when they awake at 1 A. M. and

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find she's not yet back from the movies."

Perhaps her parents are the sort who would stay awake all night, however, if they should read the remainder of her paper, as I did. She advised complete premarital physical examinations, a frank discussion with a wise doctor, a study of the various methods of birth control. She gave her opinion as to the best sort of honeymoon, the psychology of early sex adjustment, the necessity for mutual satisfaction. She wrote of pregnancy, how the prospective father should care for the prospective mother. She quoted authorities as to how children should be scheduled. "Shocking, perhaps, to the old folks, but I'll bet her marriage will be a success," was the teacher's comment.

Here's a part of a paper written by a young man:

"Until you are able to support a wife it is best to be interested in a lot of girls instead of just one, although it is a good idea to have your eye on a particular girl that you think would make a good wife.

"The trouble with boys is that they lose their heads about a girl and ask her to marry them right away. Girls usually don't lose their heads and are wise in wanting to postpone the engagement. Girls and boys who have taken this course and who understand will not get engaged in a hurry, for they know that an engagement should be at least three months, so both can get well acquainted, and not longer than a year. Not many college boys should become really engaged, for they probably will not be making enough money to support a wife within a year. A delightful companionship can be continued for several years if you are not engaged.

"A little petting is all right, but engaged couples do too much, and that is why it is good to go around with a lot of girls while you are young so you will not pet so much.

"I am not going to ask any girl to marry me until I have a good job, and no girl who knows what it is all about will become engaged to a man unless she knows they can be married in a year. The fact that boys are not taught what happens when they get crazy about a girl and cannot be married causes a lot of trouble."

Now, these students, I was assured, do not spend two or three hours a week for a school year discussing sex problems alone. But those are the things they particularly want to know about and their curiosity is regarded by their instructors as healthy. The other problems of marriage—such as money, housekeeping, entertaining, care of the baby, and how to get along with the relatives—are common conversation and are not hidden in a cloud of secrecy.

THE leader in the field of preparing students for marriage is Dr. Ernest R. Groves, of the University of North Carolina, whose frank book, *Marriage*, is used as a text or for supplementary reading by nearly all colleges that give such a course.

Among others who are doing thorough jobs are Dr. H. A. Bowman, at Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.; Mary A. Johnson, at Brooklyn College, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. C. Beatty, at the University of Florida; Dr. S. Ralph Harlow, at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.; Dr. Mary Stewart Hooke, at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Mrs. Clyde A. Milner, at Guilford College, Greensboro, N. C.; Edward L. Conlon, S. J., at Loyola University (Chicago); Dr. Ernst Thelin and Lois M. Jack, at Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.; Prof. Norman E. Himes, at Colgate

University, Hamilton, N. Y.; Dr. Dorothea Scoville and Margaret S. Chaney, at Connecticut College for Women, New London, Conn.; Prof. Frank D. Watson, at Haverford College, Haverford, Pa.; Dr. M. A. Griffin, at Asheville Normal and Teachers College, Asheville, N. C.

To me the most important evidence in the case for courses in preparation for marriage is a pile of letters on my desk from students who have taken them and who are now married. Indicative of the point of view the students learned in the classroom, every one of them is straightforward and clean, none bears the odor of smoking-room gossip. All of them state that the courses have enabled them to escape the pitfalls that line the road to marriage happiness.

One husband wrote that as the result of taking such a course in college he was able to keep his wife happy and well during pregnancy. Another wrote that it gave him sane, healthy, and scientifically accurate ideas of the sex relationship in marriage.

The wives seem to be even more grateful for such preparation than the husbands. "My husband didn't know *anything*," one wrote. "I'm sure our married life would have been wrecked if I had not been able to tell him what books to read."

One woman, because she insisted upon physical examinations, was saved from marriage with a man afflicted with a social disease. One discovered she could not bear children and, because she understood what to do, had a successful operation before marriage.

THE young man who wrote to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE from Atlanta and who couldn't find a college that teaches preparation for marriage, and all his friends who are seeking such information, will not have to go far for help. And their children, I feel sure, will receive such education as a matter of course.

A teacher told me, "Fifteen years ago a professor who lectured on The Technique of the Honeymoon would have been drummed out of college by indignant old grads. Five years from now every worthwhile college and university will have complete courses in preparation for marriage. Young people who are in a position to select just won't go to those institutions that don't give what I believe is the most practical course in any curriculum."

A professor who conducts an able course in one of our largest colleges for women was not quite so optimistic. He predicted it would take longer than five years. He told me bitterly, "It is possible to teach young men and young women all about the breeding of cattle and the best way to keep pigs happy, but don't let them secure any intelligent information that might lead them to become better fathers and mothers! There will always be trustees in some colleges who won't allow that!"

I am inclined to believe from all I have seen and heard that even the most antiquated and obstinate trustees are fighting a losing battle. Youth is demanding facts, and in every institution of learning in which the student body has pressed its case Youth has won. Then in at least one college the trustees changed their minds to such an extent that some of them decided that if they, too, took the course, they might be helped. They did. And they were.

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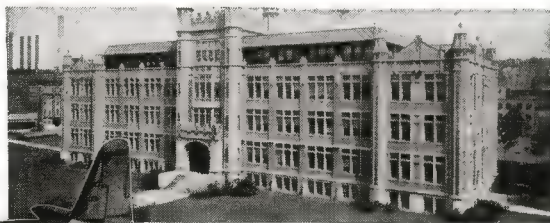
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"I am deeply indebted to the early training I received from that I. C. S. Engineering Course," Captain Rickenbacker said.



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Gratitude

IN superior men love is stronger than hate, friendship is stronger than selfishness, and gratitude is stronger than envy. Most of us, however, are not grateful as often or as long as we should be. It makes us more comfortable to neglect or forget what is done for us, because we can then think more highly of ourselves. We protect our self-approval by discrediting our benefactors.

This is not only unjust, but also degrading and unhealthy. Anybody who bolsters up his opinion of himself by ingratitude will lose the approval of others, and will tend to increase the dose of deception by which he maintains his self-approval. He may even go crazy and live in a world of fantasy rather than confess his weakness in the real world!

IT is the part of morality and wisdom for anybody to be grateful to parents who have cared for him, friends who give him companionship and entertainment, and the community which protects him, educates him, and gives him a chance to earn an honest living, and to be especially grateful to any benefactors who do more than their duty by him.

Gratitude over a still wider range is right and wise. We should be grateful to all decent people who keep the peace, do honest work, and pay their bills. They have no monuments or eulogies. Let us express our gratitude by imitating them. We should be grateful to the great writers, musicians, and men and women of genius in all fields of art who entertain and inspire us. We should express our gratitude, probably not by effusive letters, certainly not by asking for their autographs, and not as a rule by trying to imitate them, but by giving good money for what they produce and good words in appreciation of it to others.

WE should be grateful to men of science. That we all have enough to eat; that mothers do not bear babies only to have one in four of them die within the year; that the depths of the earth supply us the power of a billion servants—these are samples of what we owe to scientific men. Their truth can set us free from useless fears and harmful fancies, if we will only take it.

EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

Guest Editorial Writer



Dr. Thorndike, famous as the creator of the Thorndike intelligence tests, is professor and director of psychology, Institute of Educational Research, Columbia University, New York

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What the READERS say

Banker

Owatonna, Minn.—I am reminded by your interesting article on gambling (*Betting 10 Billion Dollars*, by Thomas Sugrue, October issue, 1937) of a friend of mine, a physician, who has solved the slot machine problem. Instead of playing public machines, he has bought a slot machine and installed it in his home. He plays it every night and has a lot of fun doing it, and at the end of each month finds that the machine has retained 85 per cent of his money, which he deposits in the bank. In this way he has made a savings bank of a slot machine, and still gambles. Whenever he has guests, he really cashes in.—P. H. E.

And when the doctor hits a jackpot, he probably has a splurge.

Hoofer

Indianapolis, Ind.—When I became sixteen years old, the question arose as to whether I should be permitted to use the family car. This was, and still is, a great problem for my father. Other boys in my group are beginning to use their family cars. If I don't get the use of ours, it means that if I am to go out with the young people of my age I must look to others for transportation. My father believes that I should not be allowed the use of any car unless I have earned enough to buy and maintain one of my own. Since I intend to go to college, it will be a long time before I can hope to own an automobile of my own, even though I do carry papers in my spare time. How do other fathers and sons solve this problem?—R. A. S.

Chooser

Kenosha, Wis.—I have observed that employers, in advertising for men or employing them, require them to answer a long list of questions, including place of birth, politics, condition of health, why they are asking for the job, whether they smoke, and what grade school they attended. That is all very well, but isn't it consistent and fair that the person applying for a job should require the employer to fill out a similar questionnaire? I should want to ask my employer the firm's proportion of assets to liabilities, the date of pay days, whether they hire men over 45, and, if not, why not, and whether employees are treated courteously and given increases in salary regularly as their work improves. And there are about 100 more questions that I, as an employee, deserve to have answered.—J. A. R.

As far as we know, there's no law against it. J. A. R. might try it sometime.

JOY

Denver, Colo.—Last year I promised my wife, at her request, not to buy her a Christmas present. No. We would save our money for things we needed in the home. Then, just about the time I began to feel sorry and to repent, a neighbor of mine suggested a way out. He, too, had promised his wife not to give her anything.

Said he, "We'll have our tree together. You just tell me what your wife wants, and I'll buy it and give it to her under my own name. My wife wants lingerie. You give it to her, and we'll pay back any differences in price later."

I said my wife wanted lounging pajamas, and the deal was on. On Christmas Eve I went so far as to write a sentimental verse to my neighbor's wife, which I enclosed with my card among the flimsy things, and he wrote a frivolous testimonial of affection to my wife. Clever? It was the dumbest thing I ever did in my life.

When my neighbor's wife opened the lingerie and discovered my card, she turned scarlet, and stammered something about never dreaming that I felt that way about her and how disillusioning it all was. Then my wife opened the pajamas, and gave my neighbor a cold stare. It took the rest of Christmas Eve to straighten the matter out, and Christmas Day was filled with gloom.

If any other man thinks of this same clever ruse, I warn him now to beware.—J. R. V.

Church

Thousands of readers have written letters in answer to William Corbin's article *Why I Don't Go to Church*, in the August issue. The letters, many of them lengthy, are being read by the judges, and the best ones will be announced in an early issue. Here are a few comments on the article:

Nappanee, Ind.—I suggest to Brother Corbin, if he does not find satisfaction

from the services within the church, that he try exercising his religious right, for which the church really stands, as defined in James 1:27: "Pure and undefiled religion before God and the father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—H. F. E.

Strasburg, Va.—Mr. Corbin is blaming the church for what he lacks. If he will stop trying to find fault with the church and analyze himself, he will begin to get at the bottom of his trouble.—Mrs. J. H. B.

Delton, Mich.—If Mr. Corbin will go to some modest church near by and worship, praise God, and ask for wisdom, he will be rewarded.—E. L.

Lincoln, Nebr.—If Mr. Corbin will quit visiting around, finding fault, and spend more time reading the Bible, he will discover what he seeks.—Miss M. K.

Phoenix, Ariz.—The unique offering of the church today is Jesus Christ. If Mr. Corbin will reread his own article, he will find that he has answered his own problem, in the quoted words of a young divinity student.—J. B.

Morristown, N. J.—I go to church largely for the same reason that I enjoy reading an article such as Mr. Corbin's—to be challenged and stimulated to thought.—M. L. C.

New York, N. Y.—Mr. Corbin is trying to get something for nothing. He wants to know what the church can give him. What can he give to it?—C. M. H.

Toronto, Ont., Canada—Mr. Corbin doesn't go to church, not for the reasons he gave, but because he is a spiritual coward.—L. R. P.

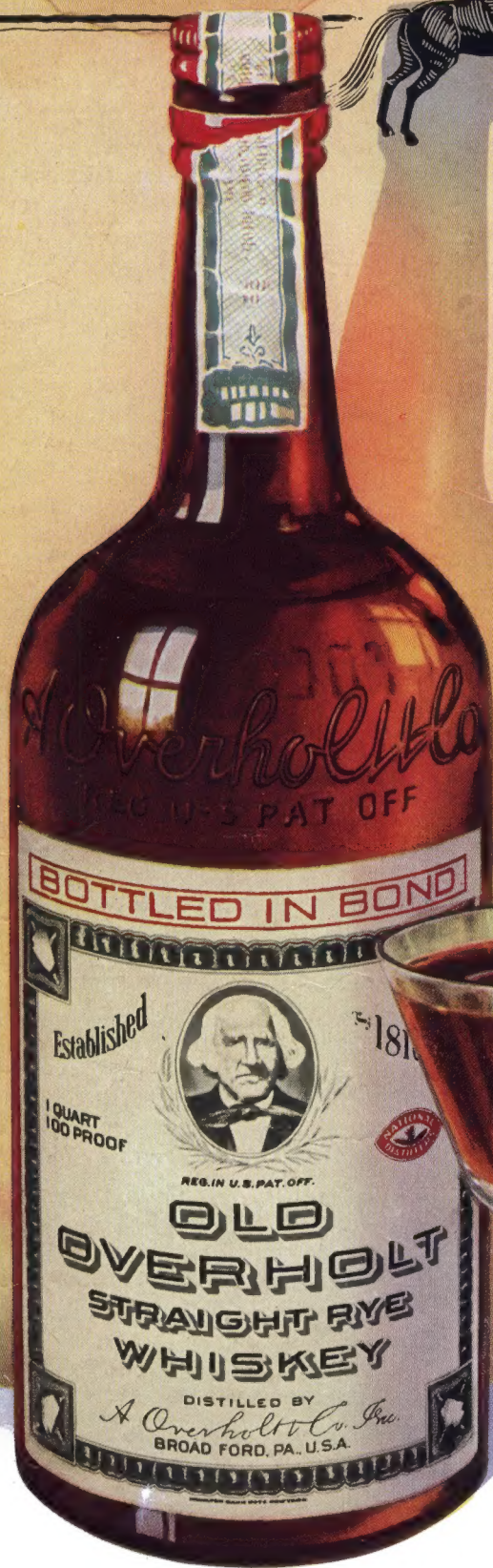
Larchmont, N. Y.—To have a church one may call his own, one which he helps to support, and to which he may turn in times of mental or spiritual distress—that is one of the greatest joys of life.—Mrs. W. K. F.

Treasurer

St. Louis, Mo.—Every two weeks I give my husband \$15 out of his \$200-a-month salary—enough for tobacco, streetcar fare, and luncheon. Not long ago, for the first time in fifteen years, he complained that his allowance was not sufficient—that a man was entitled to take his friends out to lunch occasionally and to have a few beers. I wonder whether any of the readers can tell me just what proportion of his income a husband should have for running expenses. I think \$1 a day is quite generous, but still I want to treat my husband as well as most other wives treat theirs.—D. M. S.

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WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST

It's Luckies
2 to 1

